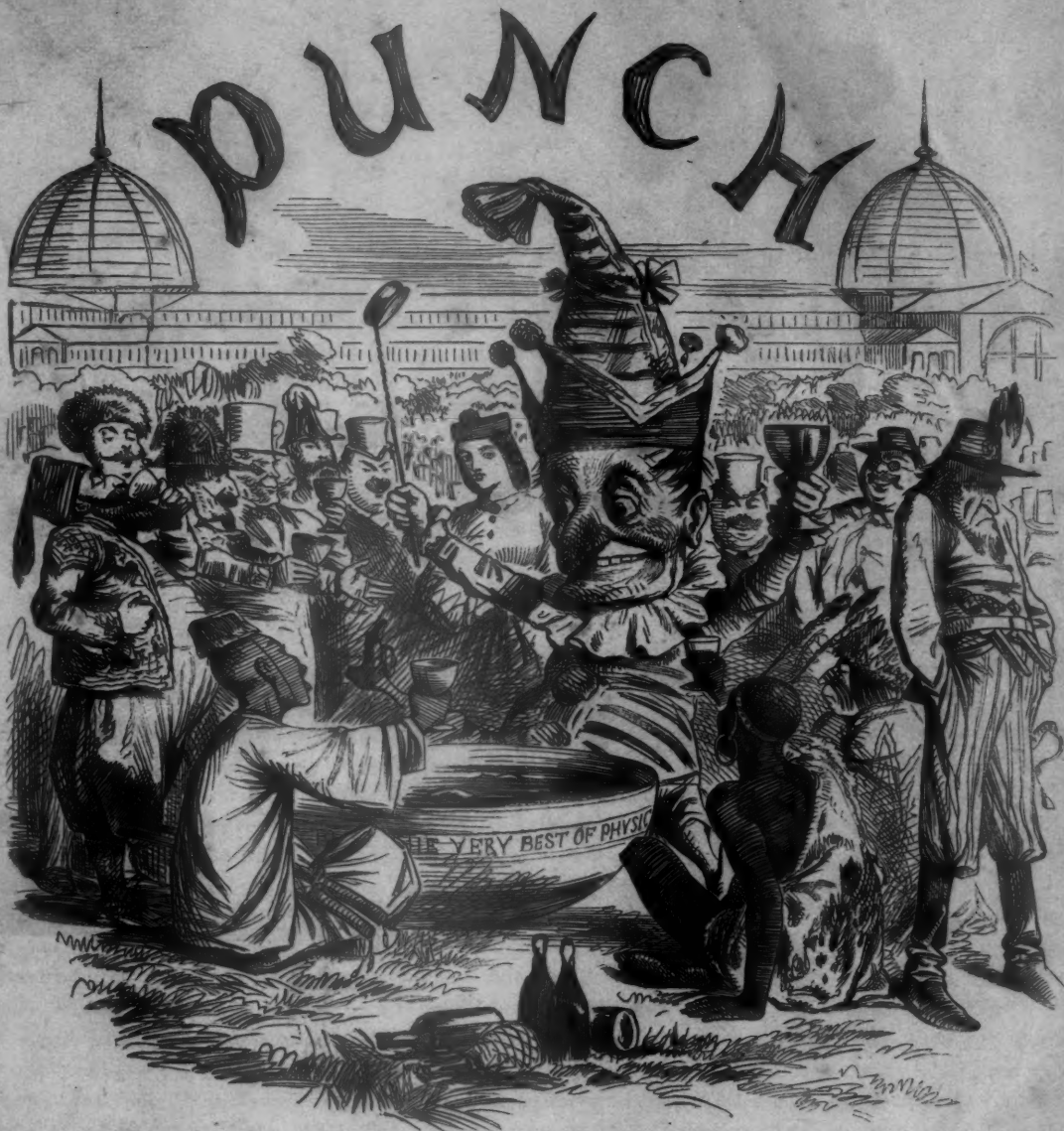


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THE LORD DUNDREARY, LOQUITUR.

P—P—PR—PREFACE, MR. PUNCH! Come, I say, that's chaffing a fellah, and old birds in the hand are not to be caught in the bush—stop, if you're in the hand you can't be caught by putting salt upon the bush—I haven't quite got it, but the moral is the same. A P—P—Preface. What's a Preface? A fellah can't be expected to know that without being told; can he?—ridiculous, at least if he hasn't heard of it in some other way; you must see that. I w—w—wonder whether my brother SAM could write a Preface. I shouldn't think he could; because nobody knows what his brother can't do until he has tried, and SAM's never been tried, you know; at least he's never been tried for writing Prefaces, so he's not guilty of that, SAM isn't, and it's a c—c—comfort to be able to say a fellah's not guilty of anything, especially if you are his brother. I don't mean that you're SAM's brother, because if you were, you would be me, which would be ridiculous: we couldn't both be the same person and different, could we? Only you might be a man and a brother, and then you and SAM would be cousins; but, I say, then you would be a nigger, and you mightn't like that, eh? and have to wash your face with a b—b—blackening brush; very objectionable idea that. But, I say, I wish you'd ask SAM to write your Preface for you; he lives in America, he does, and if you write to the North and your letter comes back, I dare say he'll answer it from the South. Stop, no, he can't do that if it comes back and he don't get it; can he?—but you might make it a d—d—double letter, and put two heads on it, and then it would do for either North or South America. Two heads are better than one, don't you know—stop, is that right? A fellah gets these epitaphs into his head till—stop, are they epitaphs? No, no, an epitaph was what they put on my Aunt SALLY—not that she had two heads, quite the reverse, and I never saw a two-headed aunt in all my life—ridiculous, how could she kiss my uncle if she had two heads?—why she'd be a s—s—Cerberus, and you don't think my uncle, who was a most respectable man, would marry a Cerberus—he was quite another kind of person. Now he could have written a Preface for you if you like, he could, and I should advise your going to him, only he's dead, that's one thing, so I suppose it wouldn't be quite—no, of course, you can't go to a late lamented uncle and b—b—bother him for Prefaces—quite absurd. Besides, we don't know whether he's dead or not,

because he went to Australia and never wrote to say he was dead, or anything in the nug—nug—nugget line, you know, and—I'll tell you what—an idea—yes. When you write your double letter to my brother SAM you might put a p—p—postscript telling him that if he doesn't get it he might send it on to uncle if he isn't dead, and if he is, tell uncle to send it back. Of course he can't do that if he's dead, unless—ha—unless you wrote a d—d—dead letter—not bad that. But alive or not, he's quite a gentleman, my uncle, I assure you, and if you think he would marry a Cerberus you don't know the man. Quite incapable of marrying Cerberus or any other heathen goddess. Was Cerberus a goddess though?—no, I should say not—didn't M—M—Morpheus go after his wife and give him sop—Cerberus must have been a b—b—baby—a two-headed baby—wonder which face they k—k—christened, awkward for the godfathers not to know which half they answered for, eh? Well, I don't know what's to be done though, because you say you want the Preface to-morrow, and the mail don't go out till next week, so you couldn't hear in time unless you put more stamps on, and then the letter would weigh too much, and he'd send it back unopened, SAM would, for he's a d—d—deuced economical fellow, is MASTER SAM. I call him Master because there's no Mistress SAM, and I wish there was, as marriage would steady him, a pair goes much steadier than a single horse, not that SAM's a horse, if he was I wouldn't send you to him to write Prefaces; horses don't do that I'm given to understand, though he might draw the p—p—picture for you; horses can draw, you must see that joke, and you might put it in the Preface when SAM sends it over. SAM will laugh at that, he always laughs, does SAM, except when he's asleep, and then he wh—wh—wh—whistles through his nose to show he isn't afraid of ghosts, though I don't know whether they understand it as such, but if my lamented uncle's a ghost he understands it, because he understood everything, and I think you'll get a better Preface out of him than SAM. I tell you what, if the gh—gh—ghost don't answer you, and SAM don't, you come to me to the Haymarket at Christmas and—you'll remember Christmas—hot c—c—cross buns, you know—and then I'll do it for you, and you can hark back and put it in your

F-F-F-Forty-Second Volume.



THE CALENDAR

January xxxi Days. February xxviii Days.

1 W	Clement.	17 F	Franklin b.	19 S	S. r. 7001m	10 S	B. Falcin
2 T	Paul. 1801	18 S	Prison.	20 T	4. a. f. Epip.	11 T	Reynolds, S.
3 W	S. a. 40 Sm	19 S	18. a. f. Epip.	21 W	5. a. 40 Sm	12 W	Amey d.
4 T	Rachel d.	20 T	Apes	22 T	Apes	13 T	Lecher d.
5 F	S. a. 40 Sm	21 T	Vincent	23 W	1804	14 W	Cornelia b.
6 S	Epiphany	22 W	Lecher d.	24 T	1804	15 T	Monk. 1817
7 T	London.	23 W	1804	25 F	1804	16 F	Barry d.
8 W	1804	24 T	1804	26 S	1804	17 S	Stanger, S.
9 T	1804	25 F	1804	27 T	1804	18 T	Stanger, S.
10 W	1804	26 S	1804	28 W	1804	19 W	Stanger, S.
11 T	1804	27 T	1804	29 T	1804	20 T	Stanger, S.
12 W	1804	28 W	1804	30 W	1804	21 W	Stanger, S.
13 T	1804	29 T	1804	31 T	1804	22 T	Stanger, S.
14 W	1804	30 W	1804			23 W	Stanger, S.
15 T	1804	31 T	1804			24 T	Stanger, S.
16 W	1804					25 W	Stanger, S.
17 T	1804					26 T	Stanger, S.
18 W	1804					27 W	Stanger, S.
19 T	1804					28 T	Stanger, S.
20 W	1804					29 T	Stanger, S.
21 T	1804					30 W	Stanger, S.
22 W	1804					31 T	Stanger, S.
23 T	1804						
24 W	1804						
25 T	1804						
26 W	1804						
27 T	1804						
28 W	1804						
29 T	1804						
30 W	1804						
31 T	1804						

March xxxi Days. April xxx Days.

1 W	St. David.	17 M	St. Patrick	1 T	S. r. 7001m	16 W	St. Patrick
2 T	St. David.	18 T	St. Patrick	2 T	S. r. 7001m	17 T	St. Patrick
3 W	St. David.	19 W	St. Patrick	3 W	S. r. 7001m	18 W	St. Patrick
4 T	St. David.	20 T	St. Patrick	4 T	S. r. 7001m	19 T	St. Patrick
5 F	St. David.	21 F	St. Patrick	5 F	S. r. 7001m	20 F	St. Patrick
6 S	St. David.	22 S	St. Patrick	6 S	S. r. 7001m	21 S	St. Patrick
7 T	St. David.	23 T	St. Patrick	7 T	S. r. 7001m	22 T	St. Patrick
8 W	St. David.	24 W	St. Patrick	8 W	S. r. 7001m	23 W	St. Patrick
9 T	St. David.	25 T	St. Patrick	9 T	S. r. 7001m	24 T	St. Patrick
10 W	St. David.	26 W	St. Patrick	10 W	S. r. 7001m	25 W	St. Patrick
11 T	St. David.	27 T	St. Patrick	11 T	S. r. 7001m	26 T	St. Patrick
12 W	St. David.	28 W	St. Patrick	12 W	S. r. 7001m	27 W	St. Patrick
13 T	St. David.	29 T	St. Patrick	13 T	S. r. 7001m	28 T	St. Patrick
14 W	St. David.	30 W	St. Patrick	14 W	S. r. 7001m	29 W	St. Patrick
15 T	St. David.	31 T	St. Patrick	15 T	S. r. 7001m	30 T	St. Patrick
16 W	St. David.			16 W	S. r. 7001m	31 W	St. Patrick
17 T	St. David.			17 T	S. r. 7001m		
18 W	St. David.			18 W	S. r. 7001m		
19 T	St. David.			19 T	S. r. 7001m		
20 W	St. David.			20 W	S. r. 7001m		
21 T	St. David.			21 T	S. r. 7001m		
22 W	St. David.			22 W	S. r. 7001m		
23 T	St. David.			23 T	S. r. 7001m		
24 W	St. David.			24 W	S. r. 7001m		
25 T	St. David.			25 T	S. r. 7001m		
26 W	St. David.			26 W	S. r. 7001m		
27 T	St. David.			27 T	S. r. 7001m		
28 W	St. David.			28 W	S. r. 7001m		
29 T	St. David.			29 T	S. r. 7001m		
30 W	St. David.			30 W	S. r. 7001m		
31 T	St. David.			31 T	S. r. 7001m		

May xxxi Days. June xxx Days.

1 W	St. P. & J.	17 M	St. P. & J.	1 T	St. P. & J.	16 W	St. P. & J.
2 T	St. P. & J.	18 T	St. P. & J.	2 T	St. P. & J.	17 T	St. P. & J.
3 W	St. P. & J.	19 W	St. P. & J.	3 W	St. P. & J.	18 W	St. P. & J.
4 T	St. P. & J.	20 T	St. P. & J.	4 T	St. P. & J.	19 T	St. P. & J.
5 F	St. P. & J.	21 F	St. P. & J.	5 F	St. P. & J.	20 F	St. P. & J.
6 S	St. P. & J.	22 S	St. P. & J.	6 S	St. P. & J.	21 S	St. P. & J.
7 T	St. P. & J.	23 T	St. P. & J.	7 T	St. P. & J.	22 T	St. P. & J.
8 W	St. P. & J.	24 W	St. P. & J.	8 W	St. P. & J.	23 W	St. P. & J.
9 T	St. P. & J.	25 T	St. P. & J.	9 T	St. P. & J.	24 T	St. P. & J.
10 W	St. P. & J.	26 W	St. P. & J.	10 W	St. P. & J.	25 W	St. P. & J.
11 T	St. P. & J.	27 T	St. P. & J.	11 T	St. P. & J.	26 T	St. P. & J.
12 W	St. P. & J.	28 W	St. P. & J.	12 W	St. P. & J.	27 W	St. P. & J.
13 T	St. P. & J.	29 T	St. P. & J.	13 T	St. P. & J.	28 T	St. P. & J.
14 W	St. P. & J.	30 W	St. P. & J.	14 W	St. P. & J.	29 W	St. P. & J.
15 T	St. P. & J.	31 T	St. P. & J.	15 T	St. P. & J.	30 T	St. P. & J.
16 W	St. P. & J.			16 W	St. P. & J.	31 W	St. P. & J.
17 T	St. P. & J.			17 T	St. P. & J.		
18 W	St. P. & J.			18 W	St. P. & J.		
19 T	St. P. & J.			19 T	St. P. & J.		
20 W	St. P. & J.			20 W	St. P. & J.		
21 T	St. P. & J.			21 T	St. P. & J.		
22 W	St. P. & J.			22 W	St. P. & J.		
23 T	St. P. & J.			23 T	St. P. & J.		
24 W	St. P. & J.			24 W	St. P. & J.		
25 T	St. P. & J.			25 T	St. P. & J.		
26 W	St. P. & J.			26 W	St. P. & J.		
27 T	St. P. & J.			27 T	St. P. & J.		
28 W	St. P. & J.			28 W	St. P. & J.		
29 T	St. P. & J.			29 T	St. P. & J.		
30 W	St. P. & J.			30 W	St. P. & J.		
31 T	St. P. & J.			31 T	St. P. & J.		

July xxxi Days. August xxx Days.

1 W	St. P. & J.	17 M	St. P. & J.	1 T	St. P. & J.	16 W	St. P. & J.
2 T	St. P. & J.	18 T	St. P. & J.	2 T	St. P. & J.	17 T	St. P. & J.
3 W	St. P. & J.	19 W	St. P. & J.	3 W	St. P. & J.	18 W	St. P. & J.
4 T	St. P. & J.	20 T	St. P. & J.	4 T	St. P. & J.	19 T	St. P. & J.
5 F	St. P. & J.	21 F	St. P. & J.	5 F	St. P. & J.	20 F	St. P. & J.
6 S	St. P. & J.	22 S	St. P. & J.	6 S	St. P. & J.	21 S	St. P. & J.
7 T	St. P. & J.	23 T	St. P. & J.	7 T	St. P. & J.	22 T	St. P. & J.
8 W	St. P. & J.	24 W	St. P. & J.	8 W	St. P. & J.	23 W	St. P. & J.
9 T	St. P. & J.	25 T	St. P. & J.	9 T	St. P. & J.	24 T	St. P. & J.
10 W	St. P. & J.	26 W	St. P. & J.	10 W	St. P. & J.	25 W	St. P. & J.
11 T	St. P. & J.	27 T	St. P. & J.	11 T	St. P. & J.	26 T	St. P. & J.
12 W	St. P. & J.	28 W	St. P. & J.	12 W	St. P. & J.	27 W	St. P. & J.
13 T	St. P. & J.	29 T	St. P. & J.	13 T	St. P. & J.	28 T	St. P. & J.
14 W	St. P. & J.	30 W	St. P. & J.	14 W	St. P. & J.	29 W	St. P. & J.
15 T	St. P. & J.	31 T	St. P. & J.	15 T	St. P. & J.	30 T	St. P. & J.
16 W	St. P. & J.			16 W	St. P. & J.	31 W	St. P. & J.
17 T	St. P. & J.			17 T	St. P. & J.		
18 W	St. P. & J.			18 W	St. P. & J.		
19 T	St. P. & J.			19 T	St. P. & J.		
20 W	St. P. & J.			20 W	St. P. & J.		
21 T	St. P. & J.			21 T	St. P. & J.		
22 W	St. P. & J.			22 W	St. P. & J.		
23 T	St. P. & J.			23 T	St. P. & J.		
24 W	St. P. & J.			24 W	St. P. & J.		
25 T	St. P. & J.			25 T	St. P. & J.		
26 W	St. P. & J.			26 W	St. P. & J.		
27 T	St. P. & J.			27 T	St. P. & J.		
28 W	St. P. & J.			28 W	St. P. & J.		
29 T	St. P. & J.			29 T	St. P. & J.		
30 W	St. P. & J.			30 W	St. P. & J.		
31 T	St. P. & J.			31 T	St. P. & J.		

September xxx Days. October xxxi Days.

1 W	St. P. & J.	17 M	St. P. & J.	1 T	St. P. & J.	16 W	St. P. & J.
2 T	St. P. & J.	18 T	St. P. & J.	2 T	St. P. & J.	17 T	St. P. & J.
3 W	St. P. & J.	19 W	St. P. & J.	3 W	St. P. & J.	18 W	St. P. & J.
4 T	St. P. & J.	20 T	St. P. & J.	4 T	St. P. & J.	19 T	St. P. & J.
5 F	St. P. & J.	21 F	St. P. & J.	5 F	St. P. & J.	20 F	St. P. & J.
6 S	St. P. & J.	22 S	St. P. & J.	6 S	St. P. & J.	21 S	St. P. & J.
7 T	St. P. & J.	23 T	St. P. & J.	7 T	St. P. & J.	22 T	St. P. & J.
8 W	St. P. & J.	24 W	St. P. & J.	8 W	St. P. & J.	23 W	St. P. & J.
9 T	St. P. & J.	25 T	St. P. & J.	9 T	St. P. & J.	24 T	St. P. & J.
10 W	St. P. & J.	26 W	St. P. & J.	10 W	St. P. & J.	25 W	St. P. & J.
11 T	St. P. & J.	27 T	St. P. & J.	11 T	St. P. & J.	26 T	St. P. & J.
12 W	St. P. & J.	28 W	St. P. & J.	12 W	St. P. & J.	27 W	St. P. & J.
13 T	St. P. & J.	29 T	St. P. & J.	13 T	St. P. & J.	28 T	St. P. & J.
14 W	St. P. & J.	30 W	St. P. & J.	14 W	St. P. & J.	29 W	St. P. & J.
15 T	St. P. & J.	31 T	St. P. & J.	15 T	St. P. & J.	30 T	St. P. & J.
16 W	St. P. & J.			16 W	St. P. & J.	31 W	St. P. & J.
17 T	St. P. & J.			17 T	St. P. & J.		
18 W	St. P. & J.			18 W	St. P. & J.		
19 T	St. P. & J.			19 T	St. P. & J.		
20 W	St. P. & J.			20 W	St. P. & J.		
21 T	St. P. & J.			21 T	St. P. & J.		
22 W	St. P. & J.			22 W	St. P. & J.		
23 T	St. P. & J.			23 T	St. P. & J.		
24 W	St. P. & J.			24 W	St. P. & J.		
25 T	St. P. & J.			25 T	St. P. & J.		
26 W	St. P. & J.			26 W	St. P. & J.		
27 T	St. P. & J.			27 T	St. P. & J.		
28 W	St. P. & J.			28 W	St. P. & J.		
29 T	St. P. & J.			29 T	St. P. & J.		
30 W	St. P. & J.			30 W	St. P. & J.		
31 T	St. P. & J.			31 T	St. P. & J.		

November xxx Days. December xxxi Days.

19	All Saints	10	St. P. & J.	1	M	S. 7.45-8.00	17	W	Rambur
20	St. Paul	11	St. P. & J.	2	T	St. P. & J.	18	T	St. P. & J.
21	All Saints	12	St. P. & J.	3	W	St. P. & J.	19	W	St. P. & J.
22	St. Paul	13	St. P. & J.	4	T	St. P. & J.	20	T	St. P. & J.
23	All Saints	14	St. P. & J.	5	F	St. P. & J.	21	F	St. P. & J.
24	St. Paul	15	St. P. & J.	6	S	St. P. & J.	22	S	St. P. & J.
25	All Saints	16	St. P. & J.	7	T	St. P. & J.	23	T	St. P. & J.
26	St. Paul	17	St. P. & J.	8	W	St. P. & J.	24	W	St. P. & J.
27	All Saints	18	St. P. & J.	9	T	St. P. & J.	25	T	St. P. & J.
28	St. Paul	19	St. P. & J.	10	W	St. P. & J.	26	W	St. P. & J.
29	All Saints	20	St. P. & J.	11	T	St. P. & J.	27	T	St. P. & J.
30	St. Paul	21	St. P. & J.	12	W	St. P. & J.	28	W	St. P. & J.
31	All Saints	22	St. P. & J.	13	T	St. P. & J.	29	T	St. P. & J.
32	St. Paul	23	St. P. & J.	14	W	St. P. & J.	30	W	St. P. & J.
33	All Saints	24	St. P. & J.	15	T	St. P. & J.	31	T	St. P. & J.
34	St. Paul	25	St. P. & J.	16	W	St. P. & J.			
35	All Saints	26	St. P. & J.	17	T	St. P. & J.			
36	St. Paul	27	St. P. & J.	18	W	St. P. & J.			
37	All Saints	28	St. P. & J.	19	T	St. P. & J.			
38	St. Paul	29	St. P. & J.	20	W	St. P. & J.			
39	All Saints	30	St. P. & J.	21	T	St. P. & J.			
40	St. Paul	31	St. P. & J.	22	W	St. P. & J.			
41	All Saints	32	St. P. & J.	23	T	St. P. & J.			
42	St. Paul	33	St. P. & J.	24	W	St. P. & J.			
43	All Saints	34	St. P. & J.	25	T	St. P. & J.			
44	St. Paul	35	St. P. & J.	26	W	St. P. & J.			
45	All Saints	36	St. P. & J.	27	T	St. P. & J.			
46	St. Paul	37	St. P. & J.	28	W	St. P. & J.			
47	All Saints	38	St. P. & J.	29	T	St. P. & J.			
48	St. Paul	39	St. P. & J.	30	W	St. P. & J.			
49	All Saints	40	St. P. & J.	31	T	St. P. & J.			
50	St. Paul	41	St. P. & J.	32	W	St. P. & J.			
51	All Saints	42	St. P. & J.	33	T	St. P. & J.			
52	St. Paul	43	St. P. & J.	34	W	St. P. & J.			
53	All Saints	44	St. P. & J.	35	T	St. P. & J.			
54	St. Paul	45	St. P. & J.	36	W	St. P. & J.			
55	All Saints	46	St. P. & J.	37	T	St. P. & J.			
56	St. Paul	47	St. P. & J.	38	W	St. P. & J.			
57	All Saints	48	St. P. & J.	39	T	St. P. & J.			
58	St. Paul	49	St. P. & J.	40	W	St. P. & J.			
59	All Saints	50	St. P. & J.	41	T	St. P. & J.			
60	St. Paul	51	St. P. & J.	42	W	St. P. & J.			
61	All Saints	52	St. P. & J.	43	T	St. P. & J.			
62	St. Paul	53	St. P. & J.	44	W	St. P. & J.			
63	All Saints	54	St. P. & J.	45	T	St. P. & J.			
64	St. Paul	55	St. P. & J.	46	W	St. P. & J.			
65	All Saints	56	St. P. & J.	47	T	St. P. & J.			
66	St. Paul	57	St. P. & J.	48	W	St. P. & J.			
67	All Saints	58	St. P. & J.	49	T	St. P. & J.			
68	St. Paul	59	St. P. & J.	50	W	St. P. & J.			
69	All Saints	60	St. P. & J.	51	T	St. P. & J.			
70	St. Paul	61	St. P. & J.	52	W	St. P. & J.			
71	All Saints	62	St. P. & J.	53	T	St. P. & J.			
72	St. Paul	63	St. P. & J.	54	W	St. P. & J.			
73	All Saints	64	St. P. & J.	55	T	St. P. & J.			
74	St. Paul	65	St. P. & J.	56	W	St. P. & J.			
75	All Saints	66	St. P. & J.	57	T	St. P. & J.			
76	St. Paul	67	St. P. & J.	58	W	St. P. & J.			
77	All Saints	68	St. P. & J.	59	T	St. P. & J.			
78	St. Paul	69	St. P. & J.	60	W	St. P. & J.			
79	All Saints	70	St. P. & J.	61	T	St. P. & J.			
80	St. Paul	71	St. P. & J.	62	W	St. P. & J.			
81	All Saints	72	St. P. & J.	63	T	St. P. & J.			
82	St. Paul	73	St. P. & J.	64	W	St. P. & J.			
83	All Saints	74	St. P. & J.	65	T	St. P. & J.			
84	St. Paul	75	St. P. & J.	66	W	St. P. & J.			
85	All Saints	76	St. P. & J.	67	T	St. P. & J.			
86	St. Paul	77	St. P. & J.	68	W	St. P. & J.			
87	All Saints	78	St. P. & J.	69	T	St. P. & J.			
88	St. Paul	79	St. P. & J.	70	W	St. P. & J.			
89	All Saints	80	St. P. & J.	71	T	St. P. & J.			
90	St. Paul	81	St. P. & J.	72	W	St. P. & J.			
91	All Saints	82	St. P. & J.	73	T	St. P. & J.			
92	St. Paul	83	St. P. & J.	74	W	St. P. & J.			
93	All Saints	84	St. P. & J.	75	T	St. P. & J.			
94	St. Paul	85	St. P. & J.	76	W	St. P. & J.			
95	All Saints	86	St. P. & J.	77	T	St. P. & J.			
96	St. Paul	87	St. P. & J.	78	W	St. P. & J.			
97	All Saints	88	St. P. & J.	79	T	St. P. & J.			
98	St. Paul	89	St. P. & J.	80	W	St. P. & J.			
99	All Saints	90	St. P. & J.	81	T	St. P. & J.			
100	St. Paul	91	St. P. & J.	82	W	St. P. & J.			
101	All Saints	92	St. P. & J.	83	T	St. P. & J.			
102	St. Paul	93	St. P. & J.	84	W	St. P. & J.			
103	All Saints	94	St. P. & J.	85	T	St. P. & J.			
104	St. Paul	95	St. P. & J.	86	W	St. P. & J.			
105	All Saints	96	St. P. & J.	87	T	St. P. & J.			
106	St. Paul	97	St. P. & J.	88	W	St. P. & J.			
107	All Saints	98	St. P. & J.	89	T	St. P. & J.			
108	St. Paul	99	St. P. & J.	90	W	St. P. & J.			
109	All Saints	100	St. P. & J.	91	T	St. P. & J.			
110	St. Paul	101	St. P. & J.	92	W	St. P. & J.			
111	All Saints	102	St. P. & J.	93	T	St. P. & J.			
112	St. Paul	103	St. P. & J.	94	W	St. P. & J.			
113	All Saints	104	St. P. & J.	95	T	St. P. & J.			
114	St. Paul	105	St. P. & J.	96	W	St. P. & J.			
115	All Saints	106	St. P. & J.	97	T	St. P. & J.			
116	St. Paul	107	St. P. & J.	98	W	St. P. & J.			
117	All Saints	108	St. P. & J.	99	T	St. P. & J.			
118	St. Paul	109	St. P. & J.	100	W	St. P. & J.			
119	All Saints	110	St. P. & J.	101	T	St. P. & J.			
120	St. Paul	111	St. P. & J.	102	W	St. P. & J.			
121	All Saints	112	St. P. & J.	103	T	St. P. & J.			
122	St. Paul	113	St. P. & J.	104	W	St. P. & J.			
123	All Saints	114	St. P. & J.	105	T	St. P. & J.			
124	St. Paul	115	St. P. & J.	106	W	St. P. & J.			
125	All Saints	116	St. P. & J.	107	T	St. P. & J.			
126	St. Paul	117	St. P. & J.	108	W	St. P. & J.			
127	All Saints	118	St. P. & J.	109	T	St. P. & J.			
128	St. Paul	119	St. P. & J.	110	W	St. P. & J.			
129	All Saints	120	St. P. & J.	111	T	St. P. & J.			
130	St. Paul	121	St. P. & J.	112	W	St. P. & J.			
131	All Saints	122	St. P. & J.	113	T	St. P. & J.			
132	St. Paul	123	St. P. & J.	114	W	St. P. & J.			
133	All Saints	124	St. P. & J.	115	T	St. P. & J.			
134	St. Paul	125	St. P. & J.	116	W	St. P. & J.			
135	All Saints	126	St. P. & J.	117	T	St. P. & J.			
136	St. Paul	127	St. P. & J.	118	W	St. P. & J.			
137	All Saints	128	St. P. & J.	119	T	St. P. & J.			
138	St. Paul	129	St. P. & J.	120	W	St. P. & J.			
139	All Saints	130	St. P. & J.	121	T	St. P. & J.			
140	St. Paul	131	St. P. & J.	122	W	St. P. & J.			
141	All Saints	132	St. P. & J.	123	T	St. P. & J.			
142	St. Paul	133	St. P. & J.	124	W	St. P. & J.			
143	All Saints	134	St. P. & J.	125	T	St. P. & J.			
144	St. Paul	135	St. P. & J.	126	W	St. P. & J.			
145	All Saints	136	St. P. & J.	127	T	St. P. & J.			
146	St. Paul	137	St. P. & J.	128	W	St. P. & J.			
147	All Saints	138	St. P. & J.	129	T	St. P. & J.			
148	St. Paul	139	St. P. & J.	130	W	St. P. & J.			
149	All Saints	140	St. P. & J.	131	T	St. P. & J.			
150	St. Paul	141	St. P. & J.	132	W	St. P. & J.			
151	All Saints	142	St. P. & J.	133	T	St. P. & J.			
152	St. Paul	143	St. P. & J.	134	W	St. P. & J.			
153	All Saints	144	St. P. & J.	135	T	St. P. & J.			
154	St. Paul	145	St. P. & J.	136	W	St. P. & J.			
155	All Saints	146	St. P. & J.	137	T	St. P. & J.			
156	St. Paul	147	St. P. & J.	138	W	St. P. & J.			
157	All Saints	148	St. P. & J.	139	T	St. P. & J.			
158	St. Paul	149	St. P. & J.	140	W	St. P. & J.			
159	All Saints	150	St. P. & J.	141	T	St. P. & J.			
160	St. Paul	151	St. P. & J.	142	W	St. P. & J.			
161	All Saints	152	St. P. & J.	143	T	St. P. & J.			
162	St. Paul	153	St. P. & J.	144	W	St. P. & J.			
163	All Saints	154	St. P. & J.	145	T	St. P. & J.			
164	St. Paul	155	St. P. & J.	146	W	St. P. & J.			
165	All Saints	156	St. P. & J.	147	T	St. P. & J.			
166	St. Paul	157	St. P. & J.	148	W	St. P. & J.			
167	All Saints	158	St. P. & J.	149	T	St. P. & J.			
168	St. Paul	159	St. P. & J.	150	W	St. P. & J.			
169	All Saints	160	St. P. & J.	151	T	St. P. & J.			
170	St. Paul	161	St. P. & J.	152	W	St. P. & J.			
171	All Saints	162	St. P. & J.	153	T	St. P. & J.			
172	St. Paul	163	St. P. & J.	154	W	St. P. & J.			
173	All Saints	164	St. P. & J.	155	T	St. P. & J.			
174	St. Paul	165	St. P. & J.	156	W	St. P. & J.			
175	All Saints	166	St. P. & J.	157	T	St. P. & J.			
176	St. Paul	167	St. P. & J.	158	W	St. P. & J.			
177	All Saints	168	St. P. & J.	159	T	St. P. & J.			

WISH FOR JANUARY.

Paterfamilias. Ah! Dr. TRIPLEX, well met. I wish you'd give my little people a look in. Head-ache, no appetite, and all that sort of thing.
Dr. Triplex. I'll look round. I suppose you have been idiot enough to let 'em keep Twelfth Day.
Paterfamilias. I wish there was no Twelfth Day. (*Growling.*)

HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

(For Competitive Candidates.)
 COMPARE the French Finance system of NECK-AR under LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH, and the French Finance system of Neck-or-Nothing under LOUIS NAPOLEON.
 Compare the enormous abuses of the *Publicist* in the Elections to the Senate in Rome, and the enormous abuses of the *Publicans* in the Elections to Parliament in Finsbury.

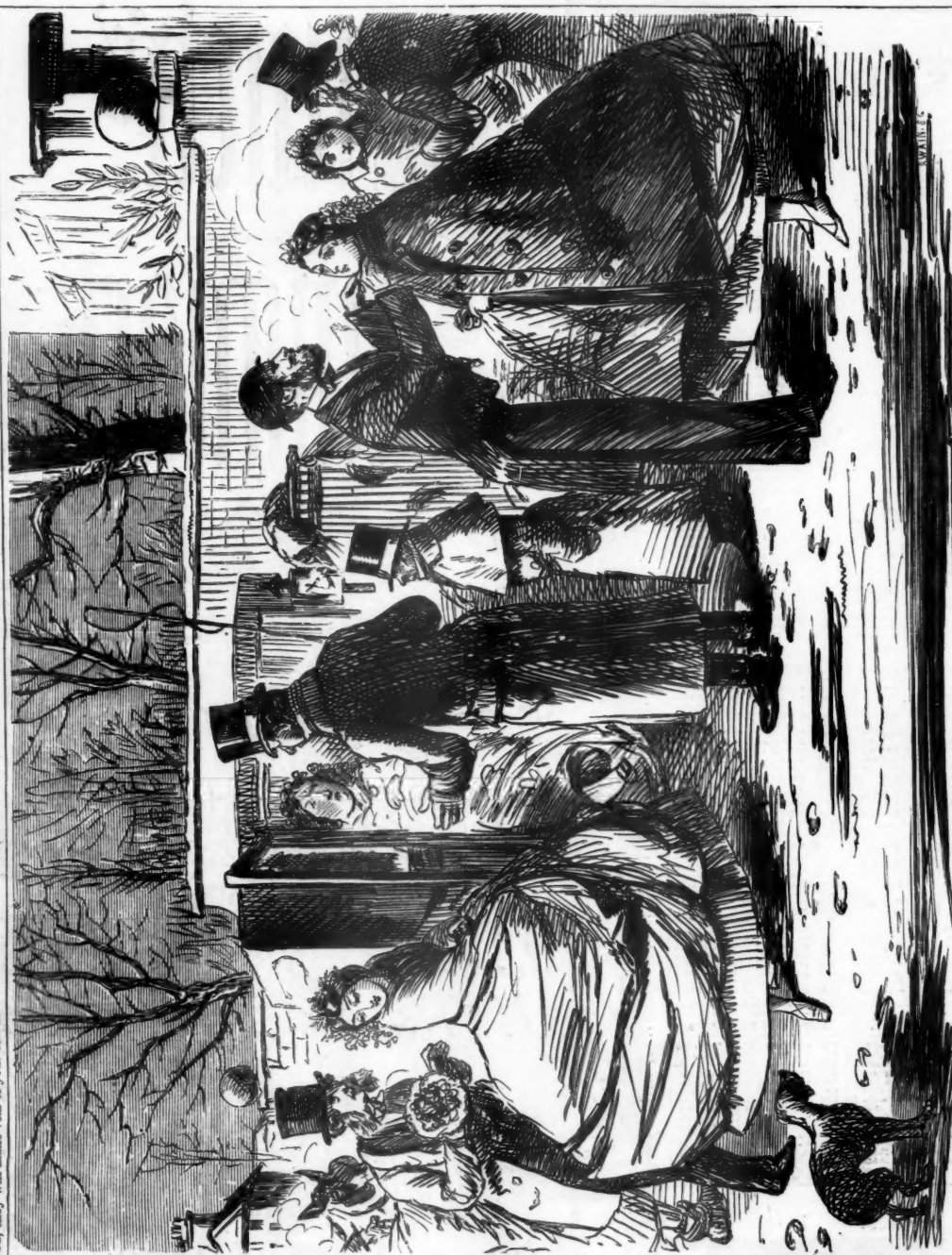
WISH FOR FEBRUARY.

Materfamilias. MATILDA, what letter is that you are hiding?
Matilda. It isn't a letter, Mamma.
Materfamilias. Give it me, Miss. How dare you receive such a thing? Why, it's a Valentine. I am ashamed of you, Miss.
Matilda. I wish there was no Valentine's Day. (*Crying.*)

THE TEMPERANCE OF THE BENCH.—Judges are proverbially sober, not that they drink less than other men, but because they can stand more. Every god-delivery proves that there are no men more capable than the sages of the Law of employing a Jug.

A FACT FOR NONCONFORMISTS.—Mr. SPRINGSON'S Monster Taber-macle is no Little Belial.
 CAUTION TO TOURISTS.—Take care how you accompany any expedition to Central Africa. If those cannibals the Funs catch you, they will make veal of your calves.

PROCLAMATION is the thief of thyme. This explains one's always finding stuffing to-morrow.
 Why is a screeching fiend anger like a Jeweller? Because he pierces the ears for the sake of his customers' ornaments.—[N.B. Name an article, when you want to be spiteful.]



RETURN FROM A SUBURBAN PARTY.

FLYING. "WHERRY SORRY, MUM, I'M SURE, MUM—BUT THE OMS AIN'T ROUGHED, AND HE CAN'T GO A STEP FURTHER!"
 Why is a young lady with a neat head of hair likely to take an affectionate leave of you? Because she knows how to make a nice parting.
 COMPARATIVE NATURAL HISTORY.—The lobster is a very pugnacious creature. Lobsters do not, like French soldiers, fight for their country.

DID YOU EVER?
 Did you ever know a Builder whose "estimate of cost" was not exceeded by his bill?
 Did you ever know a Speaker promise "only a few words," and not utter a great many?
 Did you ever know a Waiter at an eating-house whose arithmetic would bear a pen-and-ink analysis?

Did you ever know a "Plucked" Man who might not, by his own account, have passed extremely easily if he had only worked?
 WHEN you give a piece of your mind, take care it's not the biggest piece.
 When you pay a compliment, always take a receipt.

SONG BY MR. SOWERBY.
 ON SPIRIT-PAINTING. TO A LADY.
 If spirits around us are constantly hovering,
 Our thoughts acts and deeds every moment discovering,
 Does your ladyship fancy they're skilled in photography
 Would you like them to illustrate all your biography?

GRAMMATICAL INFORMATION.—Widower is the comparative of Widow.
 THE REAL RULER OF THE UNITED STATES.—Some people say that the Yankees are ruled by the Almighty Dollar, others that they are under the sway of King Rob. It is but two names.

HINTS TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY A MAN WHO MARRIED LATE.

SELECT the days when you suspect that there's a make-shift sort of a dinner, for ringing, unexpectedly, a few City men to dine with you; and throw out such trifling hints as may lead them to infer that your wife is a bad caterer, do what you will to school her.

On any night when you have promised to take her to the theatre, either don't go some till morning, or else come rushing in for dinner two hours before the time, and, when you find she is not dressed, declare she always keeps you waiting, and throughout the whole two hours go on edging and fuming and continually asking her how long she means to be, and predicting that, as usual, she'll be sure to make you miss the only scene you are to see.

MR. SOWERBY'S SEASONS.

SPRING.

BRIARS now, and brambles about;
Nettles grow in hedgerows thick,
And, of birds' nests in pursuit,
Hands of youngsters sting and prick.
Thorns increase and thistles thrive;
Verdant hemlock crests the bank;
Slugs and snails are all alive,
Midst the weeds that flourish rank.

NOTE ON MARCH, NATURAL AND HISTORICAL.—Rooks in ploughed fields meet in large flocks and hold Diet of Worms, discussing their grub.

THE SUREST WAY TO RISE IN THE WORLD is to go up in a balloon.

YOU may keep an old friend—a promise made—a woman's love—a balance at your banker's, but never—an umbrella.

THE advocates of indirect taxation would, if they had their way, make the income-tax the "Whole Duty of Man."

THING NOT GENERALLY CONSIDERED.—The youngest and prettiest girl is no thicker—if she is a goose.

WHEN you take Counsel with yourself, always pay his travelling expenses.



THE PORTRAIT.—FINISHING TOUCH TO THE DRESS.

Painter. "I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you are sitting on my palette!"

BALLAD FROM BEDLAM.

The moon is up! the moon is up!
The larks begin to fly,
And like a breezy buttercup
Dark Phoebe skims the sky:
The elephant with cheerful voice
Sings blithely on the spray,
The bats and beetles all rejoice,
Then let me too be gay!

Last night I was a porcupine,
And wore a peacock's tail,
To-morrow, if the moon but shine,
Perchance I'll be a whale:
Then let me, like the cauliflower,
Be merry while I may,
And, ere there comes a sunny hour
To cloud my heart, be gay!

WISH FOR MARCH.

Landlord. I hope I see you well, Mr. Dawdle.

Tenant. You see nothing of the kind, Mr. Screw.

Landlord. Sorry to hear it, Sir. Drawn out that little cheque for me, Sir? This is the 25th, you know. Sorry to trouble you, Sir.

Tenant. I wish there was no Lady Day. (Scouting.)

SONG BY MR. SOWERBY.

ON A CHRISTENING.

KITCHEE, kitchee, little duck!
Let us hope he's born to luck.
His beginning here we see;
Wonder what his end will be.

Every one has crowed and smiled,
Like this interesting child,
Once, for all were once as young—
Every person ever hung.

PARLIAMENTARY.—An Irish Member takes the sense of the House about himself, and is voted a bore.

OBVIOUS.—Why is next year's Exhibition sure to be popular?—Because it has been well taken up by folks (Fowkes) from the first.

WHEN you speak what you admit to be plain truth, expect others to think it downright ugly.



A HOT CHESTNUT IS A VERY GOOD THING AFTER DINNER, BUT IT IS NOT SO PLEASANT JUST AS THE FOX BREAKS.

Rough Rider. "By yer leave, Sir! My young horse rushes so if he's kept waiting!"

WISH FOR APRIL.

Little Boy. Sir, Sir, if you please, Sir. There's something out of your pocket.

Passenger. Eh, my lad, what is it?

Little Boy. Your hand, Sir.

Passenger. (promptly.) Yes, Sir, as you shall feel. (Boxes his ears.)

Little Boy. I wish there was no April Fool Day. (Hustling.)

A BATCH FROM BEDLAM.

Q. Why is a hunted fox like a Pussyote?

A. Because he's a tracked-hairy-un. (Tractarian.)

Q. If a Yankee slave-driver caught a female runaway, what would be his first remark?

A. Let 'a lick-her.

Q. Why is BLONDIS like a prize-fighter?

A. Because he can't get his living without some as-saults. (somesaults.)

Q. Why is a lazy man a contradiction?

A. Because he is a far-nigh-ain't-he? (for niente.)

FACT FOR ALL FOOLS' DAY.—The Geographical Society holds a Conversation, in the course of which a wag, who has received an invitation to attend, remarks that the most extraordinary river in the world is the Plate, which runs with gravy.

SEASONABLE DEMONSTRATION.—First of April; All Fools' Day. General meeting held by the United Kingdom Alliance. Very wet.

POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS.

Respectfully dedicated to all true Americans.

BY THE SHADE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

One grain of sense is worth a pound of bluster.
There is moderation in all things. Do not feed the boiler until you make it burst.
The head of Folly is generally crowned with a Mob-cap.

A nation saved from going to war is a nation preserved from ruin.

The vessel of a State was never yet kept afloat by a number of windbags.

A quarrel is like debt—much easier rushed into than got out of.

If two bedfellows are both determined to sleep in the middle of the bed, it is pretty clear there will soon be a falling out between them.

One falsehood entails several. As you make your bed with equivocations and deceptions, so you must lie in it.

A pair of compasses, divided against itself, is good for naught.

Brag is a trumpet that's very loud before going in battle, but rarely heard in beating the retreat.

THE ONE THING ONE ALWAYS GETS AT A PUBLIC DINNER.—Buttered toast.



Bacon Fancier. "THERE, NOW! THAT'S MY STYLE!"

HINTS TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY A MAN WHO MARRIED LATE.

ENDEAVOUR every morning get out of bed on the wrong side. Always ring for your water with a vehemence of a who thinks his house is on fire and scold the servant through the door for her tardiness in bringing it. Never get your breakfast without grumbling that the eggs are always boiled too much else not half enough; and that by no chance can you ever get decent cup of coffee. Except purposes of diet, or else to make a disagreeable remark, don't open your mouth until the meal is finished. If your wife attempts a little cheerful conversation stop it by a grunt; and eat with the Times newspaper propped before your plate, as a hint that you don't want her to bother you by talking. Never positively tell her whether you'll be home to dinner; and be careful on days when you are certain you dine out, to express yourself that she will be sure to wait an hour for you. When you get the house leave a last word with the servant, as opposite as possible to what you told your wife so as still more to prevent her knowing what to do, and give her further chances of complaint at her not doing it. Of course be sure when you go out to bathe the door well after you.

When you draw an inference be sure about your moral perspective.



HUNTING FROM TOWN.—IT IS SAFER TO GO WITH YOUR ANIMAL.

Railway Porter (reflectively). "EARLY TRAIN! LET'S SEE! LITTLE RAY 'OSS, AND A BROWN 'OSS WITH A BIG KNEE? HAH! THEN YOU MAY DEPEND THEY'RE THE 'OSSIES AS WENT ON TO YORK!"

SANITARY DIRECTIONS FOR SERVANTS.

(For the Housemaid.)

Never open windows. It admits the black. If you find any open, shut them carefully.

In sweeping, work the dust well under drawers, sofas, cabinets, and other pieces of furniture not liable to be moved. If these receptacles are ever discovered, you can remove the accumulation at once.

Never disturb the dust on picture-frames, ledges, the tops of bureaus, &c., or generally, anywhere where your mistress is not likely to see it. Dust once settled is harmless. Meddling with it only sets it in motion to settle somewhere else.

Never hang up, or expose to the air, blankets or bedding. As you have made the bed people ought to lie upon it, and the less a bed is disturbed the better it will look, and the less trouble it will give you.

Never remove slops in detail. Keep a large part in some out-of-the-way place, and let them accumulate. Why should you take many journeys, when one will serve the purpose?

Find a place in or about the bed-rooms for stowing away blacked brushes, dusters, dust-pans, hearth-brushes, and similar articles, where your mistress is not likely to find them, and by resort to which you may spare yourself the fatigue of running up and down stairs. If you have no other place, put them under a spare bed.

THE LAST INQUIRY OF THE INCOME-TAX.—BILLY BARLOW, singing "Raggy-ah!" is pounced upon by the District Assessor, and taxed for his rents.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Addicted as the Yankees are to whittling, it is no wonder that, at the Battle of Bull's Run, they cut their stick.

THE WINNER OF THE DERRY FOR 1862.—The man who doesn't bet.

HOW TO FIND THE CAB FARE TO ANY PART OF LONDON.—Ask the cabman how much he wants, and give him half the amount.

WHEN YOU EMBARK IN A SPECULATION MIND YOUR CREW DON'T SCUTTLE HER.



THE USE OF ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sweep. "IT'S KNIFE TO TEMPT ONE. HE LOOKS SO JOLLY CLEAN HIMSELF!"

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.—Nowhere is there a greater number of infants reared than in Lap-land.

PRECAUTION AGAINST DAME.—Clothes bought at an out-fitter's should always be well aired before they are worn, for the very obvious reason, that they are all Slops.

HALF A CENTURY HENCE.
(Extract from the Diary of EVELYN PEPPY JONES.)

"May-day. Took my wife to hear the Monster Concert at the Crystal Palace. Twenty thousand in the chorus and five thousand in the band are all that they are able at present to accommodate; but at the Great Festival which will be held next year, they promise that these numbers shall be very nearly doubled. The solo singers sang through speaking trumpets, as at these monster meetings nowadays is usually done; but our seats were so far off that we could scarcely catch a note, although I had my patent sound-expander with me. After the performance there was some high rope walking between two air balloons a couple of miles from earth, but I unluckily had left my telescope at home, and so could see but little of this interesting sight."

SONG BY MR. SOWERBY.

ON A PERAMBULATOR.

MADAM, wheeled in yonder chair,
I your little boy behold,
He may ride, as he rides there,
In a bigger when he's old.

Musing nursemaid, through the throng
Unobservant where you go,
Push your infant charge along;
Yes: and crush his father's toe.

WISH FOR MAY.

Model Husband. I—hic—hic—ashu—you, my love, hic, that I was—was hindered from comin'home—hic—by import—tant clients.

Amiable Wife. Very likely, Sir, and are those your clients stuck all round your hat? Dolls, as I'm an honest woman.

Model Husband. They're—they're—hic—my love—memorandum.

Amiable Wife. I wish there was no Derby Day. (Sulking.)

JOKE BY A DUMPT ORDNANCE CLERK.—Why is a teipay land surveyor unlike water? Because he can never find his Level.

TOAST FOR JOLLY BEGGARS.—More kicks than half-pence.



POSITIVE FACT, OF COURSE.

A MESSAGE COMES OFF ON MRS. BLUEBAG'S LINES, WHICH SHE IS HANGING, AS USUAL, ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

BALLAD FROM BEDLAM.

I WOULD I were a stickleback,
And lived upon a mountain,
I'd curl my tail, and purr, and quack,
Like sparrows in a fountain.
What joy through key hole to dart,
Upon a cobweb swinging,
And give my love my sunburnt heart,
While evening drums are ringing!

Yet rather would I wish to be
An elegant young spider,
To treat my love to imps and tea,
And sit and sing beside her.
Then would we fly to Etna Green,
With bluebottles behind us,
And hidden in a soup tureen,
No mortal eye should find us!

JONES'S MEDITATIONS.

WHEN a lady asks if you admire her dress, she expects you to express your admiration of herself.

The time that women waste in studying the looking-glass men more sensibly employ in studying the dinner carte.

If you wish to know the value that is set on your society, announce that you intend to give up giving parties, and then count the invitations you continue to receive.

It is a sure sign of departing juvenility, when one has no longer an appetite for buns.

Whom do ladies dress themselves to please? Surely not the gentlemen, or they would never stand in such terror as they seem to do of one another's criticism.

Imitation is the homage that dulness pays to genius. Such homage is paid constantly at the throne of the great Punch.

PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT.—The actual powers of the human stomach are in some cases equal to those which fable has ascribed to the ostrich, a bird erroneously supposed capable of digesting iron and steel. Any Tailor can eat his own Goose.

HINT ON GARDENING.—In planting tulips consult the Champion of England, because he is the chief of the florists.

GEOGRAPHY FOR GIRLS.—Iceland is situated in Belgravia.



CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Domestic. "BOTHER MISSUS! SHE WEARS IT HERSELF, AND I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD'N'T."

HINTS TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY A MAN WHO MARRIED LATE.

WHEN any of your wife's relatives are staying in the house, do all you can to snub them and to make their visit wretched: but when any of your family happen to be with you, take every opportunity of saying in her hearing that you fear she terribly neglects them in your absence. Never pay a house-keeping account without a grumble, and always scrutinise each item as sharply as you can, and hint that shawls and bonnets are now and then put down, you think, among the "Sundries." If your wife is a proficient as a pianist or singer, do all within your power to discourage her from practising; and then, when at a party she fails somewhat to exhibit her usual execution, hint that ladies when they marry grow sometimes sadly lazy. In short, do all you can to snub, vex, trouble, aggravate, and torment your wife, and it will not be your fault if, to yourself as well as her, your home is made most happy.

MR. SOWERBY'S SEASONS.

SUMMER.

WHILE the sun shines make your hay.
Yonder see the tempest lower.
Now the forked lightnings play;
Now descends the thunder-shower.
How the lads and lasses flee
Fast away as doe and buck,
Seeking shelter 'neath a tree:
Where they're likely to be struck.

WISH FOR JUNE.

Mistress. Sarah! At last! Provide yourself by this day month.

Sarah. It ain't late, M'm; and please, M'm, my cousin—

Mistress. Don't answer me, and don't dare to speak to me of your cousin. You were to be home by nine, and it is half-past eleven, wicked, rude, ungrateful girl! Go to bed.

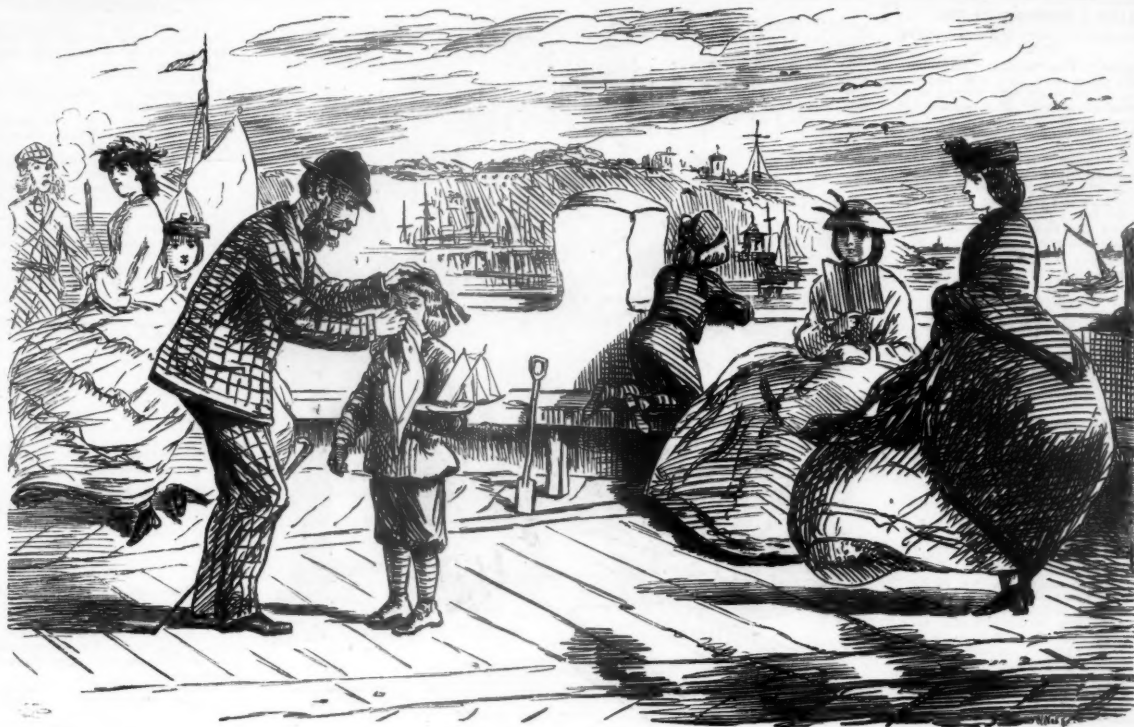
Sarah. I wish there was no Whit-Monday. (Blubbering).

QUESTION FOR SOLICITORS.—What nasty thing has more limbs than a centipede? The Law.



CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

MISSUS. "MARY! GO AND TAKE OFF THAT THING, DIRECTLY! PRAY, ARE YOU AWARE WHAT A RIDICULOUS OBJECT YOU ARE?"



A PROBLEM FOR YOUNG LADIES.

GIVEN. THE ELEGANT REGINALD FIPPS, WHO USED TO WALTZ SO BEAUTIFULLY, PERFORMING THE ABOVE KINDLY AND MOST NEEDFUL OPERATION, AT THE END OF A PIER, WHILE THE BAND IS PLAYING—WHAT RELATION IS HE TO THE DARLING OPERATED UPON?



THE CROWDED STREETS.

Boy. "NOW, MISSUS. THERE'S NO Busses, KITCH 'OLD OF MY HARM, AND I'LL TAKE 'VER OVER."

HALF A CENTURY HENCE.

(Extracts from the Diary of EVELYN PEPPS JONES.

"August 8. This being my birth-day, my wife gives me a new gun, and the lease of a good moor, both bought with her saved pin-money. How much wiser is this way of spending her spare money than in squandering it absurdly on acres of fine dresses, as our grandmothers were wont to do some fifty years ago! And what hideous frights they looked in their Crinoline and flounces, and feathered pork-pie hats and cramping high-heeled boots, the *Punch* papers of the period, which one sees in every drawing-room, sufficiently well prove.

"September 1. A glorious day's shooting with my friend CRACKSHOT in Suffolk. We start quietly at ten after a cigar, and bag ten brace pieces before we have our lunch. Total bag at finish five-and-twenty brace of birds, leash of hares, two couple of rabbits and a snipe; all, except the latter, shot fairly from a point. How much more pleasant this than the unsportsmanlike old way of going out in a great party without a single pointer, and counting one's day's pleasure only by the quantity of game that one could bag! Such follies as battues are now completely out of date, and it is thought the height of snobbism to endeavour to revive them. Certainly in some respects we have improved upon our ancestors, although, judging by their writings, they thought themselves as near perfection as was possible to be."

WISH FOR JULY.

Schoolboy. It don't rain, Ma, at least not much. You might let a fellow go out.

Ma. Charles, I will not hear of it, and your pertinacity is disrespectful to a parent. It rains fast, and your new clothes will be entirely spoiled.

Schoolboy. No, they won't, Ma. Ma. I repeat that they will, Charles. Don't look black at the weather. We have always rain at this time.

Schoolboy. I wish there was no St. Swithin's Day. (Scratching paint off somewhere.)

MEDICAL DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Stale dry bread is a very effectual check to juvenile consumption.



TOO DELICATE BY HALF.

Sensitive Party. "HELLO! HOLD 'ARD A MINNIT, MARY, YOU'RE A SMOTHERING VUN WITH DUST!"

JONES'S MEDITATIONS.

THAT man may be considered happy in his choice who can take his wife down Regent Street without stopping at a shawl-shop.

Mourning is the appetite of youth. Nevertheless untoasted muffins are not easily demolished.

As thorns are to the rose, so are pins to lovely women. A female in full dress is never unprotected.

It is said that, as a rule, favours ought to be returned. But to this rule clearly there are some exceptions. Who for instance ever dreams of returning Wednesday Favours?

Surely that man may be envied who can eat pork chops for supper and sleep without a grunt.

Milliners' bills are the tax which the male sex has to pay for the beauty of the female.

Alas! my son, how fleeting is all earthly bliss! Did you ever meet a man who greatly cared for turtle soup after the fourth plateful?

SONG BY MR. SOWERBY.

AT AN EVENING PARTY.

MANY a couple past us whirling,
Fine young fellows, handsome girls.
Pleasing spectacle to view,
Spectacles albeit through.

Madam, mark you fair young maid;
Sir, observe that well-built blade.
Once, perhaps, like her and him,
You were graceful, smart, and slim.

WISH FOR AUGUST.

The Sovereign. I am sure, my dear LORD PALMERSTON, that I am glad to release you from your labours.

Lord Palmerston. Permit me to beg your Majesty, that you will not call them so. Some of the older men feel them, but as for me—

The Sovereign. Well, well, but we must not spur a willing horse. I am very happy to think the holidays begin.

Lord Palmerston. I wish there was no Prorogation Day. (Bowing.)

When you open your heart, be always ready to slam it to again.



JONES PREPARES A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIS MARY ANN, AND HAS HIS EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT TAKEN. HE REMARKS, "AND IT YOU KNOW, IF I DO HAVE MY CARTS DONE, I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T 'AVE MY 'ORSE!"

WISH FOR SEPTEMBER.

Young Goose. Sas—sas—sas—

Old Goose. Hold your bill, you young fool, you are only attracting notice. I said so. FARMER PROIGINS has his eye on you. I'm tough and safe, but ain't you going to London?

Young Goose. Me—oh—wh—what d'ye mean?

Old Goose. To-morrow's the 29th September, my child.

Young Goose. I wish there was no Michaelmas Day. (struggling.)

MR. SOWERBY'S SEASONS.

AUTUMN.

Corn is ready to be cut:

So are tares and poppies too.
Many a crop is touched with snout,
Marked with spots of sable hue.
Thus, when ears of mildewed grain

Dot wheat, barley, oats, and rye,
Fields present one yellow stain
Only to the jaundiced eye.

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

—In consequence of a great decrease of crime in the rural districts, the farmers, generally, employ the County Police as Clod-crushers.

If you stumble over your new mat in the passage, what science are you shown to have neglected? Pneumatics.

When you wind up your affairs, mind you use the right watch-key.

THE NEW SPANISH WINE, UNDER THE GLADSTONE REDUCED DUTIES.
—Vino de Tarifa.

A FAIR RETORT.

QUOTH GILES from the Dock to my Lord on the Bench,

Who with poaching offences was twitting him:

"If us poachers do live by the maring o' hares,

Zure you lawyers do live by the splitten 'em."

GOING NORTH.

"THIS CARRIAGE IS ENGAGED!"

EPITAPH UPON A CAT.

So rare her virtues, it were shabby

Not to lament my faithful tabby:

She lived as pure as any roach,

She died "sans Purr, deana reproche!"

THE VESTRY FIAT.

To your new-fangled ways and means,

We still prefer our stile ways:

We'll neither have street-milway trains,

Nor yet have TRAIN's street-railways.

HALF A CENTURY HENCE

(Extract from the Diary of EVELYN PEPPY JONES.)

Sept. 7. The cheap nights at the Opera having now commenced, I treat my wife and her mamma to a couple of pit stalls, for each of which I pay two shillings, use of opera-glass included. How thankful we should be that the Verdi reign is over, and that the tide of favour has again set in for GÜCK, ROSSINI, and MOZART! The same good taste is shown, moreover, at the theatres. Trashy farces and burlesques no longer are considered the main features of our stage; and now that managers have sense enough to abolish fees to box-keepers, and all such impositions, to ventilate their theatres and make comfortable seats, and to limit each performance to the playing of one piece, the drama is of course in a most flourishing condition.

ACROBATIC ARITHMETIC.

(For the use of Proprietors of Places of Public Entertainment.)

THREE stumbles make one fall,
Three falls, one broken neck,
Three broken necks, one success,
Three successes, one inquest.

FACT OF COMMON LIFE.—Youth is commonly considered to be ingenious and inexperienced. The common, however, is a field of observation on which we may learn that, notwithstanding all that is said of green geese, a young goose is much more downy than an old one.

DESCRIBE A HOME-CIRCLE.—
The Wedding Ring.



A LITTLE SHOOTING IN IRELAND.

"NO HIT AGAIN, I'M AFRAID, TIM!"
"O, NIVER MIND, YER 'ONOR! SURE, YE DO IT VERY NIST. THERE'S SOME JINTLEMEN NOW COMES, AN' THEY BLAZE AWAY, AND THEY WOUNDES THE POOR BIRDS IN THE LIGS AND THE WINGS, AND SUCH LIKE, BUT YER 'ONOR! O, YE FIRES, AND FIRES, AND ALWAYS MISSES 'EM, CLANE AND CLEVER!"

WISH FOR OCTOBER.

Elegant Stranger. Don't name it, M'm. Allow me to help you over the crossing. These London omnibuses are very reckless, and PICKFORD'S van-men are all ruffians.

Old Lady. I am sure you are very polite, Sir. I am very much obliged to you, Sir.

Elegant Stranger. The obligation is on my side, M'm. Good morning. (*Dives down Court.*)

Old Lady (hand in pocket). O! O Lor! O! I'm robbed, I'm pocket-picked, I'm swindled!

General Public. What's the matter, old girl?

Old Lady. I wish there was no Dividend Day. (*Quivering.*)

HINT BY ONE WHO MAKES CALLS.

The last infirmity of noble minds
Is squinting at you through
Venetian blinds.

A FOOL'S ADVICE.—Under LAR-
RAY Influence, says ZADKIEL,
"begin new undertakings." This
recommendation can only be
addressed to the insane members
of Necropolis Companies.

THEATRICAL NOVELTY.—A New
Equestrian Domestic Drama is
produced at Astley's. The Heavy
Father rides 20 stone!

LATEST FROM PARIS.—The po-
pular requirement to "Wait for
the Waggon" obviously denotes a
four-*gon* conclusion. Oh!

**THE CORPORATION ON THE
BLOCKADE.**—Plenty of pods
among us; but no cotton.

NATURAL.—The old woman who boiled her tea in her
stewpan was misled thereto by hearing that tea is strongest
when "it's stood."

NATURAL INDIGNATION.—Why did M. DU CHAILLU get so
angry as he did when he was chaffed about the Gorilla?
Because his monkey was up.

LEGISLATION ON THE SAFETY LAMP.—To prevent those
colliery explosions, which are of so frequent occurrence,
be it enacted that every miner on descending into the coal-
pit, shall be required to take his Davy.

ADVICE TO CROWN LAWYERS.—Employ a hydropathic
doctor, if you want to pack a jury.

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.—A female begging impostor
importuning a member of the Mendicity Society to give
her a "copper," the benevolent gentleman replied that she
should have one, if she would only leave off begging, and
take in washing.

MUSIC READILY ACQUIRED.—Stealing a March.



THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Small Reflective. "—AND THEN, JUST LOOK AT THE IMMENSE IMPROVEMENT IN THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF
OUR FELLOWS!"

SANITARY DIRECTIONS FOR
SERVANTS.

(For the Nursemaid.)

The hotter your nursery is kept
the better, or the children will
be sure to catch cold. For the
same reason insist on curtains
to the children's beds, and always
draw them close.

If your mistress is unreason-
able enough to take them down,
you can put up a shawl, or blan-
ket, when she leaves the room.
Be sparing of cold water, and
indeed of the bath generally.
The instinct of infants protests
against washing, in spite of the
inhuman prejudice in its favour
now prevalent.

If you meet an acquaintance
when walking with the children,
stop and chat, especially when
the wind is East. It will harden
the little things—a great point
in this variable climate.

Always use pins in the under-
clothing of infants. Strings will
come off. An occasional prick
supplies a wholesome stimulus
to the infantine lungs.

Always give children whatever
they cry for. Nature teaches them
to express their wants, which
it would be cruelty to thwart.

Give bread and butter, sweet-
meats, &c. between the chil-
dren's meals. It will prevent
them over-eating themselves.

Always keep your foul linen
near at hand. A dirty frock or
petticoat may often come in
handy in the absence of dusters
or towels.

Wash the floor of the nursery
often. The evaporation will as-
similate the atmosphere indoors
to that outside, and save the
children from sudden changes of
temperature.



ENGLISH DARLINGS REFLECTED IN A FRENCH MIRROR!

(DEDICATED TO THOSE POLITE AND PROFOUND OBSERVERS OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—THE PARISIAN ARTISTS.)

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1862.

SANITARY DIRECTIONS FOR SERVANTS.

(For the Cook.)

Take care always to throw down the sink the water in which you boil your greens. The effluvia will tend to deter your mistress from ordering green vegetables, which are always troublesome to the cook, and out of which little credit or effect can be got.

Never let your fire down, whether you have anything to cook or not. How can you tell when it may be wanted?

Nail down your kitchen windows. It is the only way to avoid draughts, colds, and face-aches.

Never scour your stew-pans. It wears off the finning, and "cooked dishes tell no tales."

Keep your pig-wash tubs under the dresser. It will save you many a walk into the yard.

Never wash pudding-cloths or dusters. They will only want washing again the owner.

Keep your pantry-windows shut. If the cold meat don't keep, all the more reason for your getting rid of broken victuals.

If your mistress is given to the bad practice of coming into the kitchen, take care she always finds things in a litter. You can say, "you were just clearing up," and it will probably end in breaking her of the habit of interference.

A VOICE FROM THE GORILLA.

A good deal has been said about the "softening influence" of female society, and really ladies when they get together do talk such sad nonsense, that one may well believe their intercourse is softening—that is, to the brain. —Our own Brute.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—According to a trade circular issued by a Cockney company, Florence and Lucca, whence the finer descriptions of oil have been heretofore imported, are threatened with a vigorous competition by the Isles of Greece.

When you strike a balance, expect that the blow will be returned.



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

THE LAZY ORGAN GRINDERS HAVE HAD IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY WITH THE MONKEYS—NOW THEN—CHANGE ABOUT!

ORGANIC REMAINS.

DEAR ALMANACK,
I'm a man of few words!
I was Post! Painter! Mathematician!
Essayist!
Now:
I am mad. Stark mad!
I'm in the Strand! In the Strand!
I'm in Dixie's Land!
I'd choose to be a Daisy!
I'm a Perfect Cure!
I Love you then as now!
I'm old DAN TUCKER!
I'm Limerick RACES!
I Wish I was with NANCY!
Don't I Love my Mother!
I'm not the Queen. Ha! Ha!
I live in a "Quiet Street," and am removing to Hanwell!
Organs! Water-cresses! Organs! Brass Bands! Organs! Penny Papers! Organs!
Water-organs, Brass-cresses, Paper-bands have done it! Police! Police!
FRANTICUS.

MR. SOWERBY'S SEASONS.

WINTER.

NATURE wears a sheet of snow,
All the pools and ponds are froze.
How the cheeks of Beauty glow!
Buddier still is Beauty's nose:
No more water can you draw;
Ice must melt in cistern first.
Then, as soon as comes a thaw,
All your water-pipes will burst.

WISH FOR NOVEMBER.

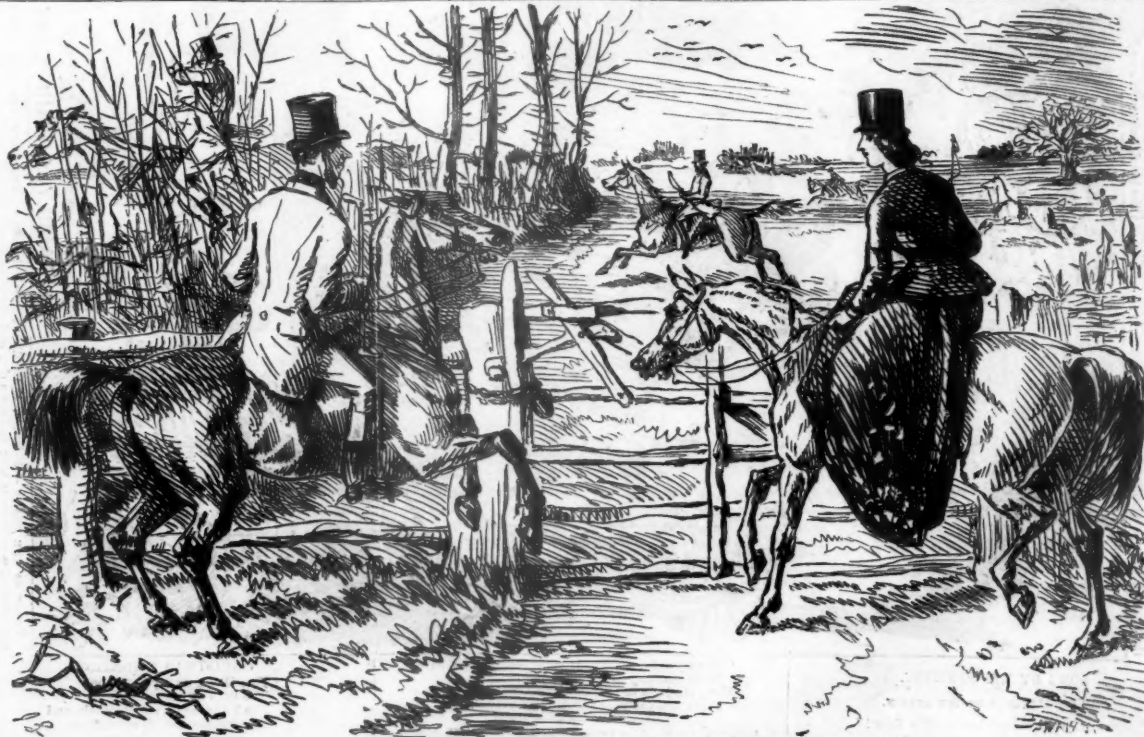
Mrs. Lovechild. HENRY, dear, I wish you'd run up to the nursery. I think I smell smoke.

Mr. Lovechild. Pooh, nonsense, you're always fan ying something.

Enter JANE. O, if you please, M'm—O, if you please, Sir, MASTER REGINALD has set himself and all the beds a-fire with that gunpowder as he got out of the Roming candles maskers didn't let off.

Mr. Lovechild. I wish there was no Guy Faux Day. (Sweeping.)

If I send away an organ-grinder by the present of a goat, why do I lose nothing? Because I have gained a four-penny Peace.



A GORDIAN KNOT FOR ROBINSON.

Miss Selina Hardman. "WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS TO GIVE ME A LEAD OVER?"

WISH FOR DECEMBER.

Mr. Bachelor Uncle. A happy Christmas to you, niece, and to your family.

Mrs. Married Niece. Thanks, dear uncle, but we won't be lumped together like that. Here, come in all of you, kiss your dear uncle, and I dare say he'll show that he remembers you. Come in ELLEN, JEMIMA, GEORGE, WALTER, MARIA, TODDLER, TIDDLE, and here BABY BLOBBY, come

and kiss uncle. There, another kiss from baby, because that was a sad slobber—there, uncle, wasn't that nice?
Mr. B. H. I wish there was no Christmas Day. (*Wiping his mouth and feeling in his pocket.*)

ADVICE TO EVENING-PARTY GIVERS.—Don't "keep the Ball a-going" till you weary out your guests. A *fête de nuit* too often proves a *fête d'enrui*.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

For a Christmas partner—
A mistletoe-kiss.
For a Christmas day—
A dismissal-toe kick.

THE REAL DINNER REFORMER.—KING ARTHUR, when he established the Round Table.

PERS OF THE COUNTRY BENCH.—Birds of prey are principally defended by their talons; but the pheasant and partridge owe their chief protection to their Beaks, which are very formidable to poachers.

NEW.—Young Nuncio, being asked by a lady for his photograph, pleaded that his hunting did not give him time to sit for it. On which the lady natively answered, "I fear, Sir, you are putting the horse before the cart."

FAMILIAR SQUIRE.—The United Kingdom Alliance tries hard to make all its members good, but it is an unmixed evil. Nevertheless, certain it is that Clonivist is good for making, and that neat Cognac if genuine is unmixed good.



A FAMILY GROUP—BABY STIRRING THE PUDDING.

HONRY-TOUTRY.—The phrase is of classical origin. It is a corruption of the exclamation of a Roman matron, a washer-woman, who when irritated by her son, an idle boy, used ungrammatically to say, "He is a toutry!"

PROPHECY FOR THE PEOPLE.—Dr. CURRIER may fix what period he likes for the commencement of the reign of peace; but the fact is, that Manchester has inaugurated the Mill-ennium.

VOICES OF THE STABLES.—Mercury, the ruling star of thieves, now instigates a juvenile prig to fake a cly, and several officers of the metropolitan police-force, who have been studying music, are now studying the cly.

SONG BY MR. SOWERBY.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

"Merry Christmas and happy New Year!"
How merry a Christmas 'twould be,
I fancy, for all of us here,
Next twelvemonths if we could foresee.

"Wish you happy New Year!"—but affliction
What blessing to bar can avail?
Many subjects of that benediction
Have, ere the year's end, gone to gaol.

A STOCK JOKE.—The proprietor of a pen of Hampshire prize-pigs observed at the Cattle Show, "Looks there, mun; that there's a specimen of my penmanship."

CHRISTMAS WEIGHTS.

The Boxes on my patience,
The Bills on my pocket,
The Pudding on my stomach, and
The Pantomime on my sprits.

LIGHT BOES.—The Floss volunteer, and are universally voted a crack regiment.



THE CABMAN AND HIS ENEMY.

A CHRISTMAS Meeting of the Cabman's Club took place last week, when very gratifying statements were made as to the prosperity of the association, and the noblest sentiments were freely ventilated. The cabmen declare themselves resolved to stand by their order, and, as one of them wittily remarked, the public will never be able to get them off that Stand.

Some painful stories were, however, narrated, which serve to show the brutality of the cab-hiring public towards the meritorious men who convey them to their business or their pleasure.

Mr. JERU THONG, driver, stated that he was hired by a lady and her sister, the other night, to convey them from the Hanover Square Rooms to Spring Gardens. There had been a charity concert at the Rooms, and he humbly thought that the spirit of charity should have actuated these ladies even beyond the precincts of the rooms. (Hear, hear.) He had, on arriving at Spring Gardens, demanded half-a-crown, when the elder lady, in the meanest manner evading a reply until the door was open, and she and her sister were in the hall, called out her husband, who was lurking over his newspaper in the parlour, mentioned the demand, and said, "Pay him, dear." The cowardly trick was successful, and he, Mr. THONG, was obliged, from terror of the oppressive law, to say that he had asked eighteen-pence only, which was but three times his fare. (Cries of "Shame.")

Mr. E. STABISH RAW, driver, could relate a worse case. A man, so elegantly dressed that he supposed he must call him a gentleman, but a man was a man for a' that (cheers), hired him at the door of the Reform Club, and directed him to drive to Berkeley Square. It was raining hard. On arriving at the house, his fare desired him to ring the bell. He was a cab-driver, not a servant, and he flatly refused to descend for any such purpose. Why should he let his seat get damp? What was the fiendish revenge of his fare? He got out, rang the bell, and when the door opened, looked at his watch, and the clock in the hall. "Keep that man waiting thirteen minutes," he said to the pampered menial, "and then pay him," he added, putting a coin into the latter's hands, and going up-stairs. He, RAW, waited, and at the thirteenth minute the savage vassal, with a cruel grin handed him—sixpence. (Prolonged sensation, and cries of "Shame!")

Mr. FLANKER FITZNACKER, driver, was hailed by a gentleman at the door of the Princess's Theatre, just after Christmas, and took him and two ladies up. He was told to go first to Baker Street, and having set down one of the females, was desired to proceed to the Regent's Park. He drove a little way, when, recollecting that the theatre was nearly over, and that he should lose other fares, he pulled up, and represented that the ground was too slippery for his horse.

The gentleman peremptorily ordered him to proceed, asserting that there was a thaw and the road was all right. But he was proud to say that he stood by his order, and the gentleman and lady had to get out (applause) in the cold. (Renewed applause.) The action, however, was its own reward, for the gentleman refused to pay him a farthing (shame), and defied him to summons him (murmurs), which, for reasons that might occur to them (laughter), he did not do. He would impress on his friends the necessity of demanding from all fares an exact statement as to where they wanted to go. (Cheers.)

Mr. SLANGSBY KNAGG, driver, had to take a lady and two children from a doctor's house in Cavendish Square to Connaught Terrace, Edgeware Road. As one of the children was ill, he thought the woman's heart would have been softened, but she refused to pay him three shillings, and sent out her brother, who blew him up for half an hour, and sent him away with a shilling, taking his card, and humiliating him in full view of a public-house. (Sensation.) He thought it ought to be law that the person as hired a cab were to pay for it, and it should be misdemeanour for anybody else to interfere. (Loud Cheers.)

Other heart-rending cases were narrated, and the indignation of the meeting was greatly excited. Strong resolutions were passed.

POETRY FOR A BISHOP.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY's opening attack upon the REV. ROWLAND WILLIAMS, in respect of the latter's share in *Essays and Reviews*, was rather uncivilly handled by Dr. DEANE, and denounced as clumsy. We suppose the Bishop is aware that there was such a person as SHAKSPEARE, and if his Lordship had condescended to search *King John*, he would have found, ready framed for him by the poet, and actually put into the mouth of *Salisbury*, a better description of the objectionable volume than any which Dr. PHILLIMORE could frame. *Salisbury* says,

"In this, the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured,
And like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected
For putting on so new a fashioned robe."

If the divine WILLIAMS, we do not mean the divine, WILLIAMS, whom the Bishop is persecuting, ever hit exactly upon anything, it was upon the *Essays and Reviews* when he was penning the above lines. BISHOP PUNCH commends them to his brother Bishop, and with them the other SALISBURY's resolution to abandon a mistaken course, to eschew the use of misapplied force, and abide by

"A happy newness that intends old right."

PROPOSED EQUESTRIAN STATUE.



E hear that the friends of Cox and total abstinence intoxicated by their recent triumph, and not less elated than surprised at getting their little Permissive Bill so promptly discounted, propose to celebrate the victory by erecting an Equestrian Statue of that political hero. We believe it is scarcely consistent with etiquette to put M.P. upon a bronze *Bucephalus*, royal personages and WELLINGTON claiming exclusively such an equine distinction. In Finsbury, however, while friendship is perpetuated in marble, such antiquated notions are buried with animosity in dust. Cox has studied history and has profited by his researches. Taking for his model his illustrious namesake WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, as that fierce warrior sprang with a pole at the head, so this grim orator leaps *mirabile dictu* to the head of the poll! The *Dugald Dalgetty* of politicians, what is recorded of that learned *soldado* might be written of this doughty solicitor, who rushes into the *salle* brandishing his *Morgenstern*, and comes fresh out of it with flying water colours. "And pray, *Captain Dalgetty*," said his Lordship, "since the pretensions of both parties seem to you so equal, will you please to inform us by what circumstances your preference will be determined?"—"Simply upon two considerations, my Lord," answered the soldier; "being, first, on which side my services would be in most honourable request; and, secondly, which is a corollary of the first, by which party they are likely to be most gratefully requited." DON QUIXOTE could not have displayed a more romantic eagerness than Cox exhibited to attack and vanquish Wind-Mills. A gladiator by nature and education, whenever there is need of fighting, Cox, we may rest assured, will never show the white feather.

MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

THE annual Examination of Pupils in this popular Establishment for Young Gentlemen, took place on Christmas Eve. Several Friends from Pennsylvania were present, and a few prize-sheep graziers who were indebted for their celebrity to their pens. Principal BRIGHT, S.C.L. (Severely Cool Legislator) conducted the examination and distributed the rewards of merit after a long address, in which he made some pertinent remarks on National Economy, contending that a prudent country like a prudent couple, should not spend a single shilling on Balls or Shells, and that an Unprotected People, like an Unprotected Female, in this age of chivalrous forbearance, when most defenceless was most secure.

DANZY DRAWLER was then examined by Principal BRIGHT.

Q. What is Grammar?

A. The art of telling your mind without exposing yourself to ridicule or persecution.

Q. How many parts of speech are there?

A. Two—one for general and one for provincial and parliamentary purposes.

Q. What is an indefinite Article?

A. A foggy Leader in a Weekly Paper.

Q. What is a disjunctive conjunction?

A. An extra-judicial separation—a one-sided dissolution of the united state attended by a warlike suit for the restitution of conjugal rights.

Q. Give briefly an illustration of NEWTON's law of attraction?

A. American-dollar.

Q. In like manner with reference to repulsion?

A. Gun-cotton.

Q. How is Peace to be permanently maintained?

A. By separating the cotton from the gun.

Q. Why is calico so dear to every poor man?

A. Because it comes home to his bosom.

Q. What are the colours of the United States?

A. Stars and Stripes.

Q. Have they any military significance?

A. Yes.

Q. Define it.

A. They indicate that the troops who bear them consider that the chances are equal when they go to battle, whether they will be glorified or whipped.

(An interval of ten minutes—Examination resumed.)

Q. Give an historical, geographical, and commercial summary of America.

A. Discovered by COLUMBUS in 1492. It was christened by AMERICUS VESPUTIUS—an injustice which COLUMBUS felt keenly at the time, although his admirers affirm that were he living now, he would congratulate himself upon his escape. With respect to the latitude of

America, that has never been accurately determined, greater latitude being given to it by England than by any other nation.

Q. What are the natural products of that remarkable country?

A. Rowdies, Caucuses, and Bunkum.

Q. Have those terms any equivalents in our tongue?

A. No. They are the watchwords of civil and religious liberty, and will find their place in our Lexicons when the Institutions which they represent are naturalised in our hearts.

(An interval of five minutes—Examination resumed.)

Q. What is an affirmation?

A. A Friend's substitute for a Lord's honour.

Q. Then honour may be dispensed with if affirmations are preserved?

A. Yes.

Q. In what character does Discretion most gracefully appear.

A. As the better half of Valour.

Q. What proof is there that she is lawfully married?

A. Because she always gives a kiss for a growl.

The domestic felicity of this reply elicited loud and animated expressions of praise.

Principal BRIGHT, with some slight emotion, then presented the fortunate student with a *Star* of pure lead, and a *Dial* which he stated had been got up at considerable expense, but which appeared to have very fantastic hands upon it, and was disfigured by a bad case.

PRETTY LITTLE PUPILS.

SOME people have curious domestic pets. Such evidently are they who put the subjoined advertisement into a country newspaper:—

WANTED, in a Farm House, a NURSERY GOVERNESS, to take charge of three young children. Salary not to exceed £4.—Apply K., Gazette Office, York.

The three young children in a Farm House mentioned in the foregoing notification, are evidently piglings, for whom their fond and eccentric owners propose to hire a nursery governess to commence educating them for learned pigs—at rather low wages. Any young lady accepting the situation of instructress of those little swine, may, of course, expect to be treated as one of the family.

Christmas Waits.

YES, and so does England too, and that most anxiously, for an answer from America. We trust with all our patriotic and cosmopolitan heart that it may be favourable and of a peaceful tendency, so that it may prove an auspicious commencement of a Happy New Year!

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.—The O'DONOGHUE ceases to be a Justice.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



WELL, my dear *Punch*, Mr. BOUICAULT is somewhat of an enviable man. Not many stage-writers have hit the public taste with more success than he, or have jumped to such high favour by a single leap. His *Colleen Bawn* has been the theme of the past dramatic year; even MONSIEUR FECHTEE'S *Hamlet* has not been so much talked about. When the play was put aside for the production of the *Octoroon*, everybody wondered at the premature withdrawal. With a house crammed to the ceiling every evening as it was, the attraction of the *Colleen* was clearly unabated. Indeed, I rather think it was the general belief that, if such had been his pleasure, its author might with

ease have won the title of 'the Hero of Five Hundred Nights.' Somehow, people never seemed to tire of seeing that 'tremendous header,' and went over and over again until they must have almost known the piece by heart. After all, the public is itself the best advertisement. Once get a good name for no matter how indifferent a play, and there is no saying how long you may hang out your flaming posters on the outer walls, while by your audience-attendants the cry is 'still they come.'

"Whether the *Octoroon* will rival the *Colleen* in public favour is doubtful, not so much from the merits of the play, as from the reason that the public is a rather fickle patron, and sometimes after patting people on the back is apt for no good cause to turn its face against them. Great successes very often are succeeded by re-action, and things that follow in the wake of what has been commended are, without fair reason, publicly condemned. 'Sensation' scenes, moreover, on which such dramas as the *Octoroon* and *Colleen Bawn* depend, are apt after a while to pall upon the palate, as one's emotional capacities by usage get worn out. To my thinking, a bit of genuine good acting is more lastingly attractive than a myriad of scenes which are dependent on mere brushwork and stage-grouping for effect. Thus, when I saw the *Colleen* the last night it was played before this Christmas week revived it (that being, said the play-bill, the two hundred and eighty-fourth) the part I most enjoyed was the sly humour of the interview between *Myles* and the *Priest*. Mr. BOUICAULT in this more showed his power as an actor than any number of his headers would give him scope to do. Actors, and not acrobats, are what I care to see; and anything that chances to interest my mind I can see a second time with vastly more enjoyment than scenes which are attractive merely to my eyesight.

"As far as its attractiveness is generally concerned, the *Octoroon* is certainly improved by being altered. Of course there are some people who find fault with the amendment, and who suggest that as tastes differ, and some playgoers delight in being made extremely miserable, the heroine should try to please both sorts of her admirers, by killing herself one night and marrying the next. This would give relief to the monotony of acting the same drama every evening throughout a lengthened run, and would have too the advantage that all who felt dissatisfied with either way of ending might repeat their visit and applaud the other. Were SHAKESPEARE living now to write 'sensation' dramas, he might, to please the public, make *Othello* kill *Iago* three nights in the week instead of venting his blind wrath upon the virtuous *Desdemona*. Moreover, *Hamlet* might be altered so as to end happily, *Ophelia* being rescued and restored to reason, just in time to rush on in the middle of Act V., and so prevent her brother from sticking the Crown Prince, who, having killed the King, might wed her and be happy.

"Mr. BOUICAULT can well afford to be a little joked at, for they laugh most who win, and his drama, as now played, will for a fair while fill the house for him. By altering it to suit the inclinations of the merry rather than the melancholy, he will doubtless please the great majority of people, who entertain a healthy preference for seeing plays end happily. However much they may enjoy to use their handkerchiefs occasionally while the plot proceeds, as a rule a British audience likes that all be right at last; and so long as their dear *Octoroon* is saved from being poisoned, the house won't care to criticise the rather hackneyed way in which she is preserved. In their joy to see her rescued from the Villain of the piece (well played by Mr. EMERY, I think they must admit), they will not quarrel with the stale device of huddling on the characters to form a final tableau when the curtain drops; nor will they cavil at *Miss Dora* for accepting *Salem Scudder* in a jiffy when he asks her, although she loves another and knows he does the same. Neither will they stare to see this lady and her guardian appear in the

last scene in spotless unstained dress, after having tracked the Villain and his victim through forests which have torn her clothes half off her back.

"Humour and pathos are well blended in the drama; the dry 'cute Yankee sayings of *Mr. Salem Scudder* and the droll fun of the old Nigger (a most life-like bit of acting), alternating neatly with the love talk of poor *Zoe*, and the scenes that move our pity and our horror at her lot. There is abundance of quick action in the piece, so that all throughout the interest never flags; while by attention to stage-grouping and (except as I have hinted) all the minor details, a semblance of reality is given to each scene, which very greatly heightens the general effect. The excitement of the *Slave Sale*, and the rush across the stage when the steamboat is on fire, and the Villain has pushed off from her with *Zoe* in his skiff, are admirable specimens of what may be effected by having minor parts well filled, and getting supernumeraries well up to their work. Even the great 'header' scene appeared to me quite tame after these 'sensation' ones (partly owing doubtless to its not being quite so new to me); and if, as some have fancied, the success of the *Colleen* depended chiefly on the Cave Scene, I think the *Ship on Fire*, the *Slave Sale*, and the *Arkansas Duel* ought to give the *Octoroon* a like protracted run.

"ONE WHO PATS."

TO THE LADIES OF BRITAIN.

(Important.)

THE British manufacturers complain that they are allowed very insufficient space at the International Exhibition, and that they shall be able to do no justice to themselves. The directors do not know what to do, and heartily wish that they had constructed the building of India-rubber, so that it might have been stretched out to Hammersmith, if necessary. One idea has occurred to them in their despair. Sheffield, where steel is chiefly manufactured, is earnest in its complaints of want of room. The directors appeal to the ladies of England on behalf of the town that

"Forges those bars of steel
That arm AURELIA with the shape to kill."

In a word, it is in contemplation to announce, that room must be made for the exhibition by the exclusion of Crinoline. The official notification is not yet out, but Mr. *Punch*, who is in the secret, at once gives his lovely friends the hint. Surely, between this and May, their exquisite taste will enable them to devise a dress that shall not, like Mars, cover nine acres of ground. Why should Venus—but we have mislaid our *Lemprière*, and may mull the classical compliment. We trust, however, that the ladies will do us the justice to admit that we told them what was coming, and if they don't believe us, let them wait till they see the turn-stiles now in course of erection. They are those from the Parisian Bourse, turn-stiles which the EMPEROR has ordered to be taken away, and which M. FOULD has disposed of to the Commissioners here.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO."

WE copy the following from the *Débats*, who gives it as "a curious specimen of the tolerance of the police authorities of Warsaw, being a permission signed by the Prefect of Police"—

"I authorise the bearer of the present card, M. —, to carry a cane, even with an iron ferule at the end, and this on account of his advanced age and the weakness of his legs."
"PILSUDSKI."

Some countries, like Austria, are priest-ridden; others, like poor Poland, are police-ridden. We wonder if permission is required from the Polish Prefect to carry an umbrella, "even with an iron ferule at the end," the reason assigned "being on account of the rainy season and a tendency to rheumatism in his (the bearer's) back." It is curious in a country where the Government, knowing how culpable it has been, stands in awe of a cane, that knives and forks are not likewise looked upon as dangerous weapons, and interdicted accordingly. In truth, when a State is conscience-stricken, what is there that might not be considered dangerous? Razors, pitchforks, scythes, even a lady's pair of scissors, might inflict deadly wounds, and should be confided only to the most trustworthy persons. A Government that did its duty would not be subject to such miserable fears. The fact is, the Russian authorities, who govern so shamefully in Poland, feel that they richly deserve the stick, and so are afraid, like cowards as they are, to place one in the hands of anybody, for fear it might be turned against themselves.

The Russian Empire, such as it is generally described, with its body of brass and its feet of clay, will, if it does not take care, also be requiring some support some day, to keep it up, on account of the extreme "weakness of its legs."

ENGLAND'S *National Reserve* may hang back, but England's *Naval Reserve* comes forward.



Bus Conductor (slamming the door): "FULL INSIDE!"

Facitious Driver. "FULL INSIDE! WELL—SO YER OUGHT TO BE; YER HAD A SIRLOIN OF BREAD AND CHEESE FOR YER TEA!"

"NO CARDS."

We observe that our sensible friends in Scotland are adopting a very wise plan. When a happy pair has been made a happy couple, the announcement is duly made in the papers, and after the notification that ARCHIBALD CAMERON MACFARLANE has been wedded to JESSIE FLOKA FARQUHARSON, comes the second notification "No Cards." This is, *Mr. Punch* repeats, a very proper thing. The tomfoolery of a couple of cards, fastened together with a bit of glorified twine, has, we believe descended to the inferior creation; but cards are still sent, and the consequence is, that at every wedding mortal offence is sure to be given to somebody, who has been accidentally forgotten in the excitement, and who has read in the book of Etiquette that the non-reception of cards implies that you are to be dropped—you are not a sort of person whom the husband wishes his wife to know. But if No Cards are sent, no grievance can arise. *Mr. Punch* only wishes that people would have the sense to apply a similar rule in the case of visits, and that it was not thought necessary to go rushing over the Province of Brick called London to leave a piece of pasteboard at a door which you have not the least idea of entering. Why not do away with the card nonsense? At all events, if these reminders are necessary, why not make SIR ROWLAND HILL carry them? Surely it is a higher compliment to send a card by a knight than to hand it to your vassal. Let us Post our Cards, until we abandon them altogether. Then the ladies will have time to go to such a number of pleasant places with their husbands, instead of being obliged to irritate the latter by eternal refusals, based on the necessity of leaving cards at the DE BORES', or the FITZBOTHERS'. *Mrs. Punch* means, henceforth, to send all her cards by the post, and invites all her lady-friends to imitate her example until the time when No Cards shall be the universal rule.

The Same Concern.

PEOPLE ask, Which is law in the States, King Mob, or Almighty Dollar?

It's only two names for the same thing—the rule of the rowdy.

THE ROWDIES' MANUAL.

(International.)

Do others as you would that others should not do you.

Whatever is (American) is right.

Get all you can by fair means. When these are exhausted, try foul ones.

Brag is a good dog, and Bunkum is a better.

Bully a Britisher: flatter a Frenchman: respect a Rooshian: shoot a Southerner.

The only Argument for JOHN BULL.—A Cow-hide.

International Law.—What STOWELL laid down, and we walk atop of.

Belligerent Rights.—For the North: Whatever we choose to take.

For the South: Whatever we like to give.

The Old World says, "A word and a blow." We say, "The blow fust—and as many words as you like arterwards."

(Domestic.)

Never pick your teeth with a neighbour's fork: use your own, or, better still, employ your bowie-knife. The display of weapons inspires respect, and checks rudeness.

Things in which Nature recognises no Private Rights.—The free air of Heaven, the boundless Prairie, and a fellow-traveller's tooth-brush.

Apt Quotation.

At a Piscatorial, that is, an Anglers' Dinner the other night, a speaker, eulogising the pursuit of fishing, declared that nothing made men faster friends than a common taste for angling. "True," remarked *Mr. Punch*, "and this is what *Polonius* meant when he said,

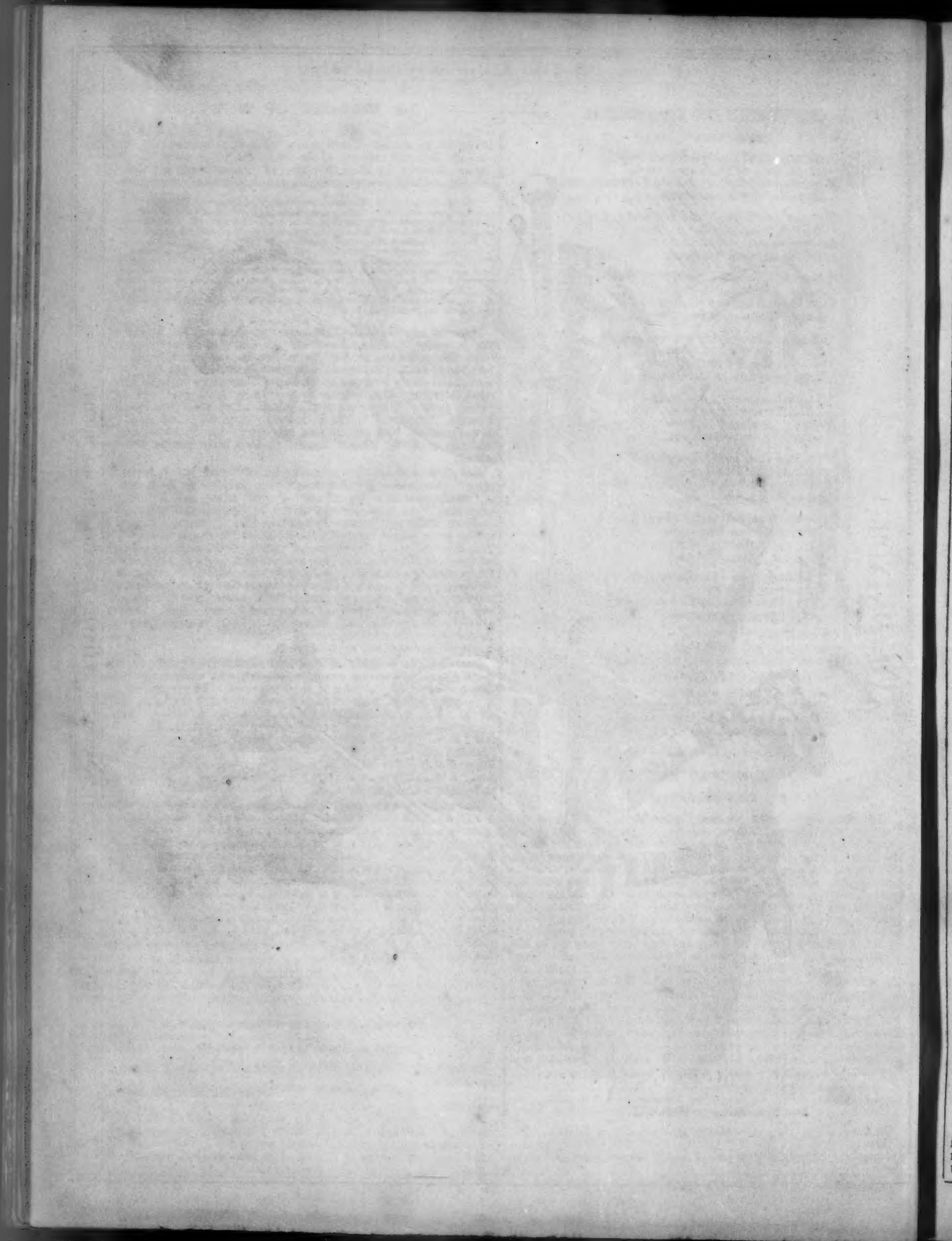
"The friends thou hast
Grapple them to thy heart with hooks of steel."

A quotation which *Mr. Punch* hereby sends to M. FECHTER as a New Year's gift, and in testimony of high Shakspearian regard.



BOXING DAY.

MR. PUNCH. "NOW THEN! WHICH END WILL YOU HAVE, JONATHAN?"



SIXTY-TWO ON THE SHORE.

(DECEMBER 31, 1861.)

BREATHLESS and blue stood Sixty-Two
On the brink of Time's great ocean,
Where together the Past and the Future are cast,
In a whirl of wild commotion.

The poor little fellow looked blue and yellow,
With frost and with fear he shivered,
As wave on wave did roar and rave,
Till the very rock it quivered.

"Jump in! Jump in!" said Sixty-One,
As out of the spray he straggled,
With battered legs and bleeding feet,
And salt hair ooze-bedraggled.

"Jump in! Jump in! The waves beat strong,
The spring-tide runs a brimmer;
The sky is dark and the night is long,
Brave times for a sturdy swimmer!"

"Now out and alas!" said Sixty-Two;
"That I this sea must swim:
Above me the shroud of the storm-swept cloud,
Around me the sea-rack dim!"

"The Past flows out in sorrow and doubt,
Dark rolls the Future in;
Through the merry music of Christmas time
I hear the death-bell's din.

"Oh, woe is me that my lot should be
This night to put from shore,
Against the wrath of a darkling sea,
With this baby arm for our!

"With never a moon to give me light,
And never a pilot-star:
Only the white of the foam-crests bright,
And the harbour-lamps afar!"

Oh, scant of faith!—In mild rebuke,
Ev'n as he spoke, o'er head
Out burst the light of the gentle moon,
And broad on the waters spread.

Then Sixty-Two his trust he knew,
That still there was light on high—
And with sudden leap he took the deep,
And breasted the surges high!

ELECTORAL FACTS.

(Not Mr. Dod's.)

THE Nottingham election has ended in the election of SIR ROBERT CLIFTON, who has beaten LORD LINCOLN. The *New York Herald* (which is honestly earning the pay it receives from the South to irritate the North against England) will probably say that the beaten candidate would certainly have won, being a lord, in an aristocrat-loving country, but that the name of LINCOLN is hateful to JOHN BULL just now. This we must bear. The truth seems to be that neither candidate was one of whom a constituency would have any reason to be violently proud, and that CLIFTON came in, like Cox, by making wilder professions than his rival. He was, we see, appropriately proposed by MR. ALDERMAN RECKLESS, LORD LINCOLN being seconded by MR. HEARD, who was *not* heard, from the "violent hooting and yelling." Nottingham is proverbial for its riots, and furnishes the HATTONS with the title of Earl, whence it used to be called Hatton Garden, but is now known as Bear Garden. We'll make the *New York Herald* a present of the fact that this is the second American defeat connected with Nottingham, for GENERAL HOWE, who defeated the Americans at Bunker's Hill, as every American schoolboy knows, sat for Nottingham for twelve years. Surely here are materials for a stunning anti-English leading article, BENNETT, and you may head it "LINCOLN and BENNETT," and keep your Hat-on; yes, Sir!

Falsifying a Proverb.

THERE is a saying about a certain party looking over Lincoln. But if LINCOLN is wicked enough to provoke a war with England, we dare not prophesy for him the good luck of being ultimately overlooked by the party in question.

A MISS-USE OF MUSIC.

THE *Doctor Blimber* style of teaching is adopted, one would fancy, at the Young Ladies' Establishment referred to in this notice, which we copy from the columns of an influential paper called the *West London Observer*, by which the mind of Hammersmith and the surrounding suburbs is every week enlightened, instructed, and improved:

"SOME MORNINGS AT BLIMBER HOUSE.—As an instance of the great improvement in the amusements of the young ladies at boarding schools, we refer with pride to the example set in our immediate neighbourhood. We have before us a beautifully selected programme of nineteen vocal and instrumental games, arranged for the young ladies of this establishment by its professors, and performed by the young ladies themselves, powerfully and agreeably aided by their tutors. The programme comprised the most exquisite and scientific music of the day, rendered with most creditable and (in most cases) faultless execution. Vastly assistant to mental culture, surely this will be accepted as a welcome innovation on the frivolous character generally shown on such occasions, such as Dancing, Hunt the Slipper, &c. &c., amusements which have been heretofore selected by schoolmistresses for the delatation of their scholars."

From the mention of the "powerful" assistance of the tutors, and the generally "faultless execution" of their pupils, one inclines to think this notice was put forth as an advertisement, and of course paid for as such by the mistress of the school. In that case one little values the opinion which is uttered as to the excellence of music, as an amusement for young ladies, compared with "Hunt the Slipper" and other girlish games. The mistress of a school where such pastimes were thought "frivolous" might be naturally expected to say so in her advertisements, that people who approve of the *Blimber* way of teaching might be induced thereby to send their daughters to her school.

But if the opinion that a lengthy lot of "vocal and instrumental games" (we wonder if "*Jon Crow*" were included in the number?) is "vastly assistant to the culture" of girls' minds, and a "welcome innovation" on such pleasant things as dancing and other social pastimes, if this opinion emanate not from Mrs. BLIMBER, but a writer of the press, it may be worth the while of Mr. Punch to answer it. That there's "a time for all things" is not a new assertion; but there are people in the world who seem never to have heard of it. Each age has its pleasures, as it has its work and duties; and to deprive youth of its dancing and its games of Hunt the Slipper is to rob it of amusements peculiarly its own, and which in after life it cannot properly enjoy. To term such pastimes "frivolous" is uncalled-for and unjust. They are suited for the age which is by human nature fitted to enjoy them, and are natural and wholesome ways of relaxation, for youthful minds and bodies which should not be overworked.

Don't let it be thought that Punch would undervalue music, or think it other than a charming means of entertainment when properly employed. But it is one thing to hear music merely for amusement, and it is quite another to sit down and perform with a master at one's elbow, in all the awful silence of a drawing-room at school. As for saying this is "welcome" to the girls who are afflicted by it, you might as well affirm that they like school bread and butter; and as for opining that it aids their "mental culture," it is difficult to fancy what improvement to their minds can result from a long evening of scientific music, which the chance is they won't listen to, or, if they do, will grumble at as being a great bore.

Viewed merely as an exercise, dancing is a healthy sort of relaxation, and not one to be sneered at, or neglected, at a girls' school, where, if pastimes such as "Hunt the Slipper" are prohibited, the only mode of exercise will most likely be the cheerful one of walking two and two. To expect a lot of school-girls to enjoy a solemn evening of scientific music is as preposterous as thinking they would sit down to a rubber like a parcel of old dowagers whose dancing days are over, and whose tastes are for amusements of a sedentary kind. No, while girls are girls, let their sports be girlish. Vulgarly unladylike as it may seem to some people, a go of blind man's buff or a good smart game of romps, is far better relaxation for young girls pent up in school than sitting round a room and twiddling their young thumbs while waiting for their turn to thump away at the piano.

POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS.

Respectfully dedicated to all true Americans.

BY THE SHADE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE best way of checking the extravagant cost of war is to pay ready money for it.

Ignorance is known by the noise it makes, as children cry the loudest in the dark.

The cost and cruelty of civil war are never properly known until peace is proclaimed, and the two contending sides settle down to pay their civilities.

A split in a sovereign is a proof of its being cracked,—and so it is in a republic.



AMENITIES OF THE SEASON.

GIGANTIC SOLDIER. "Tuck in your Twopenny, Old Man, and give us a light to my Pipe."

ASYLUM FOR DECAYED FUNAMBULISTS.

MONARCHS like mountebanks, says some spiteful philosopher, divide into two classes—stilt-walkers and rope-walkers. CHARLES THE FIRST went upon stilts till he came to grief and broke down. JAMES THE SECOND and little BOMBA started on very tall timber, but were soon glad, for their personal security, to cut their sticks. LOUIS PHILIPPE adopting the *juste milieu*, obtained considerable applause by his performance on the horizontal rope, but his balance-pole suddenly snapping, he fell floundering among the soup-tureens of a Reform banquet.

It is not every man that is qualified to shine in Funambulism. *Poeta nascitur non fit* may, slightly modified, be applied to the lines of a circus, as well as of a DRYDEN. Statesmen and gymnasts are alike stimulated by that vaulting ambition which occasionally o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side. The Minister, constrained to walk on the high rope, sedulously strives to avoid slips, but, like the acrobat, he sometimes has a hard struggle to keep his place.

Funambulism at ASTLEY'S is most artistic—at St. Stephen's most perilous. BLACKMORE, with his star and spangles, gave a charming illustration of a kitten walking on warm tiles. MADAME SAQUI, in her eightieth year, snatched a grace beyond the altitude of art. BLONDIN, that walking monument of Funambulism, thrilled the nerves, but did not impair the appetite of his most fastidious admirers, as the Crystal Palace *Chef de Cuisine* can vouch by the enormous consumption of veal pies.

The Irish patriotic professor of Funambulism belongs to a less dignified order of artistes. His career is at once romantic and ridiculous. Smitten in early life by a burning desire for national admiration, he joins a strolling troupe, where in the equestrian arena, his awkward experiments on the extended corde provoke universal derision, and after some heavy spills in the sympathising sawdust, he retires from a profession which nature has not qualified him to adorn, with concealed but fierce disgust.

Clown to the rope, could he but rise to that itinerant censorship, would now amply gratify his thirst for fame, but wanting natural sagacity, knowledge of the world, ability to balance himself, and a proper estimate of his own strength, in vain he boasts of his talent for blowing a child's trumpet, and that agility in jumping at conclusions which every fool exhibits who clings to a horse's tail.

There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Disguising himself as

an Irish rebel, the needy Merriman leaps with rope and prop into a widow's cabbage-garden, resolved at any sacrifice—moral, not personal—to enter upon the *haute école* of political Funambulism. Need we record the wild catastrophe, and relate how he descends with a tremendous shiver, his head as by a miracle escaping from the noose which he had unwittingly tied for its reception?

Among our charitable institutions, is it not painful to think there are none to which the broken-down political highrope-walker is admissible? If such an asylum now existed, an O'BRIEN might cultivate, in loyal obscurity, the historical savoy, and Erin's harp might neither be profaned by a traitor's touch nor despoiled for sending over the Atlantic a note of preparation very like a wall.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

(The English of M. TROPLONG's French.)

SAYS TROPLONG to the French—

"What! Pull up or retrench!

Go for deficits sorrowing!

Make bones about borrowing!

Complain of the millions,

The billions, the trillions,

That go in equipping

Such troops and such shipping!

You noodles, you ninnies,

What's a few paltry guineas

Compared to our glory,

Our *status* in story?

When our capital's tripled,

Our enemies crippled,

Sebastopol shattered,

The Austrians scattered,

The Chinaman battered,

His dragon-flag tattered,

Our vanity flattered,

As if the price mattered!

With our honey-bees hiving,

Our public works thriving,

New Boulevards a driving,

New Companies striving,

New Bubbles a-blowing,

Debts and shares still a-growing—

Drones, you talk of the money,

That's sunk to make honey!

If we fly a few kites

To keep up the flights

Of the Eagles Imperial;

The amount's immaterial,

Compared with the *Gloire*,

That from Seine unto Loire,

From Somme to Garonne,

Lights our lilies upon.

Then silence, each grumbler,

And pay up your taxes;

And show yourselves humbler

To L'EMPEREUR that axes;

While our Gallic cock crows

Cock-a-doodles so pleasing,

His throat, the world knows,

Must need oiling and greasing.

Let JOHN BULL'S rulers want;

Leave the ass to his thistle;

But let France own she can't

Pay too dear for her whistle,

While its music's '*Victoire!*'

Vive l'Empereur, Vive la Gloire!'"

"As Mad as a Hatter."

WE are curious to know what is the particular madness that hatters are so subject to, and why they should display above all other classes such peculiar excellence in that department of the fine arts, which meets with special shelter and protection at Bedlam. We intend instituting a Commission of Inquiry into this subject some day, and shall get MR. SAMUEL WARREN (Q.C.), or some equally eminent Master in Lunacy, to try the question for us. In the meantime, we think we can venture to observe that the madness of a hatter must be, from the nature of his calling, peculiarly one of those things that are said to be more easily *felt* than described.

A PROPOSITION THAT WE TRUST WILL QUICKLY BE CARRIED OUT.



HE embarkation of the Guards has taken place. The next thing we hope to hear, and which will give us equal satisfaction, will be the embarkation of the Blackguards — we mean those treasonable Irishmen of the MITCHELL and MEAGHER school, who have lately been pouring their vitriolic abuse on England. The best place to embark them for would be some good convict settlement. This time, too, there should be no hope of pardon held out to any one of them, as the ungrateful wretches have only abused the latter grace in every sense. If the fools are wise, they will leave the country at once before they are summarily sent out. We are not so vindictive against Yankee Land as to wish they would join the Americans. We should pity any cause, let it be ever so bad, that had the damnable effect of their friendship.

ANOTHER AUTHOR'S APPEAL.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "Day after Boring Day." "THOSE who live to please must please to live," as our great moralist, DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, has observed, and I feel that as a dramatic creator it is my duty to conform to the expressed wishes of my public. At the same time I confess that very grave questions arise in my mind.

"In the Pantomime in which I have the honour of performing as Clown, I have introduced a Baby (an artificial one), which infant, after undergoing various dramatic vicissitudes of fortune, is finally sat upon by myself and another character in the drama, I allude to the Pantaloon.

"In the conception of this incident I was partially guided by my sense of the artistic fitness of the catastrophe, and partially by my recollection that in former dramas of the class the same incident aroused an excited interest, and that cries of 'Poor little thing' have more than once emanated from impassioned females in the gallery.

"Sir, the fate of the infant is now received either with shouts of laughter, or with indifference.

"Uncertain, at present, at what decision reflection on the subject may induce me to arrive, I would venture to call your attention to a consideration which seems to me a very grave one. Has the public mind undergone a change upon the question of Infanticide? Why has the excitement disappeared, and why, when I and my friend alternately sit down upon that Baby, does a London audience remain unmoved, or else go into convulsions of laughter?

"This is a grave question, Sir, and one which a conscientious dramatic creator cannot view with unconcern.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"Theatre Royal."

"TOM MATTHEWS."

The Free-Born American Citizen's Privilege.

To make our Presidents, the right claim we:
Whether with an "S. I." or a "C. E."

TREASON.

THE one predominating Reason which an Irishman of the SMITH O'BRIEN stamp and howl and ingratitude, carries out literally to a *£*.

THE CURE WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

THE remedy MR. SEWARD means to apply to JONATHAN's bleeding extremities.—Canada-Balsam.

BEAUTY GOING A-BEGGING.

"MY DEAREST C. L.,

"LET me address you by your initials, since I can only guess the names they stand for. What are those pretty names? CAROLINE, or CHLOE, LETITIA or LAODAMIA?—whose first letters are prefixed to the surname in the subjoined advertisement, which caught my eye, and set my heart on fire, when I read it in the *Yorkshire Gazette*:—

WANTED, a HUSBAND, by the advertiser, who can bring forward the most unexceptionable references as to character. Is twenty years of age, has no fortune, but is considered very beautiful. Age not considered; but must prove that he has three hundred a year, and is in a respectable position. Letters, containing name and address, to be addressed C. L. CLIXTON, Post Office, Hull.—N.B. This is a real, genuine, bona-fide advertisement.

"Beloved being, my references are first-rate. Inquire of my parish clergyman, my bankers and my solicitor, whose addresses are herewith enclosed. I can prove to you that I have much more than three hundred a year, and that I am in a position far above mere respectability. I am an old gentleman, dearest. Age is not considered, you say, and delight me by saying so, for I am a very old gentleman. I am eighty-four, love, and, as you are twenty, we shall suit one another exactly, that is, if you are very beautiful, as you say you are considered to be. Your want of fortune is no defect in my estimation, as I trust my want of hearing, and want of teeth, and want of temper, and all my other wants, are no defects in yours. My chief want is the want of a nurse to take care of me, and I hope to find a nice one in you. I suffer from paralysis, and have one foot in the grave, so that if you marry me, you will be a widow in a very short time, and come into the enjoyment of the handsome settlement which of course I mean to make on you—and oh! don't you wish you may get it. Believe me, dearest, till death, which cannot be far distant, yours devotedly,

"NARCISSEUS SHAKESHANKS."

"Address to The Hummums, care of MR. WALKER."

HOMOEOPATHY IN HYDROPHOBIA.

A PAPER was lately read by M. TOUTMONCEL, before the Académie des Sciences, on the proposed treatment of hydrophobia on the homoeopathic principle that like cures like. M. TOUTMONCEL reminded his hearers that the morbid poison which operates in the production of canine madness is a substance so extremely attenuated by dilution as to elude the researches of chemistry, and that the venom of the serpent tribe equally defies analysis. M. T. proposes, in cases of bite inflicted by a mad dog, to inoculate the patient with the poison of a rattlesnake. If a rattlesnake or a cobra, which would answer the same purpose, cannot be procured, he suggests that a substitute might be sought in the common viper. The distinguished *savant* concluded his essay with the expression of regret at not having been able to find any person willing to render himself the subject of experiment by submitting to be inoculated with the canine virus first and to let a venomous reptile bite him afterwards.

AMERICAN REAPING MACHINE.

AMERICA, it seems, will not sleep on her laurels. A temperate ambition would have felt no hunger after producing a sewing-machine and a lock-stitch on the Potomac. The red-lipped Amazon, however, weary of bending over embroidery, forsakes the needle for the spear, and standing at a reaping machine, looks forward to a harvest of carnage as complacently as a New England farmer to a crop of Indian wheat. Her large eyes blaze on a field of ghastly men—she smiles at the prospect of gathering sheaves on a crimson plain—the tears of the widow will give renewed fertility to the land over which she passes—her harvest-home will be gladdened by the cries of the fatherless, and the gleaners, Hate, Pain, and Ruin, flinging joyously about their dishevelled tresses, will sing pastorals as they follow in her train, America has sown the Wind and will reap the Whirlwind.

Contract for Dust.

THE Federal Government, we understand, have arranged with certain parties interested in the waste-paper trade, for the purchase of a large quantity of dust. It is not intended to be taken out, but will as opportunity offers, be thrown into the eyes of the people of this country.

STRETCHING IT.

IF M. TROPLONG was not *trop long* in his speech to the Senate on the glories of the Empire, he was certainly *trop large*.

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.—Columbia's Black Draught.



ART AT A CATTLE SHOW.

FIRST SMALL BOY. "I say, Bill, what's he a doing of?"

SECOND DITTO. "Can't you see he's a taking that old Gent's Picture, and isn't it like him?"

"A CERTAIN STAR SHOT MADLY FROM ITS SPHERE."

THE American organ, the *Morning Star*, has put itself into one of those violent rages which are peculiar to journals that preach peace-at-any-price, and quote Scripture at random. This awful fury has been caused by Mr. *Punch's* mild little allusion to the fact that on the day when all the London journals came out with black borders, the *Star* did not manifest that token of respect. So the Christian *Star* showers on us a volley of Billingsgate. "Buffoon," "unfeeling," "a fool," "a liar," "a malicious and silly liar," "disgust," "insolence," are among the phrases with which the *Star* endeavours to express its wrath, and at the same time to show that Mr. *Punch's* gentle rebuke was unfelt. The outbreak takes the form of a letter, which was clearly intended for a leading article, as it begins with a sentence of nineteen lines; but we do not think that this composition is the production of one of the regular leader-writers, because it is in very fair grammar, and lacks the provincial and smart-young-Dissenting-student tone which usually pervades the *Star* disquisitions. Besides, the writer is honest enough to quote the little paragraph that has caused such heavenly rage, and unless in a paroxysm of unthinking fury, a regular *Star* writer would hardly have offered the *Punch* anti-dote along with the BRIGHT bane. However, as we have shamed the *Star* into protesting that it meant nothing, and is as mournful as it ought to be, we will accept the rather amusing excuse about its machinery (an excuse at which the intelligent workmen who manage Mr. *Punch's* machinery are irreverent enough to smile in a most rude manner), and will add that there is now a very fitting way for the *Star's* great patron at once to show his sense of his own self-stultification as to American matters, and to atone for his organ's forgetfulness of funeral decorum. Let MR. BRIGHT be—*Mute*.

Conscientious Assurance.

"If," says the *New York Times*, in allusion to the *Trent* affair, "popular passion is to be allowed to contravene a right in the law of nations, we accept any issue that may result." Indeed! If popular passion is allowed to insist on refusing the surrender of SLIDELL and MASON, is our Yankee contemporary prepared to accept the bombardment of New York?

THE DINER À LA RusSE.

BY A RUSTIC.

I JUST bin up to London Town,
SIR THOMAS was spendin the sazun there;
I wanted to zee un afore a come down:
Zo I called upon un in Belgrave Square.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

There was that theer matter about the barn,
And 'tother affair o' cuttun the copse;
I'd got zum rent in my pocket for 'n,
Which I thought 'ood zet un a smackun his chops.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

SIR THOMAS succeeded to my design,
And altogether I come off winner;
For he made me drink a bottle o' wine:
And axed me to come next day to dinner.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

The dinner hour was seven at night;
(The "Later" classes I calls the "Upper")
But there, thinks I, 'twill be all right:
I'll ate my dinner, and think 'tis supper.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

Zo on I puts my best black quoot,
I've had un some time, but seldom worn un,
And ties a white neckcloth round my throaat,
Puttun myself into dacent mournun.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

A footman ushered me all up stairs,
In a livery suit of blue and yellor,
A plumidge like what a kingfisher wears.
"MR. SOLOMON HOMEGREEN!" bawls the feller.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

I'd got to hand a lady down,
Rugged out in her Crinoline, full feather.
What w' my broad back, and her wide gown,
We had zummum to do to git down together.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

Howsomever we rached the dinner-room;
And there was the table, without e'er a cover,
But w' basons and baskets o' flowers in bloom,
A greenery like, a was spread all over!
Ri too ral loo, &c.

There was apples, and raisins, and grapes, and pears,
Foreign fruit and presarves from every quarter;
Zo the fashion, thinks I, as I gapes and stares,
Is fust the dessart and the dinner arter.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

I took a apple from out of a lot,
And was just a gwian to peel and ate un,
When a plate o' zoup, all smokun hot,
Was offered to me by a sarvunt in waitun.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

The feller he brought me a plate o' fish
As soon as he zee the zoup I'd swollered,
Then French friacassee, dish arter dish,
And slices o' beef and mutton follered.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

There was plenty to drink as well as to ate,
As much as ever a chap was able;
But I'd rather zee my jinte o' mate,
And taters and turnuts and greens, on my table.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

Next time we dines at the Fox-and-Goose,
I'll stiek a flowerpot 'fore my platter,
And zay I be dinun "allaw Roose,"
As they calls the new style in their foreign chatter.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

THE HEIGHT OF GRATITUDE.—MR. COX returning thanks for being elected for Finsbury!!

TO GET A CHEERFUL VIEW OF AFFAIRS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Only look at them from the *Bright* side.



ENTERTAINMENT FOR AN ORGAN-GRINDING RUFFIAN.

DISTURBING A STREET AND FRIGHTENING A SERVANT GIRL INTO FITS, FOR WHICH HE HAS TO PAY 10s. ONLY.—(See Police Report, Jan. 1, 1862.)

THE JONATHAN LUNACY CASE.

THE inquiry was resumed this morning. MR. PAM, Q.C., instructed by MR. PUNCH, appearing for the BULL family, whilst MR. BRIGHT watched the case for the alleged lunatic.

The first witness called was MRS. BULL, examined by MR. PAM: said she had known MR. JONATHAN for many years. He used to shout about the house, swear a great deal, and make a noise like an ophicleide. She considered him decidedly incapable of managing his own affairs. He was fond of assuming military rank, and would call himself COLONEL JONATHAN, GENERAL JONATHAN, and so on. Could not give much information respecting MR. JONATHAN's marriage with Miss VIRGINIA SOUTH; but knew that at present there were domestic quarrels. The lady wished for a separation, but MR. JONATHAN would not hear of it, and got dreadfully excited whenever the subject was alluded to.

One of his fancies was to dress like a policeman, and in this disguise he was often very mischievous. On several occasions he has torn the cotton dress witness was in the habit of wearing off her back, and using very bad language, has sworn he would whip her. Recently he had dressed himself up like a sort of sea-captain, and taken into custody two friends of Miss V. SOUTH's, who were coming on a visit to witness. Could not say that she had seen him drunk, but he was very fond of tipping (or liquoring as he called it), and would threaten to shoot any one who declined to drink with him. He would sing snatches of nigger melodies, such as *Old Dan Tucker*, and finish by cutting at a piece of stick he always carried in his pocket.

The next witness called was MONS. LOUIS, examined by MR. PUNCH.

"I keep a large pension and garnished lodgings. I have known MR. JONATHAN since many years. I should say that he was what we call *timbré*. I have had the habitude of furnishing him with wine. He seems to not know the use of money. He sometimes will fling his dollars about, and then he will borrow large sums. He thinks himself the richest *propriétaire* in the world. He has quarrelled with his dear half, MRS. JONATHAN, née VIRGINIE SOUTH, and is in a great anger because MADAME BULL will not interfere in his *ménage*. Two milords, SIR WORLIDLY and SIR EBONY, have had the happy idea to make the peace between M. JONATHAN and MADAME BULL; but M. JONATHAN will have no arbitration, no more as for that will MADAME B. M. JONATHAN has shown himself of great politeness towards me lately, but I regard him as a great silly, and if I were in the place of MADAME BULL, I would shut him up."

The inquiry was again adjourned.

A THUMB FOR A TRIFLE.

IF the proverb, "Set a thief to catch a thief" is true, we may, with equal truth perhaps, say "Set a ruffian to collar a ruffian." In that case the prisoner named in the subjoined police-report is a very fit person for the office which he aspires to undertake:—

"HAMMERSMITH.—JAMES SHEE, a young Irish labourer, who it was stated is a candidate for the police, was charged with committing a savage assault.

"It appeared from the evidence that on the night of Saturday, the 14th ult., the complainant, WILLIAM KENNY, and some friends were together at the bar of the George public-house, in the Broadway. The prisoner began to quarrel with a man named MALONEY, upon which the complainant went up and endeavoured to pacify the disputants. On his doing so, the prisoner caught hold of the complainant's thumb between his teeth and bit the top completely off. It was found necessary at the West London Hospital to amputate the thumb at the first joint.

"MR. INGHAM sentenced the prisoner to a fine of £4 and 6s. costs, or to four weeks' imprisonment, with hard labour.

"The prisoner was locked up in default."

But really thumbs are very moderate at the rate of only £4 6s., or four weeks at the treadmill. A pocket handkerchief could hardly have been appraised at a lower rate, had MR. SHEE filched one instead of biting a man's thumb off. He not only bites off a thumb like a dog, but he does it dog-cheap. Some peculiarity in this case not reported must be supposed to account for the Magistrate's exceedingly low valuation of the member by which the human hand is distinguished from that of the monkey, or else his Worship computed the cost of that member by a most inadequate rule of thumb.

Questions in Lunacy Cases.

Q. Did the Party ever drive an Engine on the Eastern Counties Line?

A. I don't know.

Q. Did he ever travel on that line if he could help it?

A. Yes, he did.

Judge. Gentlemen, the lunacy is clearly made out.

All is Serene.

THE latest telegram from Bombay has two announcements:—

"NANA SAHIB has been detected and captured."

"Hemp is in demand."

The news seems exceedingly satisfactory, and is, we hope, authentic.

MYSTERY AND MUSIC.



once and Proprietor. Those wishing a Novelty and a Ticket at once to the Ticket, and not the Card. At liberty on the 23rd of December. Address as above.

One would almost think the slave trade were flourishing among us when one finds a lady vocalist talk of her "proprietor;" and when she calls herself a "ticket," one inclines almost to view it as another name for "chattel," which she holds herself to be. What on earth she means by telling those who "wish a Novelty" to apply to "the Ticket and not the Card" we reluctantly must own our inability to guess. We say reluctantly, because one's self-esteem is somewhat lowered when one meets with any problem that one's intellect can't solve. What constitutes a "ticket," and in what respects a "ticket" differs from a "card," are questions which to some people may seem quite unimportant; but while they are unanswered, they clearly are in some measure raised into significance by having puzzled even *Punch*.

WHO IS AN AMERICAN?

SIMPLE as it may seem, this question, we confess, has perplexed us much of late. It has been hard to escape talking about Transatlantic matters, and it has been harder, when so doing, to avoid saying a word or two of either blame or ridicule, much as one may try to keep aloof from both. But whenever one has happened to find fault with the misconduct of American affairs, one has been told "Oh, but you know that it's no fault of the Americans." "It's those confounded Irish," or "those infernal Germans" who have done the mischief; or else it's "the Rowdies," or "the Boys" who are to blame for it. But as for the Americans, they have had no hand in it. Whatever may have chanced amiss has been no fault of theirs. If their Government be governed by uncrowned King Mob, his Majesty is not of true American extraction. The Mob is of mixed breed, partly Irish, partly German, partly anything you please, excepting aught that can be anyhow regarded as American.

Who then are Americans? And if they exist, why don't they interfere to save the good name of their nation? The country that is boasted the most free and most republican, is now most under the despotism of a tyrannous democracy, composed, it is alleged, of aliens and emigrants, who are no more real Americans than the Turks are Portuguese. The Rowdies, it is true, are living in America, and have most of them been there: Still one must on no account regard them as Americans. They are virtually the rulers of America, may be; and while they are so, the Americans are a really enslaved people, governed by the Rowdies, whom nevertheless they make no effort to dethrone.

This at least is the conclusion that one is forced to come to, if one believes there are such people as genuine Americans, neither Irish, French, nor Germans, but Americans *pur sang*. Their existence must however be considered somewhat doubtful, and we ourselves incline to place them in the list of extinct races, rather than submit to the alternative of viewing them as slaves under the dominion of the Rowdies and the Roughs.

INCERELY do many sober-minded persons regret that young ladies now are sadly quick at catching slang expressions, and very frequently use language that would far more fitly emanate from the mouths of gents and fast men than well-educated girls. That this love of slang extends to ladies in professional as well as private life, the following advertisement abundantly will prove:—

MRS. STENTON.

Historical Singer, not only appeared at the SHAKESPEARE MUSIC HALL, Gillingham, on the 29th of October, as was stated, but made herself at once a successful Ticket of that Establishment. She met with the warmest reception in the Establishment, and appears in her turn with satisfaction to her audience for Christmas apply

THE DEBATES ON THE GRAND REMONSTRANCE.

DECEMBER, 1861, AND JANUARY, 1862.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON AN ENGLISHMAN'S FREEDOM UNDER CONJUGAL, FILIAL, AND MENIAL SOVEREIGNTY.

BY MR. PUNCH.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

An Englishman has no Freedom under the Sovereignty above mentioned.

THE DEBATES.

PATERFAMILIAS at Breakfast. Present: MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, and various Olive Branches. The Times Newspaper. Maid in waiting.

Paterfamilias. I tell you what it is, my dear. We spend a great deal too much money. Here's a deficit in the Revenue and—

Mrs. Paterfamilias. Take your coffee, dear.

P. There's a deficit in the revenue—

Master Jacky. And a fly in the milk-jug.

P. Hold your tongue, Sir.

Master Jacky. But a fly now, Pa. It's a zoological phenomenon, and you ought to send it to the Gardens. [Great laughter.]

P. Will you hold your tongue, Sir.

Mrs. P. Don't snub the child at Christmas, Pa.

P. I don't, but he ought not to interrupt me. I was saying that there is a deficit in the revenue—

Mrs. P. Well, if there is, I dare say Mr. GLADSTONE will take it out—you are always saying that he is the cleverest man in the world. Try that boiled haddock—it's boiled, isn't it, SARAH?

Sarah. Yes, M'm, at least I believe so. I think (innocently, of course) cook's cousin was telling her to boil it.

Mrs. P. (darkly). Cook's cousin! (Repressing herself.) That will do, SARAH, and shut the door after you.

[Exit SARAH, with a slight smile.]

P. And we shall very likely be in a war with those Yankees.

Master Bob. And won't we lick 'em handsome, yes, Sir-ree.

Mrs. P. Don't talk so, Bob. You don't know what wickedness all war is. It means murder, and hatred, and sorrow, and I won't have you speak lightly about it—and don't spill that egg over the cloth, that's a dear boy.

Master Bob. It's only yellow, Ma, and that's a pretty colour on white.

Miss Laura. Nasty pig you are. You learn those ways at school, and nothing else.

Master Bob. Don't I, Miss. Hee! Parallelograms upon the same base and between the same parallels are equal to one another, and equal triangles upon equal bases in the same straight lines, and towards the same parts, are between the same parallels, and I am equal to another of go of marmalade. Thank you, Miss IGNORANCE.

P. (not unapprovingly). I fear only an effort of memory, Bob, but all very well. I think I shall send you to a cheaper school, and closer, where I can have you more under my eye.

Master Bob. No, no, Pa, that won't do. I'm getting on uncommon, and I couldn't leave old SQUAIL's till I've licked TOM SLAPPER; it wouldn't be the thing, you must see that for yourself. And I'm sure Mrs. SQUAIL looks after my manners as well as Ma could do.

P. The bills are very heavy, and if we're to have more Income-Tax, it will be my duty to retrench expenses. In justice to your sisters, we must regulate our outlay.—

Three Girls. O, Pa, never mind us, and pray don't do anything to bring that Plague home oftener than Christmas and Midsummer.

Master Bob. Your healths, young ladies. *Varium et mutabile semper femina*, as the immortal bard expresses it, and didn't you say yesterday that I was to come home at Easter?

P. Some more sugar, MARGARET.

Mrs. P. (helping him). Extravagant man, you have had four lumps.

P. We must economise, I tell you. Girls, you ought to know music enough by this time to do without SIGNOR PIPPOLIPOLI, and I shall pay him off.

Miss Laura. And what are the little ones to do, Pa?

P. You are to teach them, to be sure.

Master Jacky. O, my eye! (bursts into mock laughter.) Won't there be a slapping of backs and a boxing of ears, O, no!

P. There will be something like it, Sir, if you intrude your nonsense when I am speaking—eat this sardine for me, and hold your tongue.

Mrs. P. My dear CHARLES, it's out of the question. The SIGNOR is bringing the girls on famously, and you should have seen how cross Mrs. BELTON looked on Tuesday when their duet was played just after her own girls had made their unfortunate display.

P. (Pleased). Was it so? Well—if—but we'll see about it. What's the use of it all?

Mrs. P. You shall see, on Wednesday. You are making no break-fast, dear. Shall I cut you a slice of this lovely ham?

P. No—yes—the least bit. But what's Wednesday?

Mrs. P. Why, our party.

P. I never heard of it, and I am engaged. (*General uproar.*) I tell you I never heard of it, and I ought to be told before these things are fixed. And I said I would have no parties this year.

Mrs. P. (*charging hotly.*) Why, Pa, dear, you have often said that Wednesday was always the day you liked best for parties, and you declared you would not go out any more this Christmas, and I supposed you knew your own mind, and meant what you said, as you are always recommending the children to do, and it is nonsense to talk about no parties, as if we could receive people's hospitalities and make them no return. I am sure I should be ashamed to look people in the face if I were so mean as that, and you know that you yourself the other morning were holding up Mr. SCRAPER to ridicule for his stinginess in dining with everybody and making no return. I don't care about parties, you know that, except for the sake of the children, but I do like consistency, and you should not preach one thing one day and another another. Let me give you some hot tea, that must have got quite cold while you keep talking over it.

P. (*Utterly routed, hides himself under the "Times," like MR. SMITH O'BRIEN under the cabbage-leaves*) Humph!

[The victorious enemy dances over his body.]

Master Bob. No end of fun we're to have, Pa. I've ordered the magic lantern and a double go of dissolving views, *veluti in speculum*, don't you know?

Master Jacky. I'm to make the snip-dragon.

Miss Laura. All the Miss ELLIOTSONS are coming and their cousins, and the young barrister that you like.

Master Bob. And that MAGGIE don't hate.

Mrs. P. (*severely.*) Silence, ROBERT, I desire you. A repetition of such nonsense will compel me to exclude Mr. CLATTERBOX from my house, which I should regret, as he is a very agreeable young man of excellent prospects, and his uncle is a bishop.

P. Humph!

[Winks at his daughter MARGARET behind the newspaper.]

Miss Maria. We shall be fifty at least.

P. (*plucking up and resolving to make the best of it.*) I'm fifty, at least, already, and I don't approve of such riots.

Master Jacky. Only once a year, Pa. Please to remember the grotto.

P. Cape, Madeira and pale ale, mind. No wine from me.

General laughing Chorus. O! O! O! O! O!

Miss Maggie. You'll do what's right, Papa, I know. And if you know anybody you would like to bring, you may bring him, and if he isn't a Guy, I'll dance a quadrille with him. (*Pulls her parent's whiskers.*)

P. (*Rises.*) You're very good, I'm sure. Well, have you asked the VERNONS, and the HARPERS, and the MONTGOMERYS, and old TRAFFORD, and Mrs. WISEBEACH? Do the thing properly, while you are about it. And I'll make JAMES CLARKSON come, he's good at brewing Cups.

Master Bob. And that will save your wine, you know. We must retrench in these days, if we can.

P. (*giving him a topper.*) Ah, my boy, when you have to pay bills—by Jove, it's ten o'clock. I must be off, for I've got some port to taste at one o'clock, and I must get my work done first. Good-bye, dears.

Chorus. Good-bye, Daddy long-legs. *[Exit the Grand Remonstrant.]*

SCENE in Kitchen.

Sarah (*in continuation*). So master says, says he, I've got nine minds, says he, to cut things a good bit closer, says he, than I've bin doing, says he—

Rest of Domestic. All stuff! Missis knows better than to stand any nonsense of that kind. *She's—*

[Enter Mrs. PATERFAMILIAS just in time to stop the analysis of her own character, to read Cook a lecture on modified hospitality to cousins, and to make preliminary arrangements for Wednesday. "And it will bode ill to the domestic institutions of England when PATERFAMILIAS has a chance against the household band leagued together in one common cause."]

DIRECTION-POSTS FOR THE POPULACE.

ORNAMENT in various public objects—lamp-posts, gates, drinking-fountains, and so forth, is now, in a measure, generally combined with utility. A finger-post in some cases is furnished with a hand and finger painted with a degree of conscientiousness and attention to the rules of colouring and design. Now, such a finger-post is all very well in its way, namely any fashionable thoroughfare; for the better classes always point with the forefinger after the manner of the post. But the lower orders, for the most part, use a different and peculiar mode of pointing; and therefore, since, in all Art, keeping and congruity are carefully to be observed, let all the posts and boards, serving to direct

the passenger in the slums, be provided with a hand issuing out of a plain fustian cuff instead of a swell cloth one with a wristband, the fingers being closed, and the way indicated with the thumb.

AMATEUR ENGINE-DRIVERS.

It does not appear from the letter of Mr. J. B. OWEN, Secretary to the Eastern Counties Railway, addressed to the *Times* in answer to that of "An Eastern Counties Railway Traveller," that the office of the engine-driver on that line had not been once, if not oftener, performed by young Mr. WINDHAM, the state of whose mind is now under legal investigation.

It does appear that on a particular day "Mr. WINDHAM had endeavoured to interfere with the duties of the guard—not the driver—by calling out the names of some of the stations and asking the passengers to take their seats." But whether this eccentric young gentleman had, or had not, been previously allowed to take the driver's place and discharge his duty, "hath not appeared." The public would like to know what the fact is in that particular.

The public would also like to know if it has, or not, been the practice, unknown of course to directors, on the Eastern Counties Railway, if not on other railways, for fast young men, to procure by bribery, the amusement of driving the engine? If so, what an escape some of the public have had, and what an escape the fast young men have had; either from getting themselves, together with the passengers, smashed, or getting sentenced to penal servitude for manslaughter; as they, at least, of all unlucky engine-drivers, would have richly deserved to be, had they caused a fatal accident.

With reference to the minor offence of playing the guard—dressed, according to "An Eastern Counties Railway Traveller," in something like a guard's uniform, it is some comfort to be told in Mr. OWEN's flowery language, that, as soon as this fool's trick came to the knowledge of his directors' officers:—

"Prompt and decisive steps were immediately taken to prevent the recurrence of such an irregularity, and a communication on the subject addressed to Mr. WINDHAM's relatives."

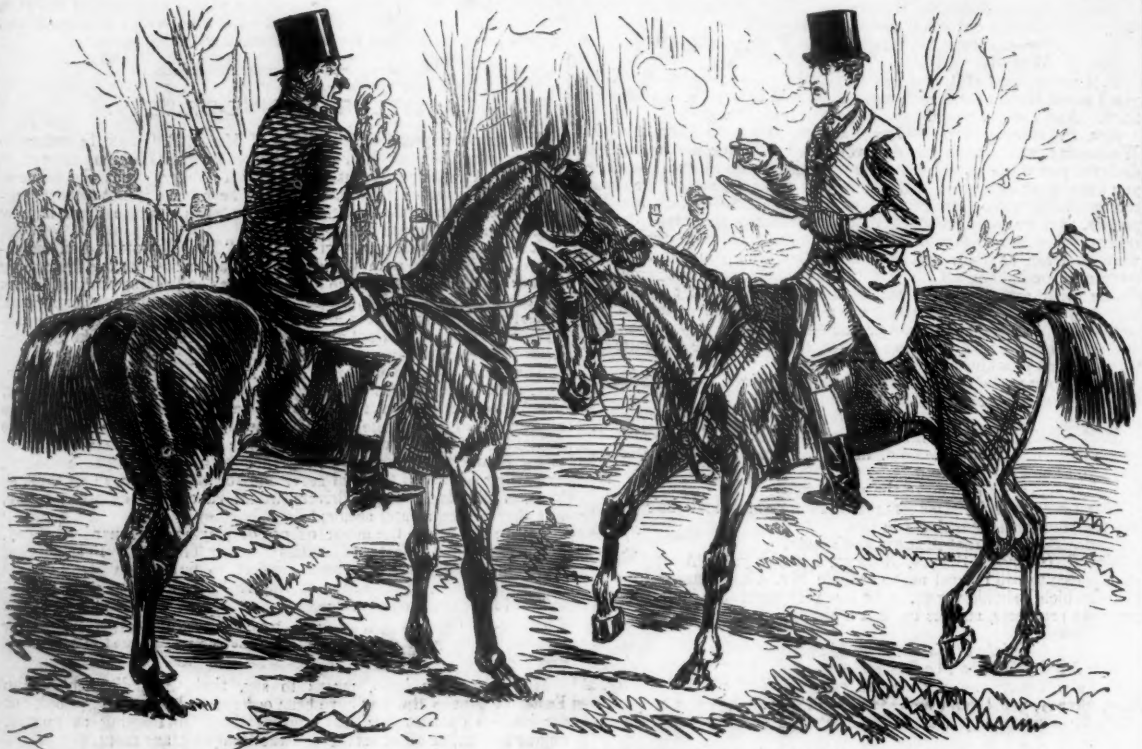
MR. OWEN, we hope, means to say, that the policemen of the Eastern Counties Railway have been ordered to keep a sharp look out for boobies on that line, and prevent them from acting as guards, engine-drivers, or other servants of the Company, any more.



Latest from Bedlam.

BY A MANIACAL DOCKNEY.

WHY is DEERFOOT like a penknife?—Because he is often employed as a he-racer!



A COMFORTER.

Sympathetic Swell (devoted to the Noble Science). "GOT A WETCHED COLD! NO, WEALLY? THAT'S A BAD JOB, OLD FELLA.—MIGHT HA' BEEN WORSE, THOUGH.—HORSE MIGHT HAVE HAD IT, YOU KNOW!"

A FAIR OFFER FROM JOHN BULL TO MISS COLUMBIA.

SHALL we kiss and be friends? Why not? Sister COLUMBIA,
No more ugly faces let you and me pull;
Though we both have our tempers, our worries and troubles,
Let "bygones be bygones" for me, says JOHN BULL.

You must own that you've given me a deal of bad language,
And have been far too free with your bunkum and brag:
That I'll pocket, if now, like a sensible woman,
You'll disclaim your friend WILKES, and salute the old flag.

Fools may sneer and call family feelings all humbug,
But I feel that one blood in the veins of us flows;
Our tongues are the same, though I don't like your fashion
Of talking, (as you'd make me pay) through the nose.

We snarled and we scratched, in the days of our folly,
When you wanted to leave me and start for yourself;
To think of those times makes me quite melancholy—
The blood that we wasted—the temper and pelf!

When I vowed that I'd tame you, and make you knock under,
And you dared me and bit, like a vixen as well;
I did think by this time we had both seen our blunder;
Meant to live as good friends and in peace buy and sell.

But of late I can't think what the deuce has come o'er you;
First, you turn your own house out of window, and then,
Declare that I want to o'erreach you and floor you,
Stop my ships, seize my passengers, bully my men!

I can stand a great deal from my own blood-relations,
And I know that your troubles your temper have soured;
But I can't take a blow, in the face of all nations,
And consent to see law by brute force overpowered.

Only own your friend WILKES is a blundering bully,
And make over MASON and SLIDELL to me,
And all that is past I'll condone, fair and fully,
Kiss you now, and in future, I do hope, agree!

THE RESIGNATION OF MR. BRIGHT.

(From the "Morning Star.")

WE BLUSH FOR BIRMINGHAM. It is unworthy to be represented by the greatest orator, noblest patriot, and soundest statesman in the world. MR. BRIGHT owes it to himself and the universe to resign his seat for blundering, bloodshedding, blatant Birmingham. A vast meeting has taken place, at which the working classes, those for whom he has laboured so gloriously, were present in thousands, and in answer to the moderate demand that they should call on the Government to sacrifice what is called the honour of England, they have in the most brutal, uneducated, and un-Christian way, passed by an overwhelming majority, a resolution that they have confidence in LORD PALMERSTON. Confidence in LORD PALMERSTON! This from Birmingham, after MR. BRIGHT has expressly commanded them to have no confidence in LORD PALMERSTON. Monstrously ungrateful and insolent as mobs have ever been, we did not expect this, even from the dingy rabble of the Toy-shop of Europe. They are more fearfully demoralised than we could have believed. It must be that the large number of aristocratic mansions in Warwickshire have exerted a poisoning influence upon the masses. The lordly halls in those beautiful scenes must have sent out their gorged menials, with beer in one hand and bribes in the other, and the thousands of Birmingham blockheads have yielded to ducal debauchery. But as they have made their bed, they must lie. We can scarcely commiserate them, Christmas time though it be. But they have repudiated MR. BRIGHT and his teaching, and chosen to stand up for a false honour, and now in his turn, he stands up for his own honour, and repudiates them. We are authorised to state that MR. BRIGHT, reluctant as he is even to seem to take office under the Crown, has applied for that lying sham, the Chiltern Hundreds, and Birmingham may go where good intentions make the pavement.



“UP A TREE.”

Colonel Bull and the Yankee 'Coon.

'COON. “AIR YOU IN ARNEST, COLONEL?”

COLONEL BULL. “I AM.”

'COON. “DON'T FIRE—I'LL COME DOWN.”



"UP A TREE!"
Colonel Bull and the Yankee Goon
"WE'VE GOT THE BEST OF YOU!"
"DON'T TALK LIKE THAT!"
"I'LL SHOW YOU!"

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"ARMA CANEMQUE!"

See Westminster Police Report on Friday, Jan. 3.

SING the fight of WALBOND,
Sing the fight of NORTON;
How a little terrier
War those houses brought on;
How a forfeit friendship
Blazed upon the altar;
All about a little
Terrier of Malta!

For eight pounds last summer,
Had MISS NORTON bought it:
White it was and curly,
Pretty arts she taught it,
Sitting on its tail-end,
Begging tricks, so clever—
Such a pet one may lend,
Give away—no, never!

For MISS N. to Woolwich
Came an invitation;
Where to leave her darling
Caused her perturbation;
Entertaining for it
An affection fervent,
How could she entrust it
To a menial servant?

In this strait perplexing,
Sudden she bethought her
Of her friend the Lady
JANET WALBOND's daughter.
Surely in her keeping
Kindly she'd receive it:
Wash and comb and care for it;
Nor, to hiring leave it!

To MISS JANET WALBOND,
Thus her pet confided,
With her friends at Woolwich,
Calm MISS N. abided;
With her pet erratic,
Eating, drinking, sleeping,
In aristocratic
Custody and keeping.

But alas her faith in
Female friend's devotion,
When a Maltese terrier
Sets the heart in motion!
Did MISS WALBOND really
Deem the dog a present?
Was the bait too potent,
Was the dog too pleasant?

Certain 'tis, MISS WALBOND,
(How'er she excused it)
When MISS NORTON asked her
For the pet, refused it;
With distinct assertion,
(When to answer driven)
That the precious terrier
Was not lent but given!

All thereon that followed,
Must be sweet and short on;
Vain the task to picture
The despair of NORTON.
To MISS JANET WALBOND
First her knees she bended,
Then when prayers were idle,
Unto threats descended.

Then from words to actions,
In her wrath she passes;
Round the house of WALBOND
Draws the lower classes.
Ringing at the door-bell,
Till the street-boys calling
"Give the lady's dog back,"
Make a row appalling.

Vain the invocation
Of the stern police-man:
Idle the suggestion
Of a friend as peace-man.
Never JANET WALBOND,
Back her trust will tender!
Of her pet ne'er CAROLINE
NORTON makes surrender!

'Twixt the house of WALBOND
And the house of NORTON,
Many moons all fiercely
Was this battle fought on.

Till at last as *Dens*
Machine descending,
ARNOLD beak was summoned
Thereof to make ending.

Swearing, counter-swearing
One the other, all round,
Met the house of NORTON
And the house of WALBOND.
Ne'er was contradiction
Fiercer, fuller, flatter,
Than that hurled on both sides
In this mighty matter.

Still the strife waxed hotter,
Till beak Rhadamanthus
Felt a qualm of conscience,
Ladies' fire to fun thus.
If the *casus belli*
He could have divided,
I have not a doubt he
Would have so decided.

Here the "*chase in action*,"
Being indivisible,
All attempts at compromise
'Twixt the foes seemed risible.
Had he hinted severance
(I will stake my hand on 't)
Both for *his* deliverance
Had their claims abandoned.

War of words subsided
When, in corner driven,
ARNOLD, grave, decided
That the dog was given.
But no doubt MISS NORTON,
Agitation hot in,
Somehow or another,
Had the fact forgotten!

Loud the house of WALBOND
Crowded at the decision:
Sore the house of NORTON
Wailed MISS C.'s position.
Ne'er to reconciliation
Shall the feud be carried,
Till the pet is stolen,
And the ladies married!

A SMALL VOICE FOR THE SMALL BIRDS.

"Les Sportmen" have been having a fine time of it in France. How many thousands of hares, rabbits, wild fowl, partridges and pheasants, they have bagged in the last three months, has been set forth in a paragraph which our papers have re-printed, and which doubtless does not much exaggerate the facts. How many larks, linnets, sparrows, wagtails, wrens and titmice, "*les Sportmen*" have been likewise so lucky as to bag, we have not at present any data to inform us; but judging by the pockets we have seen turned out in France, and the number of small birds with which each partridge was surrounded, we should say that some few millions must have recently been shot.

Now, some few months ago the *Times* republished a petition from a number of French naturalists, clearly showing to their Government what havoc must ensue from the ravages of insects, if their natural devourers, the small birds, were destroyed. It was shown that every young family of sparrows demolished in their nest-hood a whole colony of caterpillars, while the quantity of cockchafer consumed by Master and Miss Titmouse before they left off being naked and came out in full feather, was really so enormous that we could hardly swallow it, and could scarcely fancy that so very small a bird could have so very large an appetite and crop. Naturalists, however, are not men to speak at random, or without full proof, if it be anyhow procurable; and when it was stated that the wings of all these cockchafers were found about the nest, and were actually counted, it would have been ungentlemanly to dispute the fact. Kill the little birds, said the observant naturalists, and you let live, increase, and multiply the cockroaches and caterpillars, and the myriad other hungry and havoc-making members of the insectal tribe. As these increase, the crops of corn and fruit diminish; and as flies, and slugs, and grubs, are very much more difficult for man to catch and kill than they are for wrens and sparrows, it is not wise in him to murder his natural allies, who can best assist him in the warfare for the welfare of his crops that he must wage.

This being so, "*les Sportmen*" were petitioned (through the Gov-

ernment) to cease their murderous assaults on titmice, larks and linnets, and to reserve their small shot for rather larger game. And that some such a petition might with fitness be addressed to certain English gunners also, this extract from a letter to the *Times* appears to show:—

"It has been obvious to all who have had the opportunity and the capacity to observe, that during the last few years the small birds have decreased considerably. In a like ratio insects of the most destructive kinds have increased. I have had excellent means of knowing that in various parts of the county of Kent whole crops of fruit, vegetables, and grain have been swept off entirely by various kinds of minute insects which the birds alone are competent to detect and destroy, and which not one man in a hundred knows anything about. Men see their hopes blasted, but they believe some ill wind has blown 'a blight,' for under that vague term they designate all such evils. In no localities have insects done so much injury to the fruit as where 'sparrow clubs' are established and where birds are indiscriminately and systematically exterminated. For example, at a village in Kent prizes are given for the heads of sparrows, titmice, and other birds which feed almost exclusively on insects and their larvæ. The gardens in that locality are very extensive and are planted chiefly with plum-trees. In 1858 they produced an extra-abundant crop, but long before the fruit was matured the larvæ of the winter-moth, upon which the birds, especially the titmouse, feed, consumed almost the entire crop. The birds had been destroyed."

All ye who love plum tart send in your names at once as Putters Down of Sparrow Clubs, and out summarily the acquaintance of all idiots who belong to them. "Live and let live" is a good human motto, and, as applied to little birds, there is especial truth in it. In sooth, the fact appears to be that if we kill the sparrows, their deaths will somewhat tend to the destruction of ourselves, for all our fruit and crops will be demolished by the insects which the small birds now destroy. Therefore let this suicidal hedgerow warfare cease, and let our farmers seek no longer to exterminate the sparrows, lest haply by so doing they exterminate ourselves.

Mr. Punch's aim is usually to shoot folly as it flies; but if *Mr. Punch* this winter catches any sneaking fool, crawling behind hedges to get pot-shots at the sparrows, *Mr. Punch* will have a shot with his cudgel at the knave, without giving him a chance of flight from his just punishment.



UNCLE (Nervous old Gent). "What are those Brown Paper Parcels in the Fender, George?"

NEPHEW (and Marksman). "Ah, by the bye, Uncle, you might as well take care about dropping your Cigar ash. I always dry my Cartridges, and——"

[Right about backwards wheel, and retreat at the double by the Old Gentleman.]

A COMPROMISE WITH AMERICA.

"MR. PUNCH,

"If we are not at war with America by the time this letter reaches you, perhaps you will have the kindness to publish a suggestion which may prove the means of preserving peace.

"MR. EDWIN JAMES has pronounced an opinion respecting the legality of the seizure of MESSRS. SLIDELL and MASON, evidently dictated by a mere desire to curry favour with the Yankee mob. Whatever MR. JAMES is, he is not a fool; and he must well know that the violence offered by CAPTAIN WILKES to passengers on board a neutral ship bound from one neutral port to another was an illegal act, an act as illegal, according to international law as embezzling money is according to the law of England. MR. JAMES pronounces an opinion with the knowledge that it is unsound, and with the intention of encouraging the mob in a determination which, if maintained, must induce war with England. Morally, is not this conduct treasonable? Is not MR. EDWIN JAMES a virtual traitor? Who would have expected him to come to that? If his antecedents had been those of a scoundrel, his disloyalty would have only been a deeper plunge into the mire of rascality. But MR. EDWIN JAMES was an honest and honourable gentleman, as much as he was a patriot.

"Whether a British jury would actually convict him of treason, may be questioned; but we have as much right to claim him as a traitor to his QUEEN and country, as the Yankee Skipper had to apprehend the Southern Commissioners on the same ground.

"Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the United States. What the Americans do unto others is always strictly that which they

would wish others to do to them. The deck of the *Trent* was as much British ground as the pavement of the Broadway, New York, is American. PRESIDENT LINCOLN, MR. SEWARD, the Government and people at large of the Federal States, will of course not object in the least to the arrest of an alleged British rebel on any portion of their territory.

"Let A. B. C., and other members of the Police Force, constituting a sufficient detachment, proceed to New York, or any other city in the States which may be honoured by numbering the celebrated ex-Q. C., MR. EDWIN JAMES, amongst its residents; let them there lie in wait for that ornament of the American Bar, of whom the British showed itself unworthy. As soon as they can catch MR. JAMES let them collar him on an accusation of high treason and convey him on board a British man-of-war. The American multitude, Ministers, and Chief Magistrate, will all be glad to acquiesce in submission to this reprisal, whereby British honour will be satisfactorily vindicated; and then arrangements can be peaceably made, between the United Kingdom and the remainder of the United States, for the final adjustment of the question about the rights of neutrals.

"In the mean time, MR. EDWIN JAMES, if his indictment for treason should appear unavoidable, might be quietly released, unless he should be wanted by his captors on some other score; for perhaps it is not too much to say that he is not likely to be wanted here by anybody else, unless by certain gentlemen at the Bar, mostly with an *alias* to their names; members of that bar which disbars no barrister for swindling, but hails him, on the contrary, as a smart fellow; like the bar of Yankeeedom.

"The Dovecote, Jan. 1862."

"I am, &c.,

'PAX.'

SONG IN AID OF SOBRIETY.

(Dedicated to the United Kingdom Alliance.)

TUNE—"Poor Mary Anne."

TOBY MUGGINS was in liquor,
All mops and brooms.
Going home he lost his "ticker,"
All mops and brooms.
Out of shape his hat was battered,
And his coat was torn and tattered,
And his clothes were much bespattered,
All mops and brooms.

In the kennel stretched we found him,
All mops and brooms.
With a crowd of people round him,
All mops and brooms.
Set his eyes were in their sockets,
Inside out were turned his pockets:
Vulgar voices cried, "Old cock, it's
All mops and brooms!"

Staggering on in zigzag travel,
All mops and brooms.
He had tumbled on the gravel,
All mops and brooms.
And his nose, on that occasion,
Had sustained a large abrasion,
He was deaf to all persuasion;
All mops and brooms.

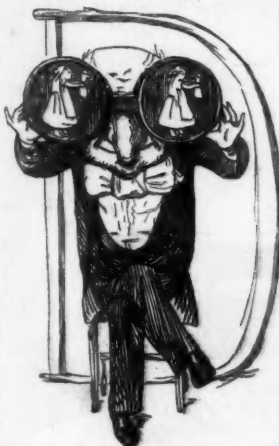
So, upon his legs unstable,
All mops and brooms,
Or to go or stand unable,
All mops and brooms.
Four policemen prisoner made him:
On a stretcher having laid him,
To the station they conveyed him,
All mops and brooms.

A New Weapon in Warfare.

THAT highly respectable paper the *New York Herald* suggests, in the event of war between ourselves and the Yankees, the confiscation of all British property invested in American securities. The proposal of not paying an enemy off is a new idea of vindicating national honour.

ADVICE TO DISUNITED FRIENDS.—A hollow friendship is like a hollow tooth—it's always best to have it out at once.—*Poor Richard*.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

EAR PUNCH, *Ecc iterum Colleen!*

Here's the *Colleen Bawn* again! I don't mean at the Adelphi, but the Gallery of Illustration, where MR. PARRY is now playing her (upon the piano), and taking headers to her rescue from the tip-top of the treble to the bottom of the bass. CHARLES HALLÉ charmed us all last summer with his BEETHOVEN recitals, but I doubt if ever he delighted more his hearers than does JOHN PARRY please his audience with the *Colleen Bawn* recital which he daily now repeats. Without in any way confounding BOUCICAULT with BEETHOVEN, I at least may say that ears which have been charmed by MR. HALLÉ may hear with no small pleasure MR. PARRY'S graceful playing; the real excellence of which, in point of skill and taste, people are in general somewhat apt to overlook. MR. PARRY is so funny in

what may be described as his pantomimic playing, and the comical sly looks and droll expressive gestures wherewith he illustrates the polylogues he cleverly sustains, that one hardly takes fair thought of his brilliant execution and his delicacy of touch. The Irish airs which form a prelude to his song are as gracefully performed as they are prettily combined, and he so nearly has the power to make pianos speak, that one almost hears the words of the old melodies he plays.

"In other respects than this the entertainment at the Gallery has been touched up and improved since I last reviewed it. A couple of songs for MRS. REED have with good effect been added; and her droll new character of little (!) *Dolly Chickbiddy*, the infantile young lady whose 'Mamma won't bring her out,' is just one of those parts of funny whimsical extravagance which are sure to please the public when acted with good taste. In this point MRS. REED has ever been conspicuous; and indeed my sole regret in seeing her on the platform at the Gallery is that I can no more see her on the stage, where no one yet has filled her place.

"No doubt I may be thought eccentric for my abstinence, but I have let Christmas almost pass without my going to a pantomime, although there are some dozen played to tempt me every evening. But pantomimes, like penny buns, are relished most in youth, and when one gets out of a jacket one is apt to lose one's taste for them. Moreover pantomimes have nowadays had half their fun knocked out of them, the splendour of their scenery being far more cared for than the humour of their scenes. I would a new GRIMALDI would arise, and change all this, and make people go to pantomimes to have a hearty laugh, and not to sit sedate and solemn through a 'Transformation,' leaving when the 'comic business' should, but don't, begin.

"Still, pantomimes will always be popular at Christmas time, if only for the sake of old associations, which at this special season are fresh in every memory, and which nobody of sense would wish men to forget. Indeed, as a sure proof of how much pantomimes are cared for, the Sunday papers before Christmas sought an extra flow of custom by unravelling beforehand the 'plots' which would on boxing-night be publicly revealed. I saw announced in one great poster 'PLOTS OF ALL THE PANTOMIMES' in letters larger far than the 'War Anticipations,' and other less momentous topics of the week. Nay, I have heard that one great author asked payment for the privilege of divulging thus beforehand his pantomimic story; though who can find much interest in the mere plot of a pantomime, it puzzles all my powers of conjecture to conceive.

"MR. FECHTER has retired for a while from the Princess's (when he re-appears I hope his face will not be blacked); and MR. WIGAN has now ceased to manage the St. James's, his place being supplied by MR. GEORGE VINING, than whom few know better how to strengthen a weak part. MR. WIGAN in stage parlance is now 'starring in the provinces,' which phrase might make one fancy he had taken to break windows and was resident in France. But you know that in stage-slang the word 'provinces' means 'country,' while 'starring' signifies the nightly blazing off of a Great Gun among others, by comparison, of very small report. For one, I shall be glad when MR. WIGAN comes to town again; for there is no one the least like him on the London Stage, and really good actors are not so abundant on it that we can afford to lose one whom we like. Before Christmas I saw him play in the *Poor Nobleman*, one of those neat quiet pieces taken from the French, in which MR. WIGAN especially excels. And I must here add a word of retrospective praise for MRS. WIGAN'S natural acting of

the rich, good-hearted vulgar widow, and for Miss HERBERT'S graceful bearing as the daughter of the ruined nobleman; a slight part, but requiring a lady-like demeanour, which is not too common just at present on our stage.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

SURGE, CARNIFEX!

TO HIS HONOUR MY BROTHER THE *Saturday Review*.

THE Indignant Protest of Mr. Punch, Sternly Complaining, SHEWETH unto your Honour,

THAT there are Twenty-three articles in the *Saturday Review* for the last week of 1861.

THAT not one of them is a Damaging Smash into Anybody.

THAT they may be labelled as follows:—

1. Foreign affairs are pretty smooth.
2. The American difficulty will be peacefully solved.
3. The Italian Parliament is commended.
4. The Americans will be hard up.
5. Ballot agitation hollow and moribund.
6. The Americans quite wrong about the Trent.
7. The Policy of France is peaceful.
8. The Americans are not nice men.
9. Review of the Year.
10. Educate the poor, or rather, don't.
11. Friendship is commendable.
12. The Americans as Privileged.
13. MADAMESELLE LECOWSKA'S graceful fencing.
14. It's not so cold in Canada.
15. Praises of the Indian Government.
16. Notice of a stupid old book of Travels.
17. Praises of PROFESSOR CRAIK.
18. Civilities to PROFESSOR ATTOUN.
19. Mild objections to SIR A. ALISON.
20. Praises of MR. W. BLADES.
21. Praises of M. LUIS DE BUELLMARE.
22. Praises of DR. WM. MURK.
23. Praises of DR. PAULI and MR. OTT.

THAT this sort of thing will not do, and is totally apart from and diametrically opposed to the other sort of thing which made the *Saturday Review* such pleasant reading.

THAT your Honour is requested to turn over a new leaf, and Smash people every week, as heretofore, for the delight of mankind.

Or your Protestant will discontinue taking you in.

PUNCH.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

At this present festive season people are expected to be particularly complimentary. It is not everybody, however, that is apt at complimenting his friends off-hand, whenever he meets them. To do so one must have either a natural genius for saying pleasant things, or else a stock of compliments, at command, cut and dried. This latter, if wanting, is a want that may be supplied, to which end some help may be afforded by the following hints:—

There is nothing which pleases a sensitive man so much as a remark upon his personal appearance made to his face. Whenever, therefore, a fat man comes in your way, fail not to tell him that he is getting stout; and in accosting a thin one, express your concern to see him so fallen away. One who is getting grey or bald, be sure always to remind of the circumstance, with the addition of some familiar and facetious observation, such as, "I say, old fellow, you are getting on," or still more plainly to express what you mean, "Going down hill—eh?" "Aha! what, you're losing your teeth!" "Hallo! I say! Shaky on the pins?" "What, obliged to wear specs? Sight failing?" "Not hear what I said? By Jove—you're getting awfully deaf." "Not recollect—ah! memory touched. Well, my boy, we must all decay—sooner or later." Such are a few of the agreeable common places which you may address to those who have the advantage of knowing you, as opportunity shall serve you to gratify them. Such are the compliments of every season.

It is not merely that sensitive persons like to be playfully told of personal defects of which you may suppose them unconscious, but they are peculiarly pleased by the friendly interest and sympathy which they discern to be the motives that induced you to take so much notice of them. By merrily casting their deformities and infirmities in their teeth, moreover, you offer them the delicate flattery of inferentially giving them credit for philosophical strength of mind superior to vanity. Moreover, you relieve them of the embarrassment of attempting to reply to you; for if your kind and gentlemanlike comments on their personal appearance are undeniable, they can only echo them, which is unnecessary; and if unfounded, they will not contradict them, because it is not worth while, and perhaps because they may be unwilling to give you pain by inducing you to fear that you have trodden on their corns; an apprehension which, of course, would grieve you.



FANNY (after a morning's mischief at Grandma's). "Ah! I'll tell you what we'll play at now. You shall be dear, good little, Fanny, and I'll be cross, disagreeable, old Grandma!"

A SEASONABLE SPREE.

WE have much pleasure in commending the subjoined extract from the *Times* to the notice of fast young men of affluence:—

"NEW YEAR FEASTS.—On Thursday, the 2nd inst., MISS BURDETT COUTTS entertained at a New Year's dinner more than 300 poor people in the school-rooms of St. Stephen's, Westminster. The BISHOP OF HONOLULU was present, with several clergymen connected with the Abbey and neighbouring parishes of Westminster."

For a "lark," what bit of fun could be finer than that of entertaining a lot of poor people at dinner, after the manner of MISS BURDETT COUTTS? Such an act of generosity would be just as good a joke as treating worse than worthless persons in the Haymarket and the purlieus of that objectionable thoroughfare. STIERNE wanted to see how an ass would eat a macaroon. It would be full as interesting to observe with what relish a number of paupers would devour turtle-soup, and drink champagne. To procure the attendance of a Bishop or two, and some Clergymen, as MISS COUTTS did, would be quite a cheesy idea, and perfectly feasible, for divines cannot but approve of a banquet arranged exactly according to the directions for a dinner-party given in a certain professional book supposed to form the peculiar subject of their studies. Most reverend gentlemen, moreover, like good dinners, according to DEAN SWIFT, whose lady's maid in *Hamilton's Bawn* observes—

"I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose."

and a dinner combining material with moral goodness would be an irresistible attraction to the cloth. For want of any more exciting kind of amusement, it might really be worth the while of any fortunate youth about Town to try feeding the hungry.

Warrented Witty.

THERE'S *Tittlebat Titmouse*, and, sitting to try him SAM WARREN, inquiring *de die in diem*.
The question? Is *Titmouse* as sane as most men?
What fun, if the verdict should be, *Now and Then*.

HUMPHREY AND HUMBUG.

ASTROLOGY seems to have an attraction for ALDERMAN HUMPHREY. One day we find him puffing ZADKIEL, and the next putting RAPHAEL to his purgation. We are half inclined to let the one deed balance the other, and to forgive the Alderman for his burst of admiration at the impudent Quack, in consideration of the sharp and steady jobation he bestowed upon the impudent Jew. In the first case HUMPHREY called the attention of the reporter to the fact that the humbug ZADKIEL, who has been "guessing" at everybody's death for the last dozen years, at last was right in saying that a distinguished person would be removed in 1861. We were in a rage when we saw HUMPHREY excited by such trash, and had just given orders to our own astrologer to prophesy "a fearful misfortune" for HUMPHREY himself on the 15th August next, only we could not make up our minds whether we should announce that he would lose his watch, make his nose bleed, or have his hair cut too short. While we were perpending, we received the report of the RAPHAEL case. Here an old Jew, who was interrogated by the Alderman as to the details of a queer looking case, and who contradicted himself in the most flagrant manner, tried to bully the Alderman, talked about being insulted, threatened to refuse to reply, and generally behaved so ill, that it was pleasant to see HUMPHREY tackle him. The Alderman was like *Rodmond*, in the *Shipwreck*, with the harpoon over the dolphin:—

"HUMPHREY, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends,
Back, for a better cast, a moment drew
Then, plunging, struck the unconverted Jew."

The process was so well managed, and RAPHAEL was so neatly pinned, that we resolved to forgive the ZADKIEL nonsense. But no more puffing of quacks, ALDERMAN HUMPHREY, or we may have the gift of prophecy on us.

ONE FOR THE AMERICAN ORGAN.—If there were any rebel Sepoys, and they set up a paper, why would it resemble an Order of Knighthood?—Because it would be the *Star of India*.



ARTFUL!

Dodge of Little Sperks, showing how Parties below the Middle Height, by the use of Miniature Background Furniture, may gain a more Imposing Stature in the Carte de Visite.

THE YAHOO OF THE YANKEE PRESS.

THE ridiculous want of conscientiousness, consistency, and shame, evinced by the American Press in discussing the Trent affair has led the *Times* to the conclusion that the articles in certain Yankee journals most remarkable for deficiency in morality, modesty, and logic, are the work of other than American hands; of hands such as those which may be conceived to have registered the autobiography of BARRY LYNDON; hands which appear to have exchanged the shillelagh for the pen. That this view is partially, at least, correct, nobody can doubt who considers the subjoined extract from that highly respectable family newspaper, the *New York Herald*:-

"There are five millions of Irish ready to throw off the British yoke, and to aid the American republic when she gives the signal for the retribution of British wrongs, never to be forgiven till they are redressed and avenged."

The wrongs described as never to be forgiven till they are avenged can possibly have been so described by nobody but a frantic Irishman. Any other savage, the stupidest in the world, would have known that a wrong could not be avenged first and forgiven afterwards. The passage above quoted is as genuine a specimen of a Bull as ever was exhibited by an Irish Member in the House of Commons. It is a purely Irish bull, not Americanised in the least; a bull without a cross of the buffalo. It proclaims the nationality of its author as plainly as it could if he had uttered it, by word of mouth, in the richest brogue. It denotes him to be an Irishman of a peculiar class; one which exists, and is more or less numerous in every nation, but is much less numerous in Ireland now than it was before its numbers had been greatly reduced by emigration to the United States. This particularly mad bull, and all the other characteristic effusions of Irish malignity which render the Federal papers ludicrous, can only be regarded—or disregarded—as the utterances of Irish blackguards.

However, we must recollect that it was a genuine American statesman who in haranguing on the fisheries question some years ago, assigned, as one reason why his countrymen should persist in poaching

in our waters, the circumstance that "they were very valuable." That paralysis or absence of the moral sense, which is so diverting when exhibited by a Clown in a pantomime, is a complaint or a defect at least as prevalent among native Yankees as it is among the reinforcements which the American populace derives from the refuse of Ireland. Would that the complaint may be always curable without bleeding!

MAGIC SAILORS.

We have for some weeks past been haunted by a certain "Magic Sailor," who has stared us in the face in almost every newspaper, and even has been present to us in our own fly-leaf. He is said therein to be "a characteristic figure, which dances, keeping time to music" (and that's more than some young swells do) "creating roars of laughter, defying detection;" and another of his good qualities is, that he "can be sent post free for eighteen stamps." But for this latter statement we might have thought this Magic Sailor formed one of those belonging to our Naval Reserve; for this body really seems to have sprung up by magic, so suddenly and swiftly has it grown to a great force. It "defies detection," too, of any want of loyalty, as has been shown by the alacrity with which it has stepped forward, and has made the Government an offer of its services, whenever there be need to call them forth. Indeed this insult to our flag has flown like magic through our fleet, and there is no doubt that at any time, should it be repeated, our sailors one and all will act as Magic Sailors, and, as though touched by wizard's wand, will do whatever bidding may be needful for our honour, as well as for their own.

After-Dinner Playfulness.

Innocent Wife. How very beautiful those American apples are! What a lovely complexion they have to be sure! Do you know what part of America they come from?
Wag of a Husband. Annapolis, dear.

FACIT INDIGNATIO VERSUM.



the poetical effusions of MESSRS. BRIGHT and CORDEN, which otherwise might be read only in a limited and uneducated circle. He regrets that he has not space for the whole of the poems, but has selected the very best verses. The one poet attacks the *Times*, the other ventures upon *Mr. Punch*. We give the *pas* to Mr. BRIGHT's onslaught upon the elder journal:—

"WAR.

"Morning Star, January 7.

"Last year it was the Frank,
Lay like a couchant pard,
To leap upon our flank,
If he caught us off our guard.

"The frenzy came and went,
And now we're hounded on,
Our annual bile to vent
On prostrate JONATHAN (thou).

"Blood! give us blood to taste!
No matter what the cost!

"Though millions run to waste!
And thousand lives are lost!

"Yet blood! blood! blood;
Screams the sanguinary *Times*!
Oh God! that miscreants should (shud)
Grow rich upon their crimes!

"And when the poor complain,
With cheeks and fingers blue,
Lay them upon the plain,
Of another Peterloo!"

Allowances must be made for a middle-aged gentleman, but a young poet. The rhyming "on" to "JONATHAN," and "blood" to "shud," may be referred to the provincial dialect, but "complain" with "plain" is less defensible. But these are spots upon the sun, or rather upon the *Star*; and as MR. CHARLES DANCE has observed, in one of his wittiest burlesques:—

"O, Madam, when a man is in a hurry,
He hasn't time to think of LINDLEY MURRAY."

The delicacy and grace of the poem, its truthfulness, and its logic, are worthy of the school whence it emanates, and should elevate it above the sphere of aristocratic criticism, which fastidiously refuses, as GEORGE HERBERT says, "to pick out treasures from an earthen pot," and distrusts sentiment clothed in bad grammar. Congratulating Mr. BRIGHT on his poetical success, let us pass on to the more cheery and humorous strains of his friend MR. CORDEN, who, justly regarding *Mr. Punch* as addicted to fun, deems it proper to be funny in remonstrating with him.

"THE COUNTRY COUSIN'S ADDRESS TO PUNCH.

"Morning Star, January 9.

"Why, Punch, what makes you foam and rile
About the Yankees so?
Sure you have got a fit of bile,
That makes you furious, oh!

"Have you been bitten by the *Times*,
Or what has raised your choler?
Now take it easy, Punch, my boy,
And do not rave and holler.

"Your fun has into brimstone turn'd,
Hence all your fulminations:
Will nothing do for squibs and jokes
But war with other nations?

"Now, just abate your fighting spleen,
And try a little reason,
And hatch at least a joke or two,
At this most joking season."

Now this, as comic poetry, appears to Mr. *Punch* to be very meritorious. The "oh," in the first verse may not seem exactly called for; but rhymes are as despotic as democrats, and "so" demanded "oh," though "wo!" the carter's exclamation, or "bo," the Suffolk endearment, and many other words will occur to Mr. CORDEN, under similar difficulties, when he shall have had more practice in composition. We regret to see that both poets are unaware that the same syllables should not be used twice, and Mr. BRIGHT's "complain" and "plain" are paralleled by Mr. CORDEN's "nations" and "fulminations." Still, the verses do the authors credit. The American Muse has almost invariably (not that we forget

you, *Longus Comes*) been a Mocking Bird, and we must not be hypocritical.

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo, and Mr. *Punch* will abstain from any further annotations, rejoicing that his humble efforts have been the means of eliciting such delightful music from the American *Igre*.

NO FUSS WITH SLIDELL AND MASON.

To the People of Southampton.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

HURRAH! SLIDELL and MASON are surrendered—and QUEEN ANNE is no more. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! We shall soon have the Southern Commissioners over here. They will very likely land at your port: and that is why I now address you.

You are a most hospitable People, a highly enthusiastic People, a People much addicted to demonstrations of all kinds, especially to demonstrations complimentary to distinguished foreigners who do themselves the honour of paying you a visit. You glorify them and give them grand dinners, on which occasions your orators make the most eloquent speeches, in honour of your guests, on things in general.

You feasted Kossuth some years ago, and the other day you feasted the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA. Apparently you don't much mind whom you feast, provided it is a celebrity. But pray now don't go feasting SLIDELL and MASON.

We have narrowly escaped from being involved in a war because of a notion on the part of the Yankees that we sympathise with the South. It is advisable for us to abstain from any act which may tend to confirm that absurd but inveterate persuasion. They are as mad as snakes because the *Nashville* is lying in your docks. If you ask SLIDELL and MASON to dinner, and drink their healths, and have them and your orators spouting and speechifying, and extolling the British Lion, Yankee Doodle, who does not understand your enthusiastic hospitality, and demonstrativeness, will assuredly regard your welcome of the Southern Commissioners as a declaration on the part of the people of England for the Confederate side. Invite those gentlemen to dine at your own houses if you like, but beware lest, by giving them what Continental editors call an "ovation," you cause all of your country-men to be lumped by the Yankees as Confederates with the Southern Confederacy. Be pleased, therefore, to deny yourselves on this occasion, for once, the gratification of feasting illustrious strangers, and oblige your obedient humble servant,

PUNCH.

P.S. My advice to you is also my advice to Liverpool.

N.B. SLIDELL and MASON can have little power to promote the commercial interests of Southampton.

ENDLESS RESOURCES.

In that organ of purity and honour, the *New York Herald*, we find the following promise to pay:—

"The storm may blow over, but it will leave a debt of abuse from England to be repaid hereafter by America."

We must say that "a debt of abuse" would be about the very last debt that America would be ever likely to repudiate. In fact, why need she be guilty of dishonesty, when the resources she has at her command are so inexhaustible as to be more than sufficient to meet every claim of that nature that might be made upon her? Were the entire World her customers in abuse, we have not the slightest doubt but that she would pay every one of them in full. Thanks to its Press, it is the one source of wealth that America is never likely to be bankrupt in. When the hour of payment, as generously indicated above by the *New York Herald*, does arrive, we propose that, in consideration of his superior efficiency in that department, Mr. GORDON BENNETT be appointed pay-master. Only let him draw upon his imagination, and we will back him to repay any amount of abuse. He is so liberal in this respect, that it must have been a mistake on the part of Nature when she made him a Scotchman. The O'DONIAHOO might fairly claim him as a brother.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



ERTAINLY, my dear *Punch*, for fathers of large families and for kind old bachelor uncles (may the bumps of their benevolence never grow a shadow less!) Christmas, as now kept, is a rather costly time. What with Christmas trees and Christmas presents, Christmas sights and Christmas pantomimes, there are plenty of temptations for spending one's spare silver, and when one sees how great a pleasure a few shillings will procure, it is difficult to withstand the allurements of the time. Besides, AVUNCULUS or PATER may have themselves a relish for juvenile amusements, and may

like to see a pantomime not alone to hear their children laugh, but to laugh themselves. I know that certain solemn, staid and sober people affect to fancy that our age is too enlightened for such pastimes, and that an evening with an Orrery or some stale Dissolving Views, or a nice long-winded lecture about Optics or Pneumatics, the Air-pump or the Diving-bell, is now far more to the taste of the rising generation than the frivolous and un instructive pleasures of the stage. But I never shall believe that such can really be the case, while I see such happy faces every Christmas at the Theatre; and if I ever meet a child (I have never met one yet) who will profess to hate a pantomime and to love a lecture, I shall look upon that infant as a pitiable object, or else a young impostor whom I should wish to pinch.

"There must be grown up children who retain a lingering remnant of their liking for a pantomime, as there are men who yet eat pancakes and enjoy a hot cross bun. Indeed, I can't help fancying their number is increasing, for every year the theatres are more and more attended for their pantomimes alone, and the largest is kept open solely by the profits of its pantomimic season. I suppose that it must be to please these grown-up children that the scenery each Christmas is more prominent and splendid, and every year the stage effects are made more highly spiced.

"Children not grown up are by nature inexpensive and simple in their tastes, and a touch of the hot poker will more charm the infant mind than any quantity of tinfoil, gas and glitter and red fire. Watch the house the while a Gorgeous Transformation Scene unfolds itself, and see the listless look that pervades the younger faces, followed not infrequently by the actual gape. But directly Clown appears and floors and jumps upon old Pantaloon, the little eyes all sparkle, and the little hands are clapped, and the little lips are parted by the joyous little laugh.

"Of all places of amusement there are few more fit for children than the Crystal Palace, and at Christmas it is made especially attractive to them, and this year more than ever such has been the case. That giant Christmas Tree alone is worth a trip to Sydenham, and every Paterfamilias who either can't or won't afford the cost and care of having one in his own house ought to take his olive-branches to the Crystal Tree, and treat them to a fair share of its crystallised as well as its less edible, yet doubtless hardly more enduring, fruits. There is, besides, a Christmas Fair, so stocked with pretty playthings that fathers with full pockets are half tempted to infanticide, by loading their small children with more toys than they can carry, and buying them more shillingsworths of sugarplums and sweeties than their young digestions are fitted to consume. Moreover the 'Great MACKNEY' is there with his blacked face, to warble nigger songs which would fall flat without it: while the wondrous 'Perfect Cure' with his incessant foot-high jumps throughout a song that lasts five minutes, shows that lungs when helped by legs may make the worst of music popular. And then, as a climax, there's the 'pantomimic drama,' wherein MONSIEUR BLONDIN in the character of a monkey does such tricks as must delight all the 'young monkeys' who behold him, and may tempt them when at home to practise walking up the banisters, or play at football with the baby, or take a lot of flying leaps from chair to chair across the drawing-room, in imitation of the acrobats when doing the *trapesè*.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

A PRETTY SITE FOR A KING.

M. THOUVENEL is again impressing upon CARDINAL ANTONELLI the expediency of getting rid of FRANCIS THE SECOND. He wishes that dethroned monarch (or *Brigand de Roi*, as we might now call him) to select any place but Rome for his residence. Of course, if BOMBALINO could have his choice, he would give the preference to Naples over every other capital. We think we can meet his wishes in this respect. At BURFORD'S Panorama, there is at present exhibiting a capital view of Naples. It is so like the original, that the oldest lazzaroni would not be able to tell the difference. There is the Bay, Vesuvius, St. Angelo, everything complete. The *couleur locale* is so charming that it is difficult to believe one is in Leicester Square. There is, also, a British man-of-war with a British admiral on board. Its steam is already up, and it could be hailed as quickly as a cab in case there was any necessity for immediate escape. Why then doesn't FRANCIS take up his quarters at this Panorama? By this means, he could still live in Naples without being in the slightest danger. If he has any poetry in his soul, he might easily cheat himself into the belief that he was the monarch of all he surveyed. We have no doubt that MR. BURFORD would allow him to live there rent free, if His Majesty would but consent to have himself advertised amongst the other attractions of the place. Without a question, a live King would draw. It is not every day that one has a chance of seeing a monarch with so many claims to public admiration as young BOMBA! When FRANCIS was getting a little stale, his wife might then be thrown in to revive the furor. If she would appear in male costume, and every now and then smoke a cigar, all London would be sure to run after her. Care, however, should be taken that the Royal LOLA MONTES is not permitted to have a horsewhip, or any offensive weapon, in her hand, or else the public might fear to approach her playful Majesty as dutifully as they otherwise would.

We think the great good sense of our proposition will recommend it to the notice of all politicians, as it very happily gets over an European difficulty. It removes BOMBA from Italy, and yet enables him to live once more in his own capital. However, as we should like his Majesty to be as comfortable as possible in his new quarters, we suggest that one little obstacle be instantly removed. In this same panorama, GARIBALDI is the principal figure. Now, as it is clear that FRANCIS would take immediately to his legs the moment he saw the shadow of the Saviour of Italy, the latter must be induced to retire from the mimic scene before the illusion can be made perfect in the eyes of the former. The two never could inhabit the same spot, and besides, GARIBALDI has the real Naples to console himself with. We hope, therefore, soon to be able to announce the departure from Rome of the EX-KING OF NAPLES and *suite*, and their safe arrival at BURFORD'S Panorama, Leicester Square.

THE PAPAL PEDIGREE.

THE POPE has been indulging in another of his usual profanities, things which make it necessary for the heads of Catholic families to look carefully into his HOLINESS's speeches before leaving them about for the ladies and children of the family to see. He has been comparing himself to DAVID, and LOUIS NAPOLEON, the son of the Church, to ABSALOM, and reminding his audience that ABSALOM was slain hanging from a tree. But for mixing levity with revered history, we should say that judging by appearances, it is the POPE himself who is "up a tree" just now. But the Holy Father did not say, he only implied, that ABSALOM was not killed by the tree, but was assassinated, stabbed, by a blood-thirsty friend of DAVID himself. Has POPE PIUS blessed the dagger of a JOAB? Or has his HOLINESS sent out so many assassins into his own dominions that he has no more to spare. Truly this Evil old man must come of the blood of the Borgias.

A Masonic Ditty.

SING high diddle diddle,
The Colleague of SLIDELL,
Released from the Stone Jug, or bason,
And by England received,
May now be believed
"A Free, and an accepted MASON."

N.B. Mr. *Punch* would have liked to make this last line better, but the false accent is dear to the Craft.

A STATIONARY CORPS.

We hear of a constitutional force in Canada entitled the Sedentary Militia. Were it composed of rascally Rowdies instead of gallant Canadians, we would propose that the Sedentary Militiamen should receive the name of "The Squatters."



THE BATTUE.

Swell Keeper (to party assembled). "Now, I want a couple o' Lords, forrad—a couple o' Lords on the right, and a couple o' Lords on the left! (Turning to humble Commoner in Knickerbockers and Zouave gaiters.) You try the high stuff with the beaters, and take your chance of a hare back."

WHAT WE OWE TO WILKES.

We hope, when Parliament meets, that it will pass a vote of thanks to brave old CAPTAIN WILKES, for his gallant and undaunted seizure of the *Trent*, and heroic capture of two unresisting "rebels." But for this bold exploit we really should have passed a very dreary winter. There is generally a dearth of news in the dull season, and this year would have formed no exception to the rule, had not the brave WILKES come and seen and conquered as he nobly did. He has gained the thanks of his own country, it is true, and has been speechified and feasted doubtless to his heart's content. But something surely might be done to testify our thanks, for his having given us a most prolific topic for daily conversation. Would he like a statue? or a spittoon? or a whittling knife? or, as he seems expert in blowing his own trumpet, shall we invite him over here to our next Brass Band Contest, and salute him upon entering with "*See the Conquering Hero Comes?*" The Captain certainly has not a small amount of brass about him, and as he has proved himself a man of metal, a contest of this kind would be doubtless to his taste. His aim throughout has been to make a noise in the world, the same as other trumpeters, and in this he has in some degree succeeded, though the noise which he has made has been a rather empty sound. Still, as we have said, something must be done for him to testify our thanks; and meanwhile, until the right thing is suggested, we beg leave to present him with the Freedom of the Punch Office—that is to say, we shall make free to poke our weekly fun at him as long as we think fit.

Extravagance of the Law.

LOUD has been the public outcry against the shameful waste of money in a still-pending lunacy case. However, great as the outlay undoubtedly has been, it must appear comparatively small to a Judge, who, unaided, and with his own single hand, successfully managed in a very short space of time to run through his *Ten Thousand a Year!*

FIGHTS TO COME.

(From the "*Belligerent Life.*")

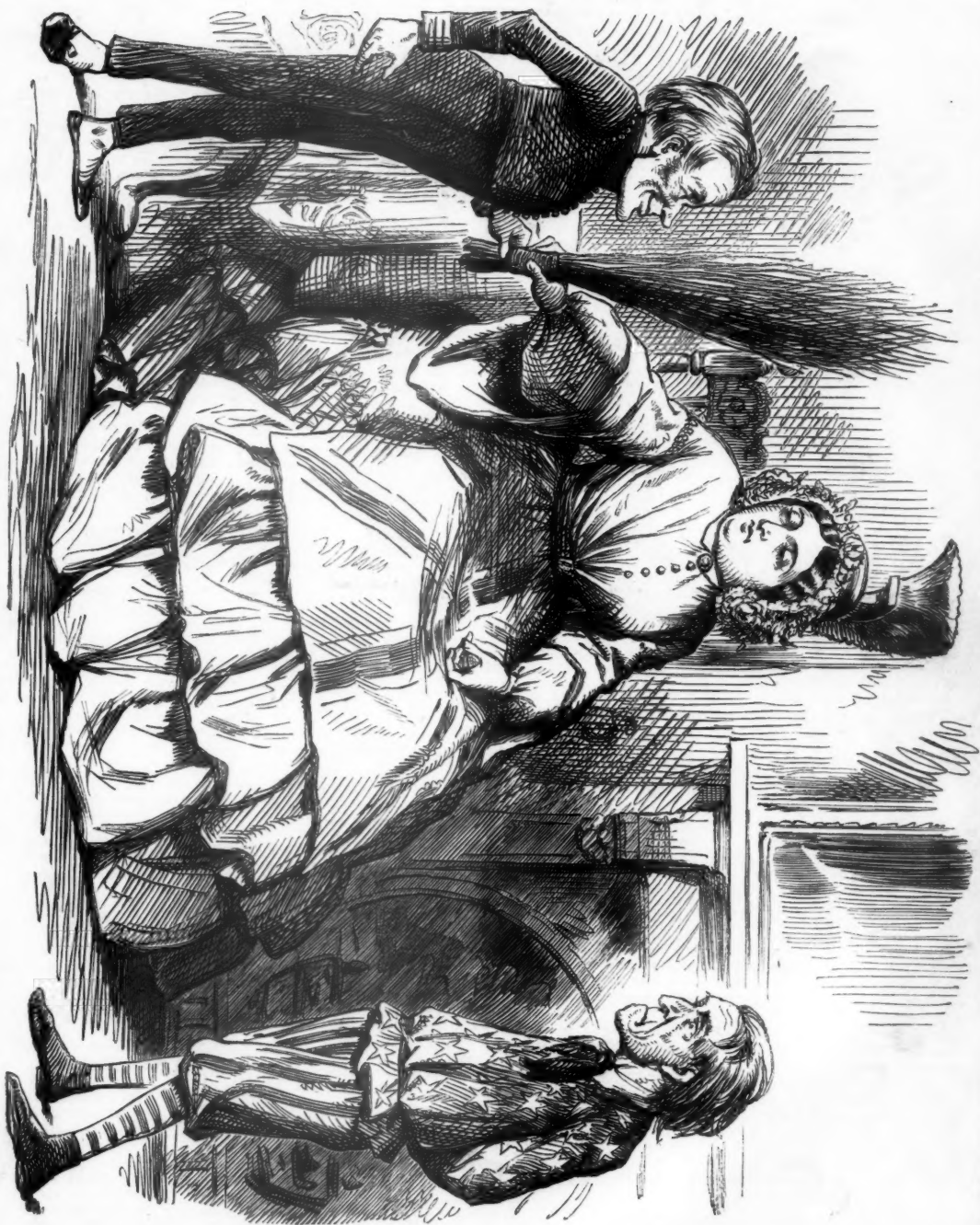
GREAT excitement prevails in the pugnacious world at this moment on account of the expected fight between *Tuscarora*, the Northern pet, and the Southern Dodger, *Nashville*. It may be remembered that *Nashville* met *Harvey Birch* some short time ago and entirely demolished him after a round or two. *Harvey Birch* went down, having received "a hot un," which knocked him out of time.

Nashville was much the stronger party, and came off without a scratch. *Tuscarora* promises to be a very different customer to *Harvey Birch*, and is superior in science, and power of hitting to *Nashville*; but pluck goes a great way, and the Southern Dodger does not appear down on its luck. We hear that *Sumter*, the American Slasher, is on his way to Southampton to challenge *Tuscarora* should *Nashville* get the worst of it in the anticipated encounter. The police are on the alert, and may perhaps put the kibosh on this little affair.

NEEDLESS TROUBLE.

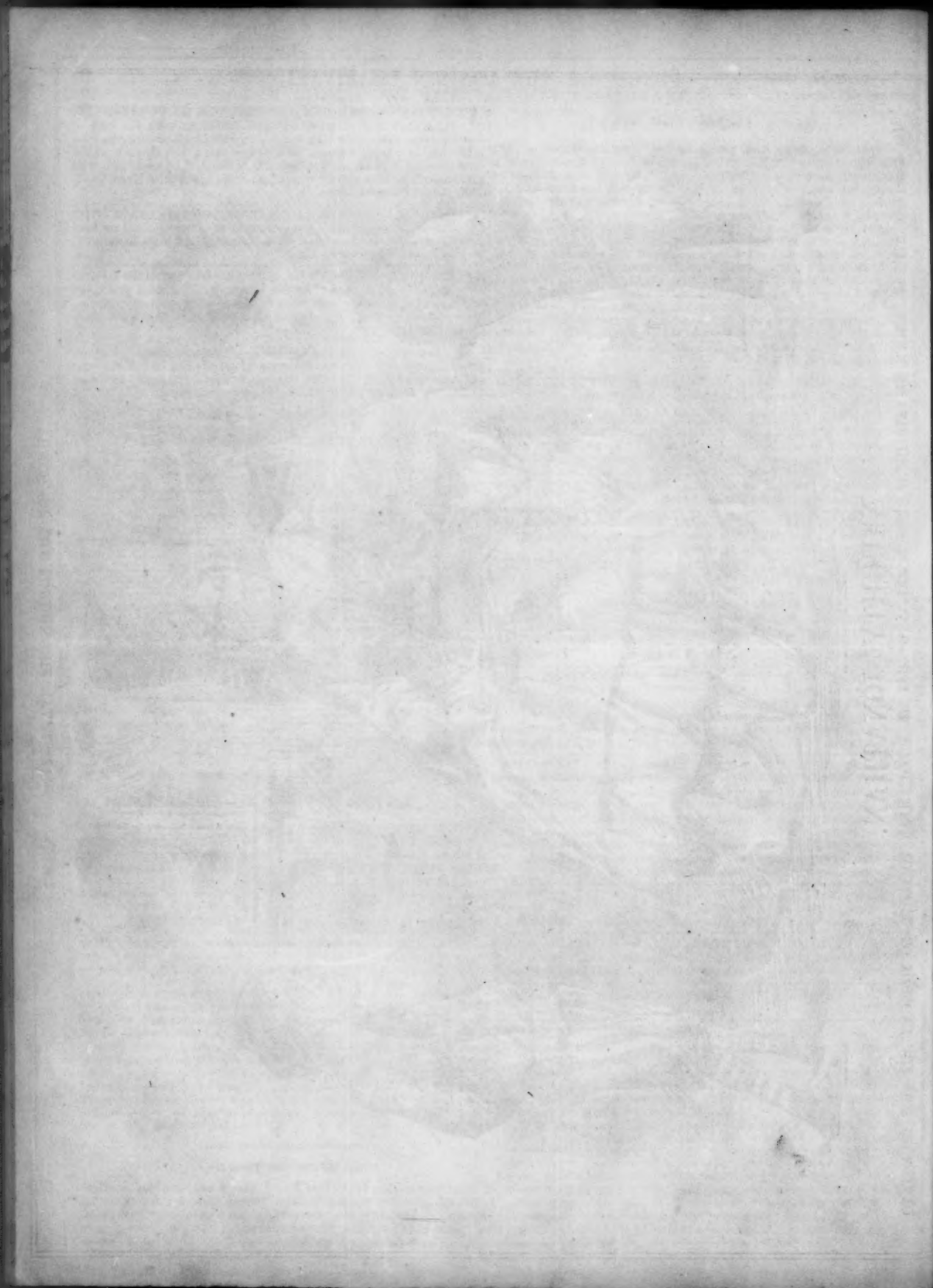
"The singers composing the Llanddyfnan and Llanfairmathafarneithaf choirs were entertained to dinner and tea at the Rev. W. WILLIAMS's residence at Tyddyn, on New Year's Day. We recommend our English friends not to attempt to read this paragraph aloud."—*Oswestry Advertiser.*

THE *Oswestry Advertiser* is a very nice paper, and its recommendations are, we are sure, offered in the kindest spirit. But we beg to assure our friend that we have not the slightest intention of reading the above paragraph aloud. We are tired of the DU CHAILLU controversy, and do not wish to bother our friends with any more information about the Gorilla countries, two of which we suppose the above-named places to be. The REV. W. WILLIAMS's zoological investigations, and kindness to the creatures in question, however, deserve all praise, and we suppose that a paper by him will be read at the next meeting of the Regent's Park Society.



NAUGHTY JONATHAN.

Mrs. BRITANNIA. "THERE, JOHN! HE SAYS HE IS VERY SORRY, AND THAT HE DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT—SO YOU CAN PUT THIS BACK INTO THE PICKLE-POT."



GEMS FROM THE WEST.

EVERYTHING being now serene in the American direction, *Mr. Punch* proposes to begin to renew his expressions of admiration of a good many American institutions. And in the first place he begs to signify his entire admiration of the kindness of the trans-Atlantic journals in forwarding the private views of citizens and citizenesses. Our papers are mercenary and exclusive. Any dodger or swindler, who can put his advertisements into a decently decorous and tradesmanly form, can advertise as much and as long as he likes. But affairs of the heart are treated with much harshness; and any advertisement that might be called a Gusher, would be sternly rejected by the clerk, without his taking the trouble to count the words. Even the celebrated Second Column is carefully edited, and we believe vigilant watch is kept lest the effusions of enamoured or bereaved lovers should find their way among the ciphers, and invocations to bolting better halves. But under the softer skies of America the clerks are gentler. Here is a little list of advertisements which *Mr. Punch* cuts from a New York paper sent him by LORD LYONS:—

EDWIN.—MEET ANNIE WITH THE HUNDRED CURLS at 214, Wooster Street, between this and Tuesday.

IF THE YOUNG LADY DRESSED IN BLACK SILK DRESS, heavy black cloak, black velvet hat, walking with young lady wearing stone coloured dress, also with gentlemen, and who particularly recognised a gentleman corner of Broadway and Eleventh Street, who afterwards passed at New York Hotel and there stopped, would favour the said gentleman with an acquaintance, address TOM FENNEL, Union Square Post-office, stating when and where.

JULIA D. F. CAN OBTAIN HER PORTMONNAIE, which she dropped in a Fourth Avenue omnibus on Saturday evening, by addressing a line to CHARLIE, station D, Post-office.

LIEUTENANT—TO-DAY, AT 4, IN AMITY STREET. E.

PLEASE CALL FOR A LETTER AT THE OFFICE. Do not be discouraged. Hope for the best. S. G.

SALLY—YOU WILL FIND A LETTER FOR YOU IN THE Broadway post office, addressed as above. B.

THE LADY WHO WALKED DOWN BROADWAY IN COMPANY with a gentleman, last Friday night about 7 o'clock, and who passed near Houston Street the gentleman whom she saw last Monday a week ago, about 6 o'clock, while stopping before Ball, Black & Co.'s store, would greatly oblige that gentleman by granting him an interview through Personals. CHARLEY M.

THE LADY WHO CROSSED THE FERRY YESTERDAY AFTER- noon about 1 o'clock, from Jersey City, wearing a black plush bonnet, trimmed with a green and black feather; brown cloth basque, plain black silk dress, trimmed with two rows of red velvet ribbon; carrying a mink muff in her hand, allow the gentleman who sat almost opposite to her in a Broadway and Fourth Avenue stage, and then passed her again on the side walk on Fourth Avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, the pleasure of her acquaintance. If so, address HENRY ARNOLD, Union Square, post-office.

V. T. F. LA CROSSE—YOUR BEAUTIFUL LITTLE THOUGHT came, so fine, so valuable now. "Meeting" N. K. Y. is good policy. Do not think I forget. Here and yonder. ZAIDEE.

WILL THE LADY WHO YESTERDAY SHOOK HANDS WITH the gentleman in Grand Street, near Broadway, kindly grant him an address and interview. Address Californian, box 144 Herald office.

WYNONA.—PALE FACE WILL BE PROMPT. Seven o'clock, Sunday.

WHY DID NOT MAROON COLORED DRESS MEET ME TO- DAY. Meet me on Monday, same time and place, without fail. HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD, Friday.

A YOUNG MAN, 24 YEARS OF AGE, WELL OFF, OWNS A large farm, clear of debt, wants to marry some young lady who is well educated, virtuous, handsome, and voluptuous in form, and not over 22. Address HARRISS S. WILSON, Dover, Morris county, New Jersey.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WITH A WARM HEART AND COM- fortable independence, wishes to become acquainted with a young lady not over eighteen, with a view to matrimony; a sweet face, cheerful heart, and a small figure, are desirable. The advertiser is considered handsome, and is full of life and fun. Address MAXWELL, Herald Office.

A CAPTAIN IN THE ARMY IS DESIROUS OF CORRESPOND- ing with a lady of refinement and education, with the view of forming an acquaintance with her, which, should he survive the war, might lead to a happy union. He would request a *carte de visite* of the correspondent to be enclosed, which will be returned by mail, and, with communication, keep strictly private, upon his honour. Address CAPT. BATCHELOR, Newport News, Va.

A WIDOW, CALLED DESIRABLE, POSSESSING MEANS, WOULD like to correspond with a middle-aged or elderly gentleman comfortably situated, with a view to matrimony. Address STRANGER, Station D, Bible House Post Office.

MATRIMONY.—PERSONS OF EITHER SEX WISHING TO AC- quire the art of psychologic fascination, enabling them to win the affections of anyone they wish to marry, can do so by enclosing a stamp-directed envelope to T. WILLIAMS & Co., Publishers, Box 2,300 Post-Office, Philadelphia.

This last is a clincher, and applies to all the advertisers. Can we not shame our own cold press into something more like heart? Suppose our American friend, the *Star*, sets the example, and opens a column to this sort of thing. We will be a frequent contributor.

WHERE SUCH THINGS ARE BOUGHT.



E acknowledge that the Gorilla Portrait Sell is not a bad one; but nearer than the Sell was the classical reply of one of *Mr. Punch's* young men, to whom a stranger proffered the Portrait. Putting it aside, unopened, and smiling with lofty superiority, *Mr. Punch's* Young Man said "*Nos etiam in Arcadia*"—"I, too, have been in the Lowther Arcade."

LAUDATUR AB HISS.

THERE has been a row at the Odéon in Paris, which row, being led by the friends of the Old Pope, may be called an O.P. row. It seems eminently ridiculous. M. EDMOND ABOUT writes a play, called *Gaétana*, and because M. ABOUT has elsewhere written against Rome, a cabal condemns his drama, without hearing it. This is a small revenge by the priest-party, but the Master of France has had an opportunity of comprehending what the clerical faction would do if it dared. It is a great comfort, and a safeguard for mankind, that priests can seldom keep their tempers long, and that they begin barking before they can bite. We doubt whether the Odéon has done much for the Vatican—meantime we will do the Pope's work, and canonise M. ABOUT as EDMOND the Confessor and Martyr.

WORK FOR PENWOMEN.

THE possibility of successfully employing young ladies in situations which have hitherto been monopolised by young men, has been much canvassed lately. There seems to be no sufficient cause why girls should not be eligible to undertake the occupation of bankers' clerks, albeit at present many of them perhaps understand a cheque to mean a pattern. Would they do as well for solicitors' copying clerks? We don't see why they should not, with proper instruction; which might possibly induce them to use parchment enough to draw out a deed upon, and when they had fairly filled one skin to take another, and go on writing thereupon, instead of making the sheet already engrossed serve twice over, by the expedient of "crossing" it.

A Matter of Time.

CARE, we are told, killed the Cat. "The Society for the Abolition of Flogging in the Army and Navy" should take comfort from the above fact. Let them but persevere in their good endeavours, and, with CARE, they may, also, succeed in killing the Cat.



IN THE CLOAK ROOM OF OUR CLUB.

The above amusement is Innocence and Harmlessness itself—but would it not have been wiser first to have shut the inner door?

A ROAR FROM JOHN BULL.

I AM a Bull, a quiet Bull;
Wish not to quarrel any more;
No lambkin milder walks in wool;
Until provoked, I never gore:
And that's just why, when forced to fight,
To push and toss I do not cease,
With all my soul and strength and might,
Until I re-establish peace.

A Bull I am begirt with brutes,
Wolves, bears, and tigers, beasts of prey,
I wish they'd mind their own pursuits,
And not keep getting in my way.
My aim is ever to stand clear
Of all concern with their affairs;
But not a jot I'll yield, for fear
Of any tigers, wolves, or bears.

Those Yankees, when they knew that I
Don't like it, oh! how could they be
Such stupid creatures as to try
To injure and impose on me?
They've seen what I can bear, and spend,
Aggressive insolence to stem,
War I should rue; but, in the end,
'T would be a great deal worse for them.

Would aliens only not molest,
Me, and each other leave alone,
No more for self-defence assessed
Should I beneath taxation groan;
On this or that, or t'other side,
Some neighbour always menaced by,
Armed to the teeth I'm forced to bide;
Oh, what an ill-used Bull am I!

The American Complaint.

We read that the New York Banks have suspended cash payments. Coin is becoming so scarce that BARNUM is about to advertise "A DOLLAR ON VIEW!!" at his Museum. Poor America never was in such a fearfully low state, and, with her credit and constitution shaken as they are, we are sorely puzzled to know however she will get over this terrible attack of tick-dollar-eux?

PREACHING AND PLAYING.

"SIR, "A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, under the signature of 'An English Churchman,' complains that the BISHOP of ROCHESTER's test for insuring the ability of clergymen to read, is inadequate. The bishop requires candidates for ordination to produce certificates of the sufficiency of their voice from their parish priest, or some personal friend, and to stand a trial of their audible powers in a church, by a reverend examiner appointed by the prelate himself for that purpose. The success of this plan is intimated by the 'English Churchman' to be small.

"If the BISHOP of ROCHESTER, and his brethren in lawn, were accustomed to patronise the drama as much as they might, considering the highly respectable and moral character which it now bears, they would see how the voice of a young actor, if inaudible, very soon gets raised to the required pitch; Cries of 'Speak up!' resounding from both the upper and lower regions of the house generally produce an immediate rise of tone. The would-be performer soon learns how to render the request unnecessary, or perceives the necessity of retiring from the stage. Now, could not the stage be used as a school for the pulpit? We do sometimes observe ability in the pulpit which would have made a fortune on the stage?

"I don't mean, *Mr. Punch*, to propose that young clergymen should, as a condition to ordination, be required to go through a series of representations of such performances as *Turning the Tables*, *High Life Below Stairs*, or *Box and Cox*, as these are imbued with a comicality perhaps rather too broad to be consistent with the decorum expected of a candidate for orders, though they would serve admirably to train up a youth intended for the Tabernacle in the way he should preach, or lecture on Shrews and the Gorilla. Nor do I even suggest *Macbeth* or *Othello*, or *Richard III.*; though the bishops surely might stand *Hamlet*. But why not let the 'prentice parsons practise elocution in the performance of mysteries and miracle-plays, which some of your young men might write as well as any of CARDINAL WISEMAN's, who dramatised

his *Fabiola* for him—unless he did it himself. Let us have a new clerical playhouse, built, if necessary, in one of the mediæval styles of architecture, to be called 'The Bishops' or 'The Bishops' Theatre,' and further styled 'Theatre Episcopal.' This might be a High Church Theatre; the opposite party might give their series of serious performances in Exeter Hall. The money taken at the doors might, after defraying the necessary expenses, go to purposes of Church Extension; High Church Extension on the one hand, and Low Church Extension on the other; whilst the Broad Church likewise might open a House of its own, and raise funds with a view to Broad Church Extension. Each House might play its own peculiar class of pieces, and, contemporary dramatic talent failing to yield a suitable supply, they might all at any time fall back upon the *Sacred Dramas* of MRS. HANNAH MORE.

"One important advantage of the establishment of clerical theatres would be, that they would afford employment in the capacities of walking reverend gentlemen, supernumeraries, and scene-shifters, to those necessitous clergymen now out of work, for whom if the Church can find nothing better to do, and cannot afford them out-door relief, it might as well provide them with theatrical engagements at any rate as leave them to starve. What would the spiritual peers say just now to a Serious Pantomime, in which poor young Curates might appear as Clown and Harlequin, their wives as Columbine, and aged and decrepit clergymen as Pantaloon? That the idea is absurd? Not so absurd, *Mr. Punch*, as the starvation of clergymen amidst ecclesiastical plenty. Such at least is the opinion of your constant subscriber and devoted admirer,

"GRAVITAS."

"P.S. A sort of clerical dramatic entertainment is now in course of performance in the Court of Arches. I allude to the farce of *SARUM* v. *WILLIAMS*, which seems rather likely to have a run."

MOTTO FOR A ROPE-WALKER.

"*Funis coronat opus.*"

BLACKIE ON HIS BREED.



N Friday night last week a lecture on the nationality and character of a peculiar people was delivered at the Glasgow Athenæum by PROFESSOR BLACKIE. The peculiar people on which a BLACKIE would be best qualified to lecture may be supposed to be negroes rather than Jews, or any other branch of the human family. Such a conjecture, however, is worthy only of a creature the most contemptible of mankind in PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S sight—a Cockney. The name of BLACKIE, by the readers of *Punch*, is of course associated with that nationality which flourishes North of the Tweed. The nationality and character on which he lectured were the Scotch,

or Scottish, to speak by the Caledonian card. The perusal of the subjoined extracts from the Professor's discourse will suggest the question, since he delivered it after dinner, how much toddy had auld BLACKIE had? There is much spirit in its very commencement; BLACKIE thus opening with a flourish of bagpipes:—

"PROFESSOR BLACKIE, who on rising was warmly received, said it gave him great pleasure to be allowed to speak on the subject of Scottish nationality in what he held to be the Capital of Scotland, so far at least as Scottish life and national feeling were concerned. He did not speak merely as a flaming, blazing, smoking Scotch patriot, but as a thinker, and as a philosopher; and whatever the Cockneys might say against Scotland, they did not and could not deny that one Scotchman had as much thinking and speculation in his noddle as twenty or a hundred Englishmen."

So PROFESSOR BLACKIE by his own account speaks as a thinker and a philosopher, and as a flaming, blazing, smoking Scotch patriot too. Shall we say that he confutes his countryman *Macbeth*, who asserts that no man can be temperate and furious in a moment? Well, the temperance is doubtful. The patriot must have been drinking as well as smoking. The Professor was *nae fou*, certainly, *nae that fou*, but surely had just a drappie in his ee when he propounded the above comparative estimate of Scottish and English brains. In the ensuing passage, conceived in the same potent spirit, there is a certain haziness, moreover, that reminds one of the mist, not of the sky, but of the vision, through which the lecturer, under circumstances of moonshine, maybe perhaps have been able to ken the horn of the moon, or rather perhaps the horns of the moons:—

"He did not see any advantage at all, either for practical use, or as a principle on which the world was to be constituted, of having all men alike—of converting Irishmen and Scotchmen into Englishmen—that the Cockney brain, capable of only one paltry idea, should find nothing to dispute its absolute despotism, or trouble its small circle of conception out and beyond itself."

The obscurity of the concluding sentence relative to the Cockney brain might be thought due to a drappie which had just a wee obfuscated the ee, at any rate of the mind.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE perhaps was inadequately reported by the paper from which we quote him. Surely he lectured in his mother tongue, and did not bark or yelp like one of the "Englified puppies" denounced hereunder:—

"He did not know what the young gentlemen in Glasgow thought of themselves, but he knew there were many in Edinburgh, who, like the editor of the *Gazette*, were 'Englified' puppies—they had no Scottish ideas, and knew nothing of the Scottish language; even the servant girls were now forgetting to speak Scotch."

According to BLACKIE, Scotland has a language of her own, second to no other of the Germanic tongues:—

"The Scotch dialect was one that had its own characteristics, its own distinctly marked peculiarities, its own capacities, and its own beauties, as much as the Doric language in which PINDAR wrote, as distinguished from the dialect in which HESIODUS wrote."

The language in which SHAKESPEARE wrote was not that wherein he ought to have written at least the particular tragedy above alluded to. *Macbeth*, of course, should have been composed in broad Scotch. Could PROFESSOR BLACKIE recast that work in the national mould? It may, however, be respectfully questioned whether broad Scotch, fine as it may be, is very much finer than broad Hampshire. The clowns of North and South Britain may, in respect of speech, be considered to stand at opposite extremes of latitude.

The following sample of eloquence is rather in the style of a New York stump-orator than in that of one of HER MAJESTY'S subjects:—

"He always called himself a Scot, and not an Englishman, while abroad. On the Continent the English had such a very bad character, apart from their pride, formality, insolence, and conceit—(he appealed to any gentleman who knew anything whether that was true or not)—apart from their gross ignorance and stupidity—he knew that they had such a bad character, and were so much hated, that he always found that he had got the right hand of his host when he said: 'I am a Scot—a countryman of BURNS and WALTER SCOTT.'"

Although PROFESSOR BLACKIE says that—

"The practical tendency of his lecture was to show that they ought to encourage young men at school, college, and elsewhere to grow up as Scotchmen, in pride and joy as Scotchmen—glorying with an intelligent glory as Scotchmen—"

he reduces the Scot to a level below that at which he was estimated by DR. JOHNSON, or is classed by that special object of the Professor's indignation, MR. BUCKLE. LORD MONBODDO only ascribed tails to aboriginal Scots, in common with the rest of mankind. See what PROFESSOR BLACKIE says of that race to which he glories in belonging:—

"He had found eight points in which, so far as he could discern, the peculiarity of the animal *Scotus* consisted. These were—1st, the Scot was essentially a working animal; 2nd, an enterprising and adventurous animal; 3rd, a thinking and philosophic animal; 4th, a practical and utilitarian animal; 5th, a sure and a cautious animal; 6th, he was an earnest, serious, devout, and religious animal; 7th, a fervid impassioned animal, *perfidium impetum Scotorum*; and 8th, a humorous, amiable, and amusing animal—he was a jolly, happy animal, and not at all the grim kind of creature made of iron that MR. BUCKLE seemed to think."

So, after all, the Scot is an animal; a religious animal, for one thing. Well, certainly it may be said that Calvinism was the religion of a brute. What kind of animal is the Scot? A despicable Cockney might be disposed to reply that, if PROFESSOR BLACKIE is a specimen of the breed, the Scot is an animal ordained by nature to graze on the prickly herbage of the Land of Thistles.

OUR DEAR BROTHER JONATHAN.

This delightful ebullition of fervent brotherly love has most fittingly appeared in a Philadelphia paper:—

"It may be, in view of all these grave considerations and the sad necessities of the case, that, in order to avoid a war which could only and in our discomfiture, the Administration may be compelled to concede the demands of England, and perhaps release MESSRS. MASON and SLIDELL. God forbid—but in a crisis like this we must adapt ourselves to stern circumstances, and yield every feeling of pride to maintain our existence. If this contingency should ever arise—and I am only speculating upon a disagreeable possibility—then let us swear, not only to ourselves but our children who come after us, to repay this greedy, insolent, and cowardly Power with the retribution of a just and fearful vengeance. If England in our time of distress makes herself our foe, and offers to be our assassin, we will treat her as a foe when we can do so untrammelled and unmenaced by another enemy."

"Greedy, insolent, and cowardly," these are nice fraternal terms; and what a truly loving spirit is evinced by swearing "fearful vengeance" upon the "assassin," and handing to posterity the keeping of the oath!

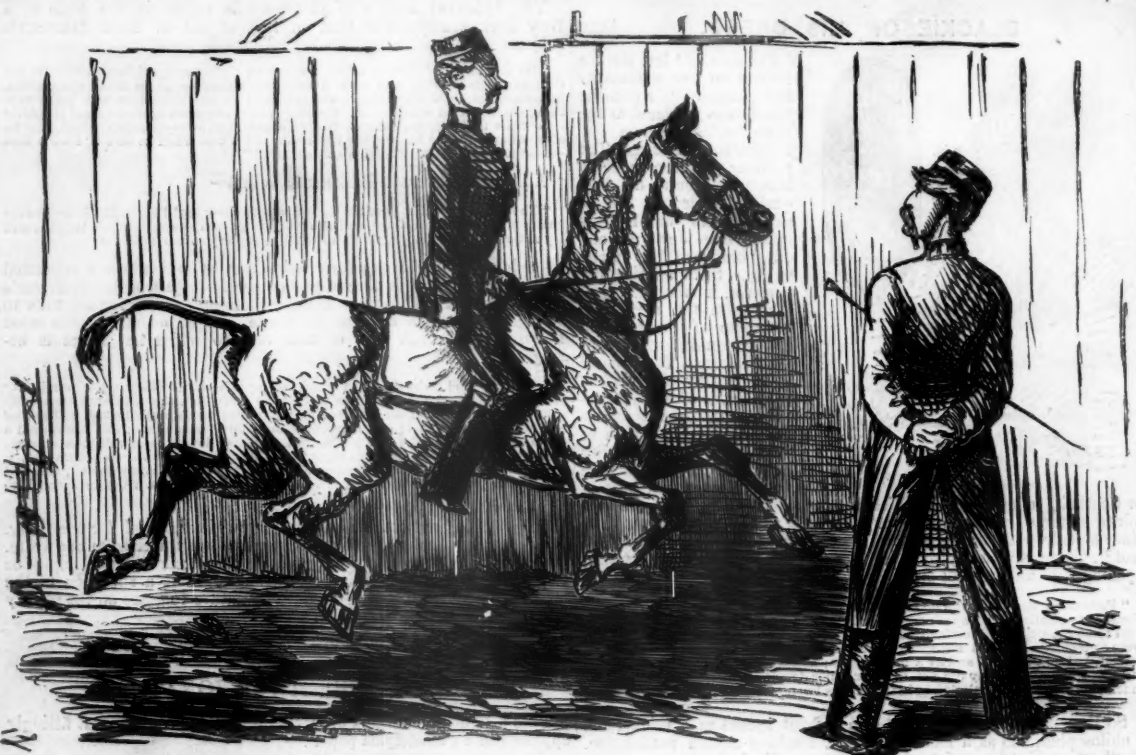
No whit less affectionate in feeling is what follows:—

"If we do concede the demands of England, however, it will only be because we desire to crush this rebellion, as a duty we owe to mankind. It will be because we prefer to master the great evil, and do not wish to be alienated from our duty by an international and comparatively unimportant quarrel; it will be because we prefer national salvation to the gratification of any feeling of national pride. It will be a great act of self-denial. But when we come from this rebellion it will be with a magnificent army, educated and organised, and with the sense of this wrong weighing upon them. It will be with a navy competent to meet any navy upon the globe. It will be for us then to remember how England was our enemy in the day of our misfortune, and to make that remembrance a dark and fearful page of her history, and an eternal memory in our own."

That these are the opinions of most people in America nobody on this side the Atlantic will believe. But that there are roughs and rowdies in the States, who as they have nothing they can lose by war are always full of bluster and warlike in their talk, this may any one in England very easily conceive. Of course it is to please them that such stuff as we have quoted is stuck in Yankee newspapers; and our sole surprise is that the journals which admit it find it pays them so to do. The rowdies as a rule are not overflashed with wealth, and can ill afford to spend their coppers upon literature, which, the chances are, they scarcely would know how to read.

One of the Compliments of the Season.

"I've been turning my thoughts inwardly a great deal lately," said an M.P., notorious for his stupidity, to BERNAL OSBORNE, who instantly reproved him by saying, "My dear fellow, it will never do to gaze on vacancy in that way."



THE LESSON.

Disgusted Instructor of Plungers. "THERE YOU GO AGAIN! STICKING OUT YOUR TOES LIKE A HINFANTRY HADJUTANT!"

THE TWO CASES.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I wish that you would use your influence with the daily newspapers, and ask them not to go on printing those awfully long reports of the Two Trials. Day after day come in parallel (is that the right word?) columns, reports upon reports of the disagreeable nonsense, until one is perfectly confused and bewildered; and when I send away my paper, I really do not know whether Mr. WINDHAM is trying to prove that the BISHOP OF SALISBURY is cracked, or the REVEREND ROWLAND WILLIAMS wants to lock up SIR HUGH CAIRNS, or Mr. SAMUEL WARREN is not fit to have the spending of *Ten Thousand a Year*. I don't want to know anything about either case; but when they both come together, it is downright aggravating. I subjoin the report of the united case as it is at present pestering my memory, and beg that you will exert yourself to stop what is really dazing me dizzy.

"Yours most affectionately,

"Haymarket Theatre."

"DUNDREARY."

"THE WINDHAM-WILLIAMS CASE.

"THIS is the Office of the Master into which people will keep coming and promoting him to be something else, if he will come out of the Arches under Waterloo Bridge and speak to the BISHOP OF SALISBURY about driving railway-engines through the thirty-nine Articles. The case is very objectionable, and MR. WILLIAMS is not WILLIAMS of KARLS, though GENERAL WINDHAM fought with the Russians. So long as a clergyman takes the money of the Church, he has no business to black his face and sing *Old Bob Ridley*, and neither RIDLEY nor LATIMER would approve his conduct, but would refer him to BURNET. Also he ought not to laugh in a foolish manner, like a natural, which is preaching in a non-natural sense, and if he goes to a Review, whether Prussian or not, he ought to respect the bishop's Charges. The Council of Nice had nothing to do with it any more than LOUIS NAPOLEON, in fact there is nothing nice in the business, and there is no proof that if he was an Eton boy he was a drunken man. Anybody may eat eggs,

and if he eats nineteen, the Church does not object to fast-days, and ST. CYPRIAN lays down no rules as to the company he is to keep, but LLEWELLYN is a Welsh name and so is WILLIAMS, though MR. FITZJAMES may not be the knight of SNOWDON. There is nothing in the Articles to prevent a clergyman giving thirty-nine articles of jewellery to his wife, if he can pay for them, though it might be held evidence of not having his brain set clear, and LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON was quite right in telling him to go to bed, and might as well set the example the next time he himself is tempted to speak in the House. There is no proof that DR. WILLIAMS ever rode in the guard's van, though he is in the van of theological reformers, and, if he likes the African serenaders, was not ST. ORIGEN born in Africa? As for the Kirk of Scotland, that had nothing to do with it, and if he bought cigars at KIRK's they were very good ones, and it is not excess to smoke a dozen a day if he takes plenty of exercise and the beadle does not smell tobacco, but he ought not to shout and send Valentines, though ST. VALENTINE is in the Anglican list of saints. On the whole, therefore, DR. LUSHINGTON ought to declare GENERAL WINDHAM duly elected and SIR GEORGE ARMYTAGE ought to depose the BISHOP OF SALISBURY and everybody pay his own costs, with liberty to speak to the prosecutor and turn it into a special verdict without prejudice to the Asylum for Idiots or the Court of Arches."

French Polish.

THE EMPEROR, who had been thought to have designs of fighting Switzerland, is said to have used on New Year's Day some particularly civil and re-assuring words to the Swiss representative, DR. KERN. They might have been re-assuring, but we are blest if they were very civil. His Majesty, who is a great Shakespearian, simply smiled, and quoted *Macduff*—

"I cannot strike at wretched KERNS."

BRUTUS BULL TO THE BLACKS.—"Not that I love *Caesar* less, but that I love England more"—eh, you see dat, darkey?



THE CRACKER BON-BON.

Two Little Sloopids (with one voice). "I KNOW I SHALL SCREAM—I'M SURE I SHALL!"

SALISBURY AND JEROBOAM.

OUR excellent friend, MR. ROEBUCK, has been getting into strange company. He, JOHN ARTHUR, the Radical, cat hex-O'KEAN (as MR. COX means to say when he has learned Greek), has been delivering an address at Salisbury on popular education, and has given it in the presence of divers clergy, and among them the BISHOP OF SALISBURY, avenger of the Church upon the *Essays and Reviews*. Mr. Punch has nothing particular to say about the address generally, except it was sensible and practical. We leave him to settle with the men in the north the question of the accuracy of the following sketch of the life of a skilled mechanic there:—

"How is the life of a man in the north passed who earns wages of a high character? He gets up in the morning and goes to work. He comes home, and the first thing he usually does is to swear at his wife. Perhaps he beats his children, and then he caresses his dog. His whole life is passed in mere sensual enjoyments—getting drunk is his chief business in life, and when he has got drunk, his next business is to get sober. Now that is that man's life, and I ask you to compare that life with the life of an educated man."

Let us hear what the men of the north say to that. If it be false it should be contradicted; and, if true, the northerners ought to be very much ashamed of themselves. But what Mr. Punch does want to advert to is this. MR. ROEBUCK was insisting upon the necessity of teaching the children of the poor in a practical manner, of calling their attention to the productions of nature, and the things around them, instead of cramming their heads with ancient history, and dates, and all that sort of scholarship. And he said:—

"It is the habit of very well-intended people to go into a school and say, 'Well, what shall we teach these children? We will teach them the events of past ages.' Pretty nearly the first thing they say is, 'Don't you think this child JOHN BROWN should learn who were the Kings of Israel and Judaea?' By dint of driving hard, they teach the child the order in which Jeroboam comes, and who succeeded him; but what earthly good is it to him?"

He then told a story of a friend of DR. ARNOTT, who—

"Felt it his business to exercise the mind of the children, and one morning he called all the boys and girls together, and said, 'I want every one of you to take a slate, and on Monday morning to bring me an account of all the four-legged animals on the farm.' On Saturday my friend walked through the village, and saw the little fellows sitting before the door, with their eyes cocked up, and thinking of cows, horses, and sheep; and not only that, but it spread through the household, and all the fathers and mothers in the village were up in arms, wondering how many four-legged things there were on the farm. (Laughter.) A prize was given to the cleverest boy, who gave the greatest number. Now that is exactly what the people now-a-days don't do. They talk of Jeroboam or Jehoshaphat, but who cares about Jehoshaphat or Jeroboam? (Laughter.) They have not only long passed away, but they have left no trace of their existence behind. To tell me how many four-legged animals there are on the farm is a thing all can understand, and will go clearly to exercise the mind of the children."

AN AMERICAN POPE.

A TINY bit of American news, just published, is this:—

"Three British seamen who had been captured for a breach of blockade, had been required to take an oath that they would never enter into an engagement to perform a similar proceeding. MR. SEWARD absolves them from their oath."

The absolution must be a great comfort to Jack, whose conscience upon the subject of swearing is known to be excessively tender. But the more interesting point is the new function assumed by the American Minister. It seems that he has the power of granting absolution from oaths. This is satisfactory, because when the compromise with the South has to be arranged, MR. SEWARD, who can release men from an oath, can surely release them from disputed allegiance. The announcement shows that the Dollar is not the only supernatural authority in America.

Enough to Ruin any Place.

We read that *Torre del Grecco* is, in consequence of Vesuvius hotly contesting the city, nothing better than a mass of ruins. It would seem that in Italy, as in England, whenever there is a rotten borough, there is sure to be a *Tory* at the bottom of it!

STONE-BLIND.—We suppose that an old hunter may be said to be stone-blind, when the poor beast has got what is called "a wall-eye."

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY followed MR. ROEBUCK, complimented him for his "truthfulness," and thanked him heartily.

Do you hear that, DR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS? Do you hear that, *Record*? Do you hear that, *Christian Observer*, new series? This model bishop, who is firing into an unfortunate parson who cannot help himself, actually sat still and heard Jeroboam and Jehoshaphat spoken slightly of by a Member of Parliament? Why didn't the bishop stand up for Jeroboam, before the ARCHDEACON HONEY, as he does, *per* DR. PHILLIMORE, before DR. LUSHINGTON? When the people laughed at Jeroboam, why did not the bishop give it 'em, hot and hot. "Who cares about Jeroboam?" said MR. ROEBUCK. Was it not the bishop's business to jump up and protest against the son of Nebat being spoken of in that manner, as if he were only a CANUTE or an ALFRED? What is right before the Court of Arches is right in the Salisbury Assembly Rooms, and *vice versa*, and we shall feel much less satisfied with the *Record* than we like to be, if it does not call upon the bishop for an explanation. No wonder that after such courtesy MR. ROEBUCK said:—

"There was a dash, I thought, in your lordship's speech which implied I had wished to convey something like censure upon a body I very much honour—namely, the reverend class to which he belongs. I think this country is deeply indebted to the Church of England for her attempt to educate the people. I am well known—and nobody knows it better than your lordship—to be what is called a Radical; but still I have that feeling in my own mind which induces me to admire and heartily thank those reverend gentlemen who have striven in the great cause which I have humbly advocated to-night. (Cheers.) I beg your lordship to believe that there is no body of men for whom I have a more hearty and a more complete respect and admiration than the class to which your lordship belongs." (Cheers.)

All very fine, but what the bishop ought to have gone in for was justice to Jeroboam.

One of the Great Objects of Travelling

Is bragging about it afterwards, and boring all your friends with prosy far-fetched accounts of your wonderful ascents and hair-breadth perils and miraculous escapes. If the members of the club, called the "Travellers" are incessantly talking about their travels, what a superlative set of colossal bores they must be, to be sure! By the bye, now that we think of it, "The Travellers' Club," strictly speaking, is an Alpen-stock.

HISTORICAL FICTIONS.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, in his *Life of Castlereagh*, has made the odd blunder of placing among the attendants at the DUKE OF WELLINGTON's funeral, "PEREGRINE PICKLE." The *lapsus penne* is not strange in an historian whose wild statements savour of Roderick RANDOM.

ROME AND ST. PETERSBURG.

THE other day, by telegram from Breslau:—

"It was reported at Warsaw that MONSIGNOR CHIGI, the present Papal Nuncio at Paris, will be appointed Papal Nuncio to the Court of St. Petersburg."

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA had better mind what he is about in admitting MONSIGNOR CHIGI as Papal Nuncio at St. Petersburg, or what MONSIGNOR CHIGI will be about when admitted there in that capacity. The POPE has virtually decided that Rome is St. Petersburg, in asserting that not only the see but also the city or burgh of Rome belongs to St. PETER. If Rome is St. Petersburg, Jesuitical logicians will argue St. Petersburg is Rome, and belongs to the POPE. The Jesuits and the Papal Nuncio may convert the Russians to Popery, and then, if Popery should, as it very soon may, be expelled from the Italian Rome, it may claim, and succeed in acquiring, another Rome in Russia. St. Petersburg on the Tiber being already too hot to hold his HOLINESS, who knows but that he might, even by a *motu proprio*, or spontaneous bolt, seek a cooler climate in St. Petersburg on the Neva, and turn St. Petersburg into St. Peter's Patrimony?



SLIGHT ON A SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

OUR ally the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH—he has deserved that name—will probably come in for some of that vituperation on the part of the Yankee press, of which the lion's share has hitherto fallen to the British Lion. What abuse will the newspapers of the United States not heap upon the head of his IMPERIAL MAJESTY in commenting on the circumstances thus recorded in the *Post*!—

"It appears that MR. DAYTON, the American Minister at Paris, sent in a list of some twenty to thirty American citizens for presentation at the Tuileries on New Year's Day. The representative of the United States thereupon received a note from M. THOUVENEL, Minister of Foreign Affairs, requesting to know what was the rank and social position of the gentlemen and ladies who desired the honour of being presented to their Imperial Majesties."

Such a question might be excused on the supposition that it proceeded from invincible ignorance. Their Imperial Majesties and M. THOUVENEL may be conceived not to have known that every American citizen is the freeman of a Sovereign State, and thus a member of a Royal family, indeed a Sovereign in his own person; consequently the equal of any crowned head in Europe. This information might have been imparted to the minister in answer to his unnecessary question. But, continues the writer above quoted:—

"I believe I am correct in saying that MR. DAYTON simply replied that the persons for whose presentation he had applied were ladies and gentlemen who would be received by the President of the United States. It resulted that no Americans were presented at all at the reception in question. I believe that the presence at Court of some persons of American origin scarcely presentable in any society, was the cause of M. THOUVENEL's note to MR. DAYTON."

The effect of this intelligence on the American public will be that of profound sensation. The organs of popular opinion will furiously declare that France must be whipped. They will threaten her with sending a spare million of men to invade and overrun Algeria, and another million to sack Paris and raze the exclusive Tuileries. They will menace the everlasting blockade of French ports with sunken ships, laden with granite. As if every American citizen were not presentable in any society! Jerusalem! The screams of the insulted Bird of Freedom will probably be terrific, and we shall see how much they will frighten the French Eagle.

POST YOUR MONEY.

THE Savings Bank, the Savings Bank,
Bland GLADSTONE's best and latest boon,
Come, use it, folks of every rank,

You cannot get your Books too soon.
Display the common sense you boast,
And take your money to the Post.

Why risk the coin so sweet to save,

Why trust a REVEREND MR. FLETCHER?

Who says you're safe from such a knave

In other banks, asserts a stretcher.

The most inviting cheats the most:

Come, take your money to the Post.

How easy, now, to put it there,

The door stands open all the day,

Once placed in yon Receiver's care,

You hold the Nation's Pledge to Pay.

Of loss no chance, no shade, no ghost:

Come, take your money to the Post.

Pale wife, from yonder tipsy spouse,

Take what his pot-house treats have left,

Lodge it in that receiving house,

Some day he'll thank the kindly theft.

Some day 'twill give you boiled or roast,

Come, take your money to the Post.

You tight-built smiling servant girl,

Don't waste your wage on crinoline,

Put on the cap, smooth flat the curl,

And hoard your gains for home and wean;

The baker's bosom burns like toast:

Come, take your money to the Post.

And her young lady—you, Miss ROSE,

All that Allowance spent in rings!

ALPHONSO BRIGGS may soon propose,

And brides require a heap of things:

A little hoard will buy a host:

Come, take your money to the Post.

Mamma, a hundred ways, of course,

Those cheques of Pa's too quickly melt,

But use a little moral force,

And try a saving scarcely felt.

'Twill help that month, M'm, on the Coast;

Come, take your money to the Post.

There's something every one can spare,

Can put in GLADSTONE's Bank away;

The thought that you have shiners there,

Is sunshine for a Rainy Day.

In golden words be this engrossed—

Come, take your money to the Post.

LENITY PROPERLY REBUKED.

A TELEGRAM from Naples states that the Brigand Chief, CHIAVONE,

"Has been deprived by the Bourbon Committee a Rome of the command of the brigands, for having disobeyed instructions by shooting prisoners."

Telegrams are usually incomplete, but we understand that this merciful manner of murdering the prisoners has given great offence at the Vatican, and that the successor to CHIAVONE has imperative instructions either to burn his captives, or to put them to death gradually, in the Chinese fashion. As the POPE justly remarks, "these are not times for sentimental mercy to the enemies of the Church."

Mind, it's Between Hugh and Mo.

SIR H. CAIRNS was asked whether he thought a celebrated Master in Lunacy, who is at present sitting on an interminable long-winded case, was a sound lawyer or not, when he significantly replied, "Sound, you say? oh! yes—WARREN-*ted*."

INSANITY IN THE FEDERAL CAMP.



REALLY we have at last discovered some reason for admitting that there may, perhaps, be something in homoeopathy. The Special Correspondent of the *Times* thus writes from Washington:—

"GENERAL M'CLELLAN is slowly recovering from an attack of fever of a mild typhoid type, which has been treated homoeopathically, and was probably much exacerbated in consequence. GENERAL MARCY, his father-in-law, and chief of his staff, has also been undergoing homoeopathy and an attack of some other illness, from which he is getting

better, but neither is fit at present to direct operations."

So we should think. Anybody capable of submitting himself to homoeopathic treatment must be far too weak to direct military operations, or do anything else the performance of which requires strength of mind. If GENERAL M'CLELLAN and GENERAL MARCY have been "undergoing homoeopathy," they will never be strong enough for their situations. It will be all gone goose with the Federal cause unless such geese as they must be are sent about their business: which might be that of carrying placards for BARNUM instead of hoisting the star-spangled banner.

What, then, do we discern in the statement above quoted to warrant the admission that there is anything but humbug in the homoeopathic system? Why, MR. RUSSELL suggests that M'CLELLAN's fever was aggravated by homoeopathic treatment. That treatment, we presume, consisted in the administration of infinitesimal globules. That these globules are capable of making a patient worse, is the opinion of MR. RUSSELL. If they are, then they can produce some kind of effect; whereas we always believed that they could have none whatever. We still think it most likely that homoeopathy allowed the fever of YOUNG NAPOLEON to run its course. If, however, homoeopathic doses really do exert the action which they are supposed by MR. RUSSELL to have exerted in the case of GENERAL M'CLELLAN, he has good reason for calling homoeopathy a disease, that is to say, a cause of disease, as he does when he says that GENERAL MARCY had been undergoing that and some other illness. The other illness we conceive to have been mental derangement.

EXPOSING A LAZY MINISTER.

MR. PUNCH, who likes to see people grateful (a liking not often indulged in this objectionable world), received from EARL (late LORD JOHN) RUSSELL a letter which was so nicely and properly expressed, that Mr. Punch perused it with satisfaction, and had almost made up his mind to ask JOHN to dinner. But, looking into the *Daily Telegraph*, he perceives that the Earl has been using the letter again, in writing to Halifax, or some such place, about some address or other, and this is a liberty which Mr. Punch has no idea of allowing to pass unreprieved. He will therefore *not* ask JOHN to dinner, and he prints the epistle in order to prevent its being used any more:—

"SIR, "I have to acknowledge the receipt of your number of the 18th instant, expressing your cordial approval of the prompt and energetic measures taken by HER MAJESTY'S Government to protect the honour of the British flag. It is a great satisfaction to my colleagues and to myself to receive so flattering an expression of approval of the course which we have felt it our duty to take on this occasion; and I beg you to have the goodness to return our thanks to all your contributors, and to assure them how highly HER MAJESTY'S Government appreciate the generous support which they have tendered to them at the present crisis.

"I am, &c.,

(Signed)

"RUSSELL."

Different Views at Different Times.

MUCH as we may have hated a man before, it is very strange what a very different view we take of him the moment we are going to ask a favour of him!

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THE POPE.—"Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

VENGEANCE AND REPUDIATION.

"England cannot afford to go to war with us, for the conflict, sooner or later, would involve the loss of her West India Islands, of Canada, and the adjoining provinces, and, last and most fatal of all, the loss of Ireland, her right arm in war, her granary in peace. England cannot go to war with us, for \$600,000,000 worth of American stock is owned by British subjects, which in the event of hostilities, would be confiscated; and we now call upon the companies not to take it off their hands upon any terms. Let its forfeiture be held over England as a weapon in *terrorem*. British subjects have \$200,000,000 or \$300,000,000 invested in shipping and other property in the United States. All this property, together with the stocks, would be seized, amounting to \$900,000,000 in all. Will England incur this tremendous loss for a mere abstraction?"—*New York Herald*.

ROWDY DOODLE is in wrath,
And would on us have poured it;
But war's so dear a luxury,
He can't just now afford it.
He owns that he would much enjoy
The Britishers to lick, Sir:
But now, alas! he's so hard up,
He cannot buy the stick, Sir!
Rowdy doodle, doodle doo, &c.

But while the South is on his hands,
Although he cannot fight us,
He blusters that we daren't touch him,
And tries by talk to fright us.
He coolly brags that o'er the head
Of our devoted nation
He holds a weapon none dare brave,
And that's—"Repudiation!"
Rowdy doodle, doodle doo, &c.

"You 'coons," says he, "I hold of yourn
Nine hundred million dollars,
And if you ventures for to fight,
I guess you'll see what follers:
Them 'ere nine hundred millions will
Be grabbed to pay our losses,
I reckon so we'll chaw you up
As slick as grease, old hosses!"
Rowdy doodle, doodle doo, &c.

"Confiscate's a pretty word,
As for Honour, burke it;
To pay a debt is quite absurd,
I guess, when you can shirk it.
This here a land of Promise is,
Our Poets keep a saying,
But mind you, when our dander's riz,
Our promise don't mean paying!
Rowdy doodle, doodle doo, &c.

"At running, as our Bull's Run showed,
We air a smartish nation,
And toe outrun the constable
Is now our inclination.
But even though our credit's low,
For fighting still we've cash, b'hoys,
We'd use the gold of theirs we hold
The Britishers toe thrash, b'hoys!
Rowdy doodle, doodle doo, &c.

"What's the use of monied friends
But that one may bleed 'em?
Ours of all the airth, I guess,
The country is of Freedom.
And Freedom means the making free
With funds to us confided,
Whenever it may chance that we
By Fortune get cowedid!"
Rowdy doodle, doodle doo, &c.

Now City men, pray bear in mind
Our friend's determination,
In Rowdy phrase "Security"
But means Repudiation.
Remembered let it be by all
Who hold his I. O. U., Sir,
A Rowdy Doodle promise is
A Rowdy Doodle do, Sir!
Rowdy doodle, doodle doo, &c.

STYLES OF CONSOLATION.

A MAN'S.—Well, I'll tell you what you must do.
A WOMAN'S.—Ah! I told you how it would be.



THE RISING GENERATION.

Small Boy. "GOING TO THE PANTOMIME, CLARA, THIS AFTERNOON!"

Clara. "A—NO—I'M AT HOME—AND HAVE A KETTLEDRUM AT THREE O'CLOCK!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. BLOBBINS has arrived in town, and is residing at the Green Pig Hotel, Borough, until she can suit herself with a housemaid.

We are authorised to contradict the rumour that MR. GLUGG, of Shoreditch, has met with a serious accident. He merely fell over the door-mat and dislocated his spectacles.

The difficulties which arose between MR. and MRS. CHINASTER, of Poppins Court, originating, we understand, in the residence of the Dowager MRS. CHINASTER in the house of her son, have been removed by the temporary removal of the latter lady to Brixton, at the suggestion of MR. ARNOLD.

MR. MUNKEY has refused the part of *Jack Gizzard* in the new farce, *The Bladder of Lard*.

There is no truth in the statement that the worthy and estimable beadle of Brompton has applied to be knighted at the opening of the International Exhibition, though there is no doubt that the conferring such a distinction upon him would much gratify the inhabitants of that elegant district.

A project is on foot for presenting a testimonial to M. BLONDIN, on the part of the visitors to the Crystal Palace, in proof of their admiration of his noble conduct in not tumbling off the rope and breaking his neck, as an inferior artist might have done.

HERR VON JOEL has finally declined the crown of the Southern States of America.

In pulling down an old wash-house in the garden of MR. SMITH, of Islington, the workmen discovered the remains of an decayed waist-coat, marked W. C. It is supposed to have belonged to WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

An ingenious American mechanic has just invented a machine for enabling a man to wash, shave, and dress himself, say a hymn, brush his hat, snub his wife, and air his newspaper, without waking himself, and it will call him at any given hour, so that the first thing he will do in the morning will be to find himself at his breakfast table.

The liberal and kind-hearted proprietor of the *Punch* that exhibits in Stratford Place has intimated to the Blue Coat Boys, that during the holiday month they may stand upon the kerb-stone and look at the entertainment for nothing.

By the recent census it appears that the majority of the inhabitants of Popleby-in-the-Mire, Dorsetshire, are Idiots. There was reason for believing this, some years ago, when they petitioned Parliament to prevent eclipses.

A wealthy inhabitant of Kensington has offered a prize of £5 for the worst poem upon the Great Exhibition of 1862. Betting is strongly in favour of the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, but the author of the *Victories of Love* has many friends—on this occasion.

A new comedy, by the writer of *As Fresh as Paint*, has been read. Green Room report states that it is worse than his last piece, but this we believe to be impossible.

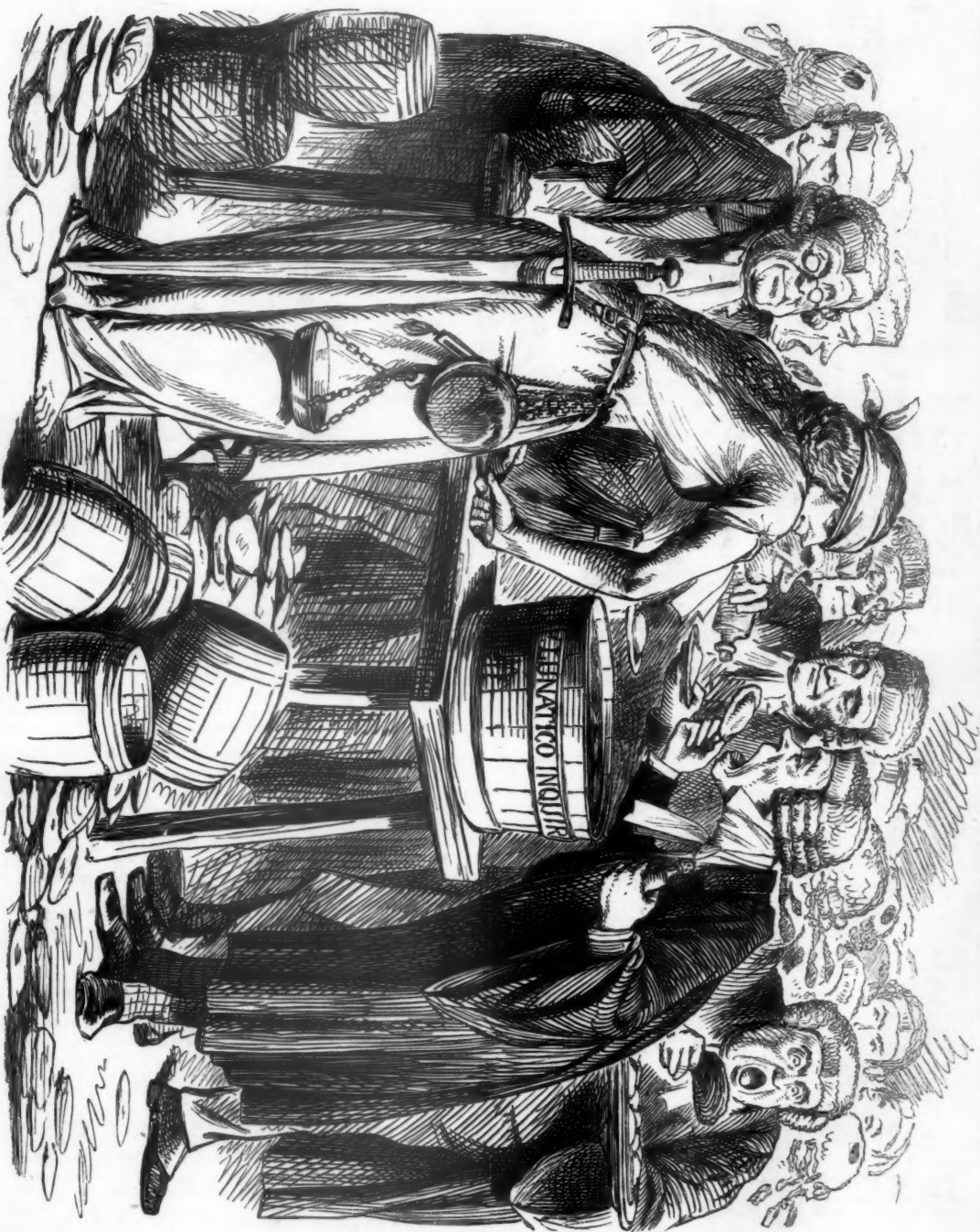
As MR. BUMBLE, the respected landlord of the *Cucumber's Arms*, Wapping, was crossing the street near his own residence the other night, he was run up against by a fiend in human form and knocked into the gutter. The police are upon the traces of the miscreant, but that such a thing could happen is a comment upon the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century.

We deeply regret to hear that the incautious use of firearms has again resulted in a melancholy catastrophe. On Tuesday night last, MR. TIMOTHY O'LEARY, of Ireland, but lately residing at No. 34, Snitch Court, St. Giles's, hastily and in a fit of impecuniosity shot the moon, and the landlord is not likely to recover.

Labour Thrown Away.

CLEVER as Austria is acknowledged to be in making her dependencies feel the iron weight of her despotism, we doubt if she will ever succeed in taking the *rise* out of Italy; and the same may be said of Hungary, both of which may be characterised as two of the most rising kingdoms in Europe.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JANUARY 25, 1862.



LAW AND LUNACY;

Or, A Glorious Oyster Season for the Lawyers.



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OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



SECOND hearing, my dear *Punch*, has not raised my opinion of MR. BALFE'S new Opera. That it contains much pleasant music I still readily admit; but that, as has been stated, it is really his best work, I am now by no means quite so ready to allow. The ballads certainly are charming, and most admirably suited to the voices they were written for; nor are the concerted parts less cleverly composed, or adapted with less taste to the dramatic situations; while on the whole the work is instrumented far more skilfully than is common with composers of the English school. What, then, is amiss? Well, it is difficult to say; but there can scarcely be that freshness in the music I first fancied, or I surely should have more enjoyed a second hearing.* A really good work is relished more, the more one knows it; the fullness of its beauty is rarely learnt at first. Who

ever tires of hearing *Guillaume Tell*, or *Don Giovanni*? and without comparing BALFE to MOZART or ROSSINI, his music may be not unfairly judged by the same test. Moreover, his new opera, in certain of the scenes rather noisy than melodious; and though the accompaniments are skillful and elaborate, there is at times a rather VERDI-like preponderance of brass. Still, there is no doubt that the work, if it do not much enhance, will in no degree diminish his justly high repute; and a little question is there it finds favour with the public, or it would not have been played, as it has been, for upwards of six weeks.

"Well as it may seem to pay, I question if this plan of running a new opera without change or cessation, while its novelty attracts, be not hurtful in the end to the pockets of a manager, as well as most injurious to singers and to art. To sing nightly the same music for upwards of a month becomes a strain upon the patience as well as on the strength; and instead of singers growing perfect by such practice, they are tempted to get careless, and to sing as though their singing were a mere work of routine. Even JERRY LIND could scarcely throw her soul into a song, were she for weeks restrained to singing that and nothing else; and besides the bad effect which the monotony produces, there is in the case of the Royal English Opera the no less evil consequence of vocal overwork. How MISS PYNE has contrived to sing six nights a week, and retain still all the brilliancy and sweetness of her voice, is a marvel that provokes my admiration and my wonder, and makes me view her as the GRISI of the English stage. But for her sake, and for Art's sake, I wish she were relieved from so much wearing over-labour, which can hardly fail to terminate in premature decay. MISS PYNE'S delicious voice is of far too high a value thus to be imperilled; and I for one protest against her so destructively and lavishly employing it. Its riches rightly hoarded, ought twenty years to come to give a pleasure to the public; but if she squanders them, half that she will hardly pass ere we may be lamenting the treasure we have lost.

"It is my fervent wish that English opera may flourish in the hands of one who now support it, which makes me anxious that such faults as I have noticed be removed. A harsh word now and then is in reality a kind cure; for without it blots and blemishes would perhaps escape correction, which becomes an easy matter when the faults are pointed out.

"Of the pantomime at this house I shall say more in my next. For the present it suffices to remark that MR. PAYNE, the prince of pantomimists, enacts the part of *Gulliver* in a way that adds new lustre to DEAN SWIFT'S immortal traveller; and after escaping from a Brobdingnag big lobster, reviews the volunteers of Lilliput, and lets them march between his legs. I must add too, that if people who like transformation scenes allow the Covent Garden one to pass without their seeing it, they will thoroughly deserve to find themselves the victims of a lunacy commission, issued for the purpose of deciding on their madness and devouring their estates.

"I shall have, too, in my next to speak of the Olympic, more fully

* Could our friend have been a little play-billous?—ED.

than at present I have the space to do. The burlesque is neatly written and pleasantly performed, MISS COTTRELL and MISS HUGHES both doing their best to make their singing as pretty as their looks; while MR. ROBSON charms the audience with one of those quaint songs, in which the lungs are not more held in requisition than the legs, MR. ROBSON, although suffering severely from a cold, moreover plays his part of *Wormwood* with all his wonted humour; and people who love laughing will find the *Lottery Ticket* provoke that healthy exercise to their full heart's content.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

LAYS FOR AMERICAN LAWYERS.

THE INSTINCTS OF THE HEART.

THERE is an iron power
To which cold men succumb,
Before which worldlings cower
And selfish souls are dumb.
Let such revere proud Justice
And steer by her old chart,
My guides are, where no dust is—
The Instincts of the Heart.

If lured by yellow Avarice
To clutch Life's sweetest balm,
Stand not on being overnice,
Nor check your tingling palm.
If urged by stern severity
With others' goods to part,
Oh! pause and let your counsel be
The Instincts of the Heart!

Mark Nature's teaching, ruled by that
No quail your mind perplexes,
The solemn salmon snaps the sprat,
The fox the fowl annexes.
Say popularity you prize,
The World's an Auction Mart,
Go there, bid high, and don't deny
The Instincts of the Heart.

THE GREAT MORNING CALL NUISANCE.

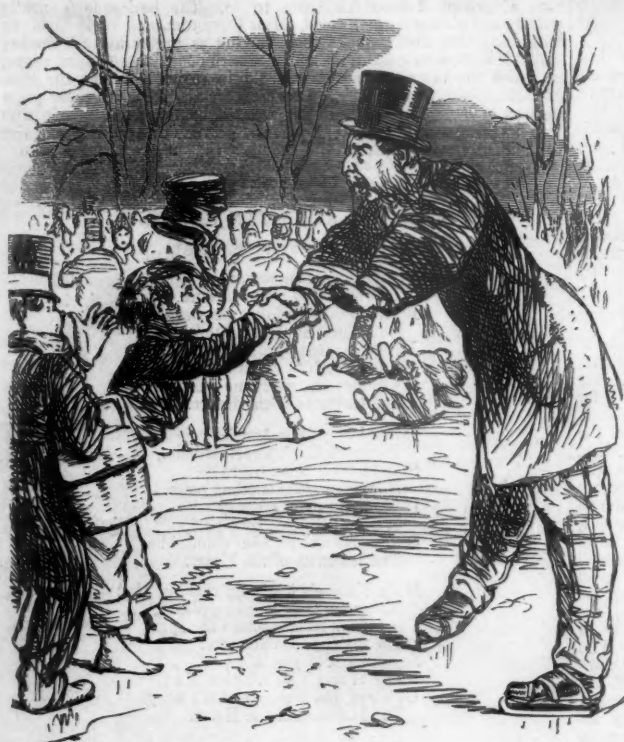
Is little social matters it very often happens that our French friends are ahead of us. Is it not so, MR. SMITH? Do, pray, just look at this:—

"Two million visiting cards passed through the Paris Post-office the first three days of the year, besides the ordinary letters."

Now, why can't we make calls by post in England, as they do in France? Surely, to have one's card delivered by the post would be just as good as having it delivered by a footman, supposing that one goes one's rounds in one's own carriage, or by a cabman if a Hansom be the vehicle employed. What can it matter to receivers of one's pasteboard whether it be handed by the servants of HER MAJESTY, or simply by our own? Of course, when one makes calls one hopes people will be out, and goes just at the time it is most likely they will be so. And supposing that unluckily they chance to be at home, of course one always views it as a most untoward circumstance, and about the last thing in the world that one would wish. As for making morning calls with the intent to see one's friends, clearly that is nowadays a quite exploded notion. If they are at home the chances are they are employed in some more profitable work than merely chatting with chance visitors; and when this is the case your intrusion is a nuisance, as of course you come with nothing particular to say. Your call is a mere form, and might be just as well transacted by the post; and indeed far better, as you would then take up but half a moment of the time which now is wasted in exchanging stupid rapid common-places, if you are ever so unlucky as to find your friends at home, when you do them the great honour of a morning visit.

THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN STATES OF LONDON.

It seems that London, like America, is to be divided into a North and a South, and that the two are to be rivals. PRESIDENT THWAITES is the Constitutional Monarch in the North; and PRESIDENT DOULTON seems to be the JEFF DAVIS of the Borough; and, as over the sea, the Banks are the great question of the day. Our sympathies are with THWAITES; but we don't wish to see him vanquish the South by force of arms. The sooner the dirty street called after the name of the Union is broken up the better, and we conclude with the outrageous pun and fervent aspiration that the North, which has so long missed her sewer, will find a long MISTER SEWARD to protect her.



SMALL BOY (to Swell who is trying his utmost to preserve his balance). "Oh, yer wants to shake hands, do yer? I'm sure I'm very 'appy to see yer, Sir."

BREAKING A LIMB OF THE LAW.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, the other day, MR. GIBBONS—

"Moved for a rule, calling upon an attorney of that Court to answer certain matters contained in an affidavit. The attorney had received £25 in an action. Repeated applications had been made to him for the payment of the money to the applicant without effect, the attorney stating that he had spent the money and could not do it. (Laughter)."

We see nothing to laugh at, and we hope that nothing harsh will be done to this attorney. It may be a little irregular to take one's client's money, and spend it oneself, but this is a mere error in practice, and when handsomely and frankly admitted, as by this "gent." anything like severity is uncalled for. What more can the poor man say? If he has not got the money he can't pay it. Would the Court force him to rob some other client in order to pay the complainant? When a gentleman explains, and says he is sorry, an affair is over, and why not have the same courtly rule in case of a gent instead of applying for a rule of Court. We consider that SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN should give GIBBONS, or his instructors, a good blowing up for being so ill-conditioned.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

We read in a morning paper, which gives us the information in a report of an admirable lecture delivered last Wednesday at the Society of Arts, that in 1859, M. BUFFET was the Minister of the Interior in Paris. We confess we do not particularly recollect the name, but must admit that BUFFET was just the man for the Interior, more especially, if the BUFFET in question happened to be at all well-stored. How the hungry, the tired, the poor, would always be rushing up to him for relief! What levees he would hold—what crowds of admirers would be continually hanging round him to partake of the good things he would be able to lay before them! Never would the Interior have been so well filled before! Properly speaking, and adapting the means to the end, this BUFFET should have served under a Provisional Government. Half Paris would have been stretching out their hands to him to greet him on his elevation to office.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"THERE is a well known building in Oxford Street, dignified by a Classic name, sometime dedicated to the Tragic Muse, but now a Temple of all the Gods. The votaries at its shrine are chiefly women, and it would be a matter of curious speculation how many times the great-coated janitor who opens the door so civilly on your entrance and exit—how often, I say, this jolly Cerberus has fallen a victim to the tender passion and their charms. Who knows? Perhaps amid such a galaxy of beauty he can recognise no 'bright particular star.' His affections may be divided into infinitesimal portions. If I were to see—say five hundred angels in crinoline daily, should I know which to choose for my divinity? No, depend on it, if he underwent severe trials once, he suffers nothing now. How long do you suppose that pastrycook's boy at the shop round the corner cared for cheese-cakes? No doubt he surfeited himself at first, and—you conceive—suffered in consequence. At present he is a misoglycist, and can look at the most delicious pastry without emotion. And so with our friend in livery. Female beauty with him is a glut in the market. He can see as many pretty faces as he pleases, every day. Here comes BELINDA tripping from her carriage on the daintiest of Balmoral boots. The door swings open and she enters. The string by which this feat was performed is not more insensate than the chords in MR. PORTER's heart. Presently, exit CLARISSA—CLARISSA of the golden hair and azure eyes—cherry lipped, smiling nymph. Again the string is pulled and she floats out. Bang goes the door and—would you believe it—CERBERUS begins to yawn.

"I watched this little incident from the staircase in the Temple to which I refer, and you may draw what moral from it you will. For my part, I own it produced on me rather a melancholy effect, which the picture-gallery, with all its charms and endless variety of colour, failed to dissipate.

"Indeed, if it must be confessed, the admiration with which I once gazed on these works of art, has been modified in later years. Still, I respect them for old association's sake. Is not this KING ALFRED, in a blue toga, burning the cakes to a vandyke-brown, while a pea-green peasant upbraids the Royal and cerulean fugitive? Yonder is Acteon

going to the dogs, in consequence of his ungentlemanlike behaviour to Diana (you remember the anecdote—OVID: *Met.* iii. *Fab.* 3). See how beautifully his horns are sprouting.

"What do we discover in the next picture? The *Dead Body of Harold*, as I am alive. Alack! how many times has the Saxon chief been exhumed before, and since, by brother limners? Formerly no R.A. Exhibition was complete without it. Let us sing a *requiescat* over this gloomy subject, and trust the Royal corpse is now finally interred.

"What! my youthful and pious *Aeneas*, are your wanderings not yet over? Does your shade still linger in the precincts of Soho? Ah, Polyphemus, old friend, *Salve!* how is your eye?

"I wag my head knowingly at each familiar canvas, and pass on to the Bazaar.

"They may talk as they will of the Bezestein and the picturesqueness of Oriental Marls, presided over by snuffy, turbaned gentlemen, but I say give me the P—nth—n, with a Lady merchant at each counter, for my money when I want to buy anything in the papier-mâché work-box, or canine pen-wiper line. Sure, such an assemblage of wondrous knick-knacks and cheap *bijouterie* and indigestible prettinesses is seldom seen. The only wonder to me is, that young gentlemen in their first decade, and young ladies of any age at all can ever leave the place.

"The fact is that my nephew TOM (just then home from DR. TICKLE-TAIL's Seminary) who wished to make a few presents to his brothers and sisters, *did* actually keep me there two mortal hours and a-half before he finally made up his mind what to buy; and even then went away torn by conflicting emotions, because he thought the doll which voluntarily shut its eyes when placed in a recumbent position, would, perhaps, on the whole, have pleased Miss TORRY more than the infant which emitted a peculiar cry on being pinched in the dorsal region.

"If that miserable philosopher who (most impolitely as I think) remarked to the friend, whose *ménage* he inspected, 'How many things there are here which I do not want'—if that wretched utilitarian, I say, were to utter any of his platitudes aloud in this Bazaar, what would be his fate? I think he could not be condemned to a better punishment than first to write a new and original critique on every work in the Picture Gallery; then, to eat all the stale buns which could be found on the establishment; and, finally, to be chained to the perch of the

oldest and most ill-tempered macaw in the aviary until he recanted his gloomy doctrine.

"Now if, on the contrary, you ask yourself what you *do* want here, and of course prepare to pay for it, could you leave a single wish ungratified? Have you a fancy for an ormolu dressing-case? A tortoise-shell cigar-holder? A malachite tooth-pick? Would you like a silver gilt corkscrew? An India-rubber pen? or one of J. SMITH'S patent nail biting machines? (Remember to ask for "Smith's" because J. S. regrets to find that certain unprincipled manufacturers adopting the name of Smyth or Smithe are wont to impose a spurious imitation on the unsophisticated British public, whereas none are genuine, unless &c., &c.). Or is it the celebrated 'Tasmanian toffee' you are commissioned to purchase? Third turning to the right, first left-hand counter past the china-stall, and so on. What is there that one couldn't buy here? Antique vases, anti-macassars, buhl caskets, *boubonnerie*, china-candlesticks, cheesecakes, daguerreotypes, decanters, Gothic go-carts, German glass, rag dolls and *ratage*—the wishing-cap of *Fortunatus* himself could not have produced such a multiplicity of treasures.

"In exchange for a small coin you may procure a biscuit in the hall, armed with which you are at liberty to enter the Aviary, a small but delightful retreat in the neighbourhood of Marlborough Street. There await you the perfume of exotic flowers, and the warble of a hundred foreign birds. Fairy fountains charm you with their ripple over gold and silver fish, while the genial warmth of a southern clime is ingeniously effected by means of Mr. SOMEBODY'S heating apparatus; in short, nothing is wanting to ensure your comfort. Here you may disport yourself so long as you think fit, and feed the feathered songsters to repletion. MASTER TOM found great pleasure in this innocent pursuit; and it was not until the *Calyptor hynchus* (a remarkably fine but voracious cockatoo), not content with a crawful of "Abernethy," snapped at the unlucky youth's thumb, that I could persuade him to leave this little paradise.

"What a pity that some early tastes don't last for ever! Why can't we always relish seed-cake and ginger beer? I went to a famous pantomime the other night, and vow the only thing I enjoyed during the whole performance was a fairy's laugh—I don't mean that invidious of MADAME CORYPHÉE as she emerges from a tulip in the *Bower of Bliss*, but a merry little peal which rang out on this side of the foot-lights. Mine was a little domestic fairy, and she sat on her father's knee in one of the upper boxes.

"Now, then! fust cab!" remarks the waterman, as we step out into the street. First TOM gets in (to whom I hand in numerous parcels, which he deposits with the greatest care on the opposite seat). Then follows his devoted Uncle and your obedient Servant.

"JACK EASEL."

JONATHAN AND HIS ASS.

ONCE on a time, as prattling Poets say,
An Ass went winking dimly on his way:
When suddenly within his breast a flame
Shot up, and he began to pant for fame;
But how with safety to secure that prize?
In ev'ry nettle fierce resentment lies—
So in a puddle straight he plunged his hoof,
Of pluck and prudence, positive plain proof.
Fast the foul fountain flashing furious flew,
And splash'd a lady—fair BRITANNIA'S shoe.
The Ass look'd proudly on his daring feat,
Then bowed, while rowdies raised their voices sweet.
Alas! such triumphs may not long endure,
Full soon his Master kneels with look demure:
And while he chews a leek to break his fast,
Removes the spot his foolish beast had cast.
The Ass slinks back, meek miserable mute,
A sadder—good men hope—a wiser brute.
Taught by correction, not to injure those
Who shrink from stains, as Donkeys blink from blows.

The Stamp of Imprudence.

THE Imprudent man carries postage stamps in his pocket-book, the Prudent man never does—for he knows well enough that he can always borrow of the man who has them.

CON FOR EXETER HALL.

WHY are American Treasury-notes like the Jews?
Because one has to pay a great deal to effect their Conversion.

THE READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Faetiously known as "The Author's Crib."

A BIOGRAPHY FOR PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THE attention of our friend, PROFESSOR BLACKIE, is invited to the subjoined extracts from a little memoir in the *Falkirk Herald* of JOHN ANDREW, a Carron workman, who has just died at the age of 78:—

"A THOROUGH SCOTCHMAN.—Last week, JOHN ANDREW, a Carron workman, died at the ripe age of 78. He was a remarkable specimen of a hard-working, frugal living, canny Scotchman."

By dint of thrift and industry, JOHN ANDREW, in the course of his life, contrived to amass about £10,000. His biographer says that:—

"His habits of living were unusually moderate. He was never known to spend a single farthing on luxuries, preferring to everything—

'The halesome parritch

Wale o' Scotia's food,'

and such primitive fare, and it was deficient neither in bone-forming, flesh-forming, nor health-giving qualities."

It is to be feared that the contributors to the *Falkirk Herald* include at least one of those degenerate Scots denounced by PROFESSOR BLACKIE for adopting English ideas; for in continuation we read that:—

"It was said, however, that his frugality extended to niggardliness."

No, no, not at all likely. Such an imputation may perhaps have been whispered; but upon what ground? The fact undermentioned is obviously insufficient to warrant it:—

"It is stated also, on excellent authority, that about eight years ago, when his wife died, he asked permission of his employers to attend her funeral, and although at that time worth about £6,000, he actually returned to work immediately after having paid the last respects to the remains of his partner in life."

JOHNNIE ANDREW returned to his work immediately after his wife's funeral. What of that? Suppose he had not returned to his work till that day week. That would have been thought nothing of—but what is a man who forgets a wife that was worth remembering in a week, or who forgets her as long as he lives? One man's grief is controlled by his will, but lasts his lifetime; that of another is ungovernable at first, but wears out in time, often much sooner than his mourning dress, sometimes in less than a week. The former, mastering his grief, goes to work at once. The latter lets his grief master him—and exhausts himself: then, or in two or three days afterwards, he goes to work too. Which has the stronger affection for his wife? Work is the only refuge for a great grief. As such a refuge let us suppose that it was sought by JOHNNIE ANDREW; not for a moment will we entertain the supposition implied in what follows:—

"The gentleman in charge of the department hunted him home. His anxiety to pursue his daily avocation was in order to secure the full day's pay."

We cannot think that MR. ANDREW thought more of the loss of a day's wages than he did of the loss of his wife; but if he valued his wife less than his wages, then the question occurs, How much was his wife worth? There are widowers who retire from their wives' funerals to smoke a very comfortable pipe, instead of going to work. Into this question, however, we cannot go in the present instance, and nobody but a paltry Cockney will think it is at all affected by the statement ensuing:—

"It is further said that despite his wealth he once craved one of his relations for a halfpenny which was owing to him, so scrupulously exact was he in his monetary transactions. When buying herrings he used to weigh one in each hand so that he might buy the heaviest one."

"Order is Heaven's first law," and that law was but conscientiously obeyed in the exactness of ANDREW. The annexed anecdote respecting him, superficially considered, may indeed rather seem to favour the hypothesis which ascribes his conduct to simple avarice:—

"About 20 years ago he chanced to take ill, and, as he seriously thought he was dying, bethought himself how matters stood in reference to futurity. Evidently wishing to atone for his earthly deficiencies, he made a handsome donation (somewhere about £350) to the REV. MR. WELCH, late of the West United Presbyterian Church, for the purpose of establishing a native teacher in Cafraria. Regaining health, he demanded back the sum."

But let us look below the surface in estimating the motives of MR. JOHN ANDREW'S conduct in this matter. We shall then not make the mistake of comparing his behaviour with that of the celebrated personage who, according to the proverbial distich, when he was suffering from illness proposed to take the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, but, as soon as he recovered, abandoned his pious intentions, and was no monk. No, no. When JOHN ANDREW was sick, he made the Church a donation, under the perverted idea of saving his soul by works; but when JOHN ANDREW got well, his sound orthodoxy returned together with his health; and he likewise demanded the return of his money. He repented of his fallacious repentance, and got back again to the good old Calvinistic doctrine of faith. In short, JOHNNIE ANDREW was a Scot, and a Scot, as PROFESSOR BLACKIE says, is a religious animal.



CABBY. "What, take the lot, Sir? Well, I ain't no objection, personally, myself, but Sir Richard Mayne mightn't like me carrying 'Natomys through the Street."

PROGRESS IN CASE OF PEACE.

A PROSPECT unpleasant has passed for the present,
Shall we, ceasing war-preparations,
So costly already, return to our steady,
Pacific, and useful vocations?

We've plenty of work and must do it,
And somehow contrive to get through it,
To hold a position in our Exhibition
Since we have asked all nations to it.

Our leisure regaining, all London to draining
We now must devote our attention,
And the Thames's embankment, 'mongst wonders to rank meant,
A scheme of such vast comprehension!
The purified River, a new age
Will use for its drink and its brewage,
'Twill run no more muddy; and then we've to study
The utilisation of sewage.

Poured out in our waters, the fish that which slaughters,
With plenty will crown all our acres;
We'll economise it, and deodorise it,
To be of its produce partakers.
Then Beauty shall touch the piano,
And warble in dulcet soprano,
"Now rich in home-treasure, exceeding all measure,
No longer we'll roam for our guano."

There's work for next Session; by means of compression,
Of speech it may vanquish its labours;
Make new laws, old cobble, if out of a squabble
We manage to keep with our neighbours.
Oh, let not their turbulent courses
Force us to re-marshal our forces!
And pile shot and shell up, but may we develop
In peace our internal resources!

ACCIDENT MAKES ADVERTISEMENTS ACQUAINTED WITH STRANGE COMPANIONS.

WE borrow the following advice from the advertising columns of a morning contemporary, who has had the good fortune of winning not less proudly than ourselves the bad opinion of the *Morning Star*:—

GAZETTE OF BANKRUPTCY, No. 25, 2d.

SUNDAY READING. Monthly Parts, only 3d.

WE long to read the beautifully abusive article that is almost sure to appear in our Yankee friend, the *Star*, vehemently denouncing the *Times* for profanely recommending, as indicated above, the *Gazette of Bankruptcy* for "Sunday Reading"—more especially as there is such a charming paper published on that same day as the *Dial*. Please, be particular in asking for the Sunday edition of that paper. Moreover, we confess we agree for once with our invaluable denunciator, the *Star*, in doubting whether the *Gazette of Bankruptcy* is the best style of reading for Sunday, or indeed for any other day, inasmuch as such a publication must necessarily consist of nothing but column after column of "broken English."

Very Sharp.

WHAT have the smaller wits been about to miss this:—

"On Friday last the wife of a working Cutler, residing at 37, John's Terrace-Hackney Road, was safely delivered of three sons."

A Cutler, mind. Well—three sons? No—three blades—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Why, the joke would make a young man's fortune in the suburbs. Three blades! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Who says there's no wit nowadays? Ha! ha! ha! &c. &c. &c.

NEW AMERICAN WORK.—Just Published, DR. DARWIN on the Extinction of Specie, dedicated to the Secretary of the Treasury and the Bankers of New York.



YOUNG SAWBONES. "Now, Mother, shall I give you a cut of the Dorsal Muscle, or would you prefer a Slice of the Psoss?"

GOVERNESSES FOR THE IMBECILE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"FROM fifteen to twenty thousand pounds wasted in trying whether a young man is in his senses or out of his mind! What a wicked waste! If it is the Law's fault, I am sure the Law is the worst lunatic in the case. Either the Law must be very stupid, or the judge a great F, or the lawyers a set of shocking R's, to plunder a poor fellow between them of £20,000. If he is not able to manage his own affairs, are they fit to manage them for him?"

"How silly to take so much trouble to find out whether a man is insane or no in order to decide as to his fitness for managing his affairs! As if nobody was unfit to manage his own affairs but a down-right lunatic. Every wild young man almost is unfit to manage his affairs, and if he has a fortune, ought to be prevented from throwing it away. Not that he should be shut up, and prevented from going about under certain restrictions, but proper people should be appointed to take care of his estates, lay out his money for him on reasonable things, and allow him so much a week. He should be made incapable of running into debt or of marrying without the consent of his guardians.

"With the consent of his guardians, however, a wild young man unable to manage his own affairs should not only be allowed, but also encouraged and persuaded, and even urged to enter into matrimony, having a suitable match provided for him, and then he would be unable to make a *mésalliance*. Many sensible girls would be glad of such a partner, who might be more agreeable personally than one more steadily disposed, and being kept from breaking out would make her very happy. Even if a little weak of intellect he might prove a very good husband, as his wife could have her own way with him, and the care of any helpless object is a pleasing duty to our tender and affectionate natures. A weak-minded man appears to be intended by Nature for the mate of a strong-minded woman.

"On marriage, of course, the management of the incapable young man's property should be transferred to his wife, supposing her equal to the task, and to have no Mamma living. Otherwise to whom could the care of his estates be better entrusted than to the Mamma? A double arrangement might be made, making the Mamma Committee of the Estate—don't the lawyers call it?—and the Wife Committee of

the Person. So one would save him from squandering his property, and the other would keep him from getting into mischief.

"I have seven of them, *Mr. Punch*—marriageable daughters I mean, and not sons of large property and weak intellect. Happy, indeed, should I be to have seven sons-in-law of that description under the circumstances above-mentioned! One such, indeed, would be a treasure that I should embrace with thankfulness as an ample provision for my eldest, whilst his superfluous means, with my management, would be a great help for the rest. A husband of that sort who would keep regular hours and dine early, and go to bed betimes, except when his wife had an evening party, and give no trouble, and do what he was told, would lead a woman a much more pleasing life than a man of superior intellect, with his likes and dislikes, and pursuits and tastes, of one kind and another, wanting to go to clubs and come home when he chose, and bring friends with him, and be master there when he did come. Such a man might be kind and generous, and all that, but he would not have the recommendation the other would of not interfering, and not having a will of his own, and not making a woman alter her domestic arrangements to suit his convenience. Married to a nice good-natured simpleton, she might pass her life comfortably, without excitement except now and then, in the quiet enjoyment of her ordinary meals. I am, dear *Mr. Punch*, your constant borrower, a lady moving in the first society, and residing in a most fashionable neighbourhood at

"NUMBER ONE."

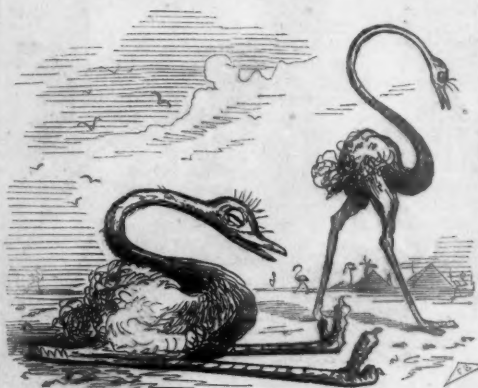
"P.S. Do you know any rich imbecile young man that would suit my child? Oh! believe me, the only true Asylum for Idiots is Woman's Heart."

Thanks for the Cue.

"A fashionable party assembled at Witley Court, on Wednesday evening, to witness a grand billiard tournament, which the EARL OF DUDLEY had got up."—*Worcester Paper*.

THE printing such matters gives *Mr. Punch* a right to print his own idea about them, which is that no stroke struck at the billiard "tournament" was half so remarkable as the *coup* made by LORD DUDLEY himself, when his Pocket got the five Balls of an Earl's coronet. Is Witley the right spelling?

QUACK AGAINST QUACK.



mysterious influence of drugs. Their annoyance, danger, disappointment, saved, and all doctors' and apothecaries' bills avoided, by invalids taking DU BUNCOMBE'S Delicious Health Restoring Polenta Syriaca Food, which saves fifty times its cost in phlegm, seed-liver oil, and all other remedies."

This is part of the other:—

"GULLOWAY'S PILLS.—WORTHY OF ESPECIAL NOTE.—These purifying pills excel every other medicine for regulating digestion, acting healthily on the liver and bowels, invigorating the nervous system, and strengthening the body."

The above extracts are taken from the news, and not from the advertising columns of the journal which contains them. No heading declares them to be advertisements, and doubtless many old women and fools who read them suppose them to be editorial statements, as fools and old women were probably meant to do by the quacks who procured their insertion. But the veriest fool not quite an idiot, and the simplest old woman not absolutely in her dotage, will be puzzled by the answer which the second constitutes to the question of the first. The question implies the assertion that people ruin their health and waste their money by taking pills instead of DU BUNCOMBE'S Polenta Syriaca Food. The answer to it declares that GULLOWAY'S pills excel every other medicine. The weakest mind must see the contrariety of clashing statements thus lying, in every sense of the word lying, close together. Every quack who puts a paragraph into a paper should stipulate for the insertion of his own puff at a reasonable distance from any other which gives it the lie direct. Old women and others who have read the foregoing contradictory specimens of puffery, will be as much puzzled as wiser persons are by the opposite tenets of numerous gentlemen who sign the Thirty-nine Articles, and yet unite in condemning DR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

HELMETS FOR PEACE HEROES.

It is of great importance to the public, and of some to the police, that policemen should have their heads protected in the execution of their duty. The present police-hat answers this purpose in a measure, if the ruffian who is resisting capture, will be so considerate as to keep hitting his adversary on the crown of it, instead of first knocking it off, and then beating him on the head; but the latter course is usually adopted.

The hat now worn by the police is very thick, heavy, and hot. It has been likened to a chimney-pot, because of its shape, and it further resembles a smoking flue in the temperature of its interior.

Considering these disadvantages of the existing police-hat, a certain MR. CHILDS, according to a city paper, has recommended as a substitute for it a kind of helmet, being a modification of the Greek *galea*, without the plume, so as not to look too warlike for an officer whose duty consists in keeping the peace. This headpiece, however, possesses one quality of the plume, namely, the lightness of a feather, which is combined with the strength of an arch. It also unites ventilation with elegance, and protects the eyes, neck, and ears. Lastly, it is described as in keeping with the wearer's dress, which it will be, perhaps, when the boots and coats of the police-force are exchanged for tunics and greaves.

We trust that the authorities will adopt the classical improvement suggested as a protection for the heads of a valuable body of men. No skull can be proof against a life-preserver, or, rather, a life-destroyer, but one which is much thicker than that of an intelligent officer ought to be.

Ab Ovo Usque ad Bonum.

AMONG the persons who, following Mr. Punch's example, have sent appropriate presents to GARIBALDI, is a gentleman of a piscivorous character, who has forwarded to the Italian Liberator a great quantity of Salmon's Eggs. We accept the omen. May it imply that he will soon occupy the Chair of the Fisherman.

"TALL WRITIN';"

OR, "SEWARD SET TO MUSIC."

I GUESS them sarcy Britishers
Won't easy get to leeward;
Of such an all-fired smart old 'coon
As WILLIAM H. SEWARD.
When short o' corn, he'll give 'em husks;
Where he can't hitch, he'll hustle:
Sockdolage, stump, spread-eagle, splurge,
And circumvent LORD RUSSELL.

Thar's that despatch he's just fired off,
It really is a moddle:
The 'cuteness and the smartness on't
Whip a European noddle.
Your statesman of the darned old world,
For forms and facts a stickler,
Had ought to skin his eyelids, e'er
He'd turn out such a tickler!

The outworn holds of paltry law
Round which the British rally,
Beyond the plug that's in his jaw
He don't conclude to vally.
On critters that 'nd set up rights
Agin' this mighty nation,
Like a true hoss and citizen
He hurls expectation.

Five law-p'ints international
He states in language polished—
What odds if they are p'ints that's been
Repeatedly demolished?
They're p'ints we want to prove we're right,
So SEWARD he upholds 'em;
And in our Stars and Stripes sublime
Magnanimously folds 'em.

How calm and grand his attitood,
His ut'rance how heroic,
Enough to waken up a slawth,
Or 'lectrify a Stoic!
When he declares the narrer bounds
Of old-world Law o'erleapin',—
MASON and SLIDELL he'd a kept,
If they'd been worth the keepin'.

But though the law be on our side,
(Or, if it ain't, no matter)—
Though with a breath the Britishers
We in our might could scatter—
The cause is too contemptible
Our war-dogs to unbridle,
We hurl back MASON in your teeth,
And arter MASON, SLIDELL.

A moral triumph we have gained
(There's CHARLES H. SUMNER 'll swar it);
But if them prisoners remained
In custody, they'd mar it.
Shall proud COLUMBIA grudge to shake
Pollution off her garmin't?
No! rather let her joy to git
Rid of such cussed varmint.

We've druv the Britisher to plead
The plea of law 'fore us,
And universal natur' crows
At such a sight, in chorus.
We've gi'n him what he gi'n to us—
Spit on the British Lion—
Ope wide Fort Warren's gates, and set
The Stars and Stripes a flyin'!

JEFF-DAVIS, he's well-nigh chawed up,
Rebellion in is cavin';
For mussy and for pork and corn,
The hungry South is cravin'.
From whar he gazes at the sun,
Arisin' and a-settin',
The Northern Eagle's wakin' up,
And kinder wrathful gettin'?

Wait till JEFF.-DAVIS we have whipped,
And crush'd the rebel millions;
Then let the Britishers beware—
Both soldiers and civilians!
We'll flog their armies, take their ships,
Upset their aristox;
And when the hull New World's annexed,
We'll rule the Old by proxy.

NASAL INTELLIGENCE.



AMONG other festive novel-
ties (for however and a
Christmas may nationally
be, the advertisements are
sure to say the season is a
festive one) we also an-
nounced that any purchaser
of New Year's Gifts at a
named scent-shop will be
presented with a "perfumed
piece of original music."
It is certainly not new to
hear a song called "a sweet
thing," and equally well
used are we to hear a song-
stress spoken of as having
a "sweet voice." But in
future when we find these
epithets applied, we shall
fancy they bear reference
rather to a nasal than a
vocal point of excellence,
and that a piece is called a
sweet one because it is per-
fumed with some delicious
scent.

To make the novelty more
popular, we would suggest that it were well if songs and other com-
positions were scented with an odour appropriate to their subject, as
far as that might be. Thus, the air of "*Cherry Ripe*" might be per-
fumed with the smell of that delicious fruit, and "*Rose, Thou art the
Fairest Flower*," should be scented with fresh rose-water, to attract
thereby the noses of the ballad-buying world. *Millefleurs* would per-
haps be the perfume most appropriate to "*I know a Bank*," whereon
the wild thyme and the oxlip, and a score of other wildflowers
are understood to grow: but the scents which are expressed from a
lily and a daffodil would be fittest for "*Fair Daffodils*" and "*Ye Lilies
Chaste*," while MR. BALFE's new song of "*Pretty Lowly, Modest
Flower*," should of course be nicely scented with forget-me-not, if it be
discovered that forget-me-nots have scent. Drinking songs we think
might be perfumed like the grape: except when some more potent drink
than wine is spoken of, as for instance MR. HARRISON's new song in
praise of punch, which a mixed scent to resemble the fumes of that
famed beverage should be invented to perfume. Of course the air of
"*Drops of Brandy*" should smell strongly of *cogn-de-vie*; while HANDET's
"*Water Music*," if scented with a sprinkling of *Bouquet de la Tamise*,
would scarcely, one would fear, be much enhanced in either its sweet-
ness or attractiveness.

If our hint be carried out, a ballad may be made as good as a bouquet,
with the additional advantage of being far more durable. Besides, if
pieces be perfumed with the due sense of what is proper, only think
what time and trouble may be saved when people go to purchase some
new music; which now they either must hum over, or strum on the
piano, if they have any wish to know what it is like. Selection will
however become an easy matter, when music is perfumed according to
its nature, and its quality may be detected by a sniff. No one then
will care to hear a piece tried over before paying down the money for
it; and young ladies when they want to know if a new song be pretty,
will simply ask their friends the question, "Does it smell nice?"

Everybody's Godfather.

OUR scholarly friend, the *Revue du Samedi*, has devoted an elaborate
article to prove that the North and South folks of America use very
awkward distinctive names. It does not like "Federal," it does not
like "Confederate," it does not like anything. Its arguments are un-
impeachable, but its exertions are superfluous. The South has long
since accepted, with an honest joy and delight, the name affixed to it by
Mr. PUNCH, namely, SLAVEOWNIA; and the North is about to take his
other suggestion, and call itself BENNETT'S LAND. MESSRS. STANFORD
and WYLDE are preparing maps with the new nomenclature.

LORD PUNCH TO LORD RUSSELL, GREETING.

BRAVO! LORD RUSSELL! *Punch* pats you on the back with mingled
pride and admiration. Admiration of your language anent the *Trent*
affair, and pride that he, *Punch*, was the one who taught you to write
letters. Excellently well has your Lordship profited by the instruction
which has been vouchsafed you gratis in these columns. Notably, some
years since, when you wrote your Durham letter, *Punch* felt it was his
duty to tender you advice in the epistolary art; and your late despatches
and letters to LORD LYONS prove fully how you laid to heart the pre-
cious hints you then received. Your style is now perspicuous, clear,
simple, and straightforward. There is no beating about the bush in
the plain English you write. What you have to say you say without
leaving a loophole of escape from what you mean. You clearly state
your case, and name your terms for satisfaction of the injury received.
You plumply call a spade a spade; and leave no shadow of a chance to
handy words about it. You ask for justice simply, without bluster or
bombast; and speak with not more plainness than you do politeness.
There is but one sarcastic sentence in all that you have written, and it
deserves to be embalmed, for the pleasure of posterity, in the amber-type
of *Punch*:—

"I stated to MR. ADAMS the substance of M. THOUVENEL's despatch to M. MERICIER
as I had heard it from M. DE FLAHAULT."

"MR. ADAMS said that the French Government had always been very consistent
in their maintenance of the rights of neutrals. He added that he could not pay our
Government the same compliment."

"I said I would dispense with compliments, if this matter could be amicably
arranged."

Very neat, your Lordship. Even your tutor, *Punch*, could scarce
have better worded it. You, the nobleman, are pleased to say you can
"dispense with compliments," coming as they would from a less lordly
quarter, and simply want compliance with your just demand. Very
right and proper, and very neatly put. When a blackguard prigs one's
handkerchief one can "dispense with compliments," and is merely
anxious to get back what one has lost. There are, however, compli-
ments which no one can dispense with; and these are the compliments
bestowed on men of worth and merit like your Lordship, by your Lord-
ship's very faithful friend and tutor,

PUNCH.

AN UNBENDING REED.

MR. PUNCH begs to congratulate MR. CHARLES READE, author of
Never too Late to Mend, upon having illustrated the title of his book by
vanquishing the people who mutilated it for the stage. It is never too
late to mend bad manners, and he has obtained, after a gallant struggle,
a legal recommendation to theatrical hacks to mend theirs. A certain
class of playwright has hitherto deemed it quite lawful to pounce upon
the work—finished or unfinished—of any novelist, to strip away any
artistic clothing in which the writer may have draped his characters, and
to send them on the stage, either nude or in tawdry stage garments,
to say, do, and mean anything but the sayings, doings, and meanings of
their creator. Some dramatic gentlemen have kindly finished the
story for the writer before he has had time to do so for himself; others
have only rejected his *finale*, and stuck on a new one more likely to be
pleasing to the gallery. And such is the lovely state of the law that the
more outrageous the violence done to the author, the less chance he has
of obtaining reparation. Too much money is made by plundering and
mangling the books of the living and the dead to make it probable that
the practice will be abandoned; but MR. READE has done much
towards asserting an author's right to some little consideration in the
business, and Mr. *Punch* rewards him with the following elegant com-
pliment, namely, that in this case MR. READE's defeated adversary
being named CONQUEST, MR. READE is what LORD CHESTERFIELD was
told by DR. JOHNSON that the latter had hoped to be, namely, *Le
vainqueur du vainqueur*.

The Best Way to Put It.

An old *Vern*, respectfully recommended to MR. SEWARD, as an excuse for settling
the quarrel.

SAYS the North to the South, "Though it cost
Much pain, we must break up the U;
For your character's totally lost,
And I've not sufficient for two."

Woman's Work.

SIGNORA MARIO, (not our dear GRISI, mind,) has been lecturing at
the Whittington Club, and the point of her lecture seems to have been
the announcement that "red shirts were coming into fashion, in Italy,
in the Spring." We are glad to see the lady at last turning her atten-
tion to subjects legitimately within her sphere, and we hope that
SIGNOR MARIO has buttons on all his shirts, red or not.



PRUDENCE.

Matilda (with the hat). "WELL, DEAR, NO ONE EVER PRESUMED TO ADDRESS ME; STILL, AFTER ALL THE LETTERS IN THE PAPERS, I THINK NO GIRL OF PREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE SHOULD EVER GO OUT UNPROTECTED; SO I ALWAYS TAKE THOMPSON NOW!"

THE I. O. U. INDIAN.

A VERY interesting paper was read before the Ethnological Society on Tuesday night. It was upon the manners, habits, and destinies of the American tribe of I. O. U. Indians, and was prepared from notes taken by several travellers, and also from native records. It appears that the I. O. U. Indian was originally English, and that his ancestors passed over to the New World in the seventeenth century. For many years he preserved the noble characteristics of his stock, and showed himself wise, brave, and independent. But the deteriorating influences of climate, and still more a vast infusion of inferior animalism, in the form of convict Irish, deboshed Germans, and the accumulated scum of other nations, combined to demoralise the Englishman, and a few generations have brought him more and more closely into assimilation with the aboriginal Indians of the Western Continent. We now find that he has lost nearly all traces of his English descent, and has acquired the propensities but not the savage virtues of the aborigines. Instead of the dignified silence which is so picturesque a feature in them, he cultivates the art of talk in its amplest and noisiest form, infinitely prefers the longest to the shortest oration or letter, and has recently chosen a Chief Magistrate because there was more of him than of any of his rivals. The I. O. U. Indian is excessively fond of smart dress, and attires himself early in the morning in the costume worn by civilised persons as full dress, and upon his females especially he loves to heap every conceivable piece of incongruous finery, in imitation, as he fancies, of the fashionable ladies of France. He is very extravagant, but entirely unscrupulous as to the payment of debts; and when such payment is demanded, he whoops, leaps, and declares that his abode is in the setting sun, which he considers a good plea. Formerly a warlike character, he seems to have lost this attribute, and though irritable and revengeful, he displays no aptitude for the combinations which make war a science. But, in common with the aboriginal Indian, he delights in safe mischief, and his exultation at burning a house, or choking up a harbour, is very demonstrative. He has acquired the name of I. O. U. from his latest expedients to raise money, when refused it by bankers

and others who have declined to trust him. Of his religion not much seems to be known, except that he swears a good deal, never laughs, and refers to something which he calls Dollar as the Great First Cause of all his actions. He has a strange hatred for the black man, whom he illtreats, either physically or morally, as much as he can. But he is not without many redeeming points, and often evinces generosity and humanity, and is so desirous to learn better things, that he plunders foreigners of their books upon all occasions. These are good signs, and there is no reason for despair of his future, if he can be brought into contact as much as possible with European civilisation, the same remedy which indeed he himself, in his calmer moments, advocates as the means of elevating the negro, though the I. O. U. Indian has never sincerely tried that experiment. We have to thank the Ethnological Society for the above heads of a most instructive paper.

JUST THE VERY NAME FOR HIM.

THE following appeared (go and buy the paper, sceptic) in the *Times* of Thursday last:—

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of a Bank-note for £5 on account of Income-Tax from A.S.S."

Magna est veritas, et prævalebit! No doubt the advertiser thought, by sending merely his initials, to conceal his real name. However, it has slipped out, spite of his attempts to hide it. For there is no doubt that a person, sending conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR "on account of Income-Tax," only tells the real truth when he writes himself down that which *Dogberry* was anxious that his clerk should write him down.

Juvenile Art-Treasures.

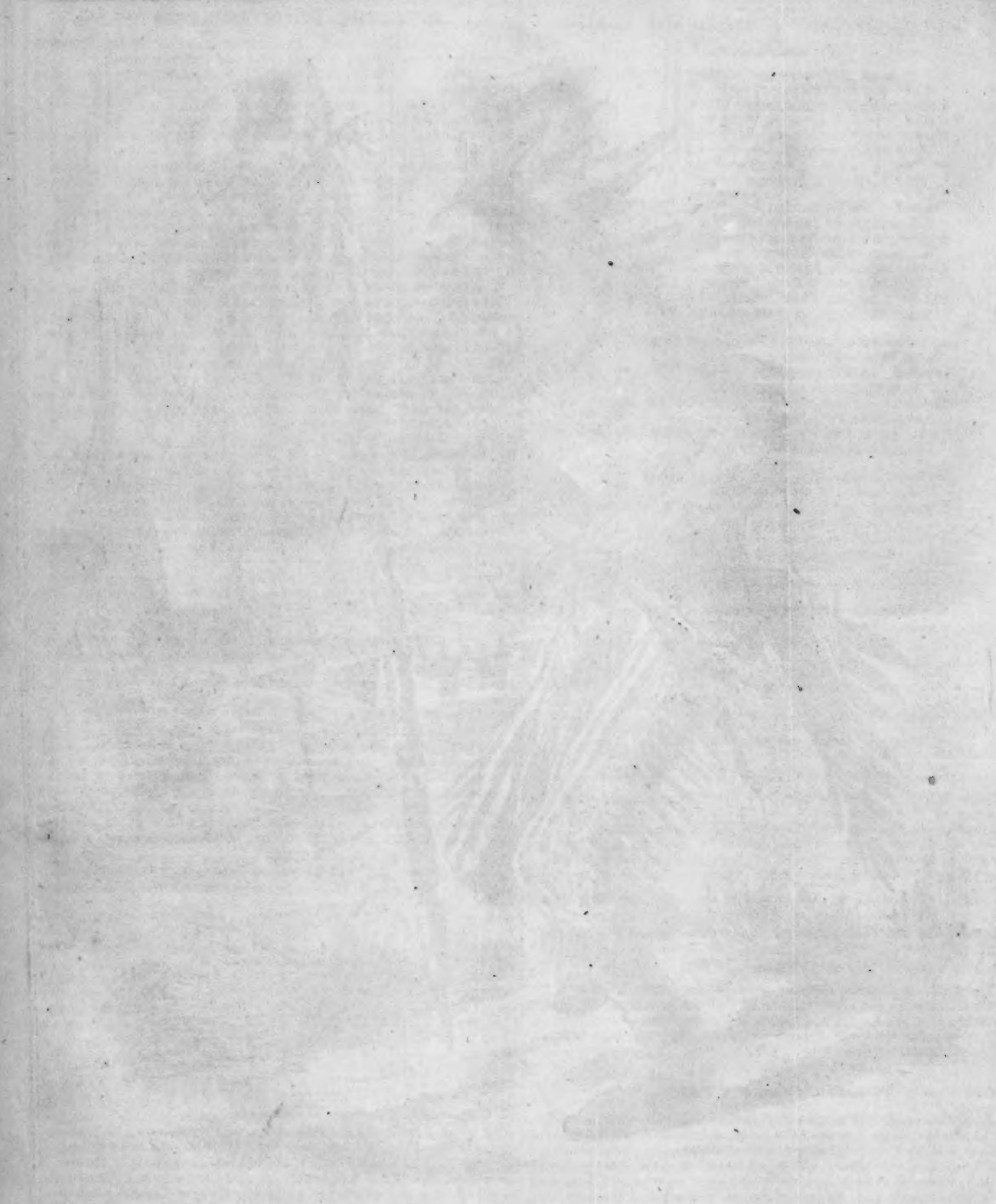
THE young gentlemen of MR. DUCANE'S Classical and Commercial Academy propose to send a contribution of marbles to the Great National Exhibition of 1862.



RETROGRESSION (A VERY SAD PICTURE).

War-Dance of the I. O. U. Indian.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL
FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

("I passed a small Cot.")

I PASSED a small Court where the lawyers abound,
And a singular change met my view;
Uncommonly pious their faces I found,
And their studies remarkably new.
They seemed Catechumens who'd come to repeat
Their task from the Testaments twain:
And who, I exclaimed, has accomplished this feat?
"The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

For one on the Thirty-nine Articles gazed,
A second the Pentateuch bore,
A third (who I own looked excessively dazed)
Was conning the Fathers of yore.
Another compared DOCTORS HOOKER and LOWTH,
While his friend worked at WATTS and ROMANE;
But the name that I found was in every one's mouth,
Was "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

And what is the work that the Shepherd has set,
That leads to the scene I behold?
Cried one, on whose forehead was written To Let,
"To hunt out a sheep from his fold."
The sheep has been bleating and breaking the peace
An orthodox sheep should maintain,
So we'll soon have him out, and he'll forfeit his fleece
To the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

My heart it waxed soft, I was ready to weep,
That seems a severe thing to do,
Suppose the kind Shepherd had thrown the poor sheep
Controversialist carrots to chew.
If those didn't silence his noises, old man,
He'd deserve castigation and pain:—"That's not, Sir," he answered, "the pastoral plan
Of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

"Our Shepherd's a piper—his sheep, if they bleat,
Must bleat to the tune of his pipe;
Or the sheep-dog you see on that well-cushioned seat
Will give them a snap and a gripe."
Then a whistle was heard, and away they all bowled,
To hunt the schismatic again;
And I said, "I am glad that I'm not of the fold
Of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

DIAMONDS FROM THE WINDHAM MINE.

SOME folks are always finding fault. Growling is made about the expense of the WINDHAM inquiry. Mr. PUNCH begs to say that he thinks that the result of thirty days trial and an expenditure of £50,000, amply repays both the trouble and the outlay. At present all that has been attained is the knowledge of three facts; but then, what facts they are. NEWTON'S discoveries are mere's nests in comparison. They are—

1st. That MR. COLERIDGE would rather be a Magdalen than a Pharisee.

2nd. That MR. WARREN does not know what is meant by "Skittles."

And—

3rd. That MR. CHAMBERS has read the Bible.

These three statements the case has called forth from the lips of the gentlemen named, and though that is all that has been done, Mr. PUNCH considers that the interests of society have been immensely advanced, and so he hopes the Lords Justices will think, when they have to settle who shall bear the costs.

Rumoured Change of Fashion.

A REPORT has been current for some days, in well-informed circles, that the preposterous framework of hoops and cages, which has so long been in use to extend female dress to extravagant dimensions under the name of Crinoline, is going out of fashion in Paris. We sincerely trust this rumour is true. English Society takes its tone from Parisian; and good taste has too long been outraged by the social nuisance, not to say the social evil, Crinoline.

A STANDING CALUMNY.

We are afraid the Nelson Column will never fall within our experience to be able to say conscientiously that the Pillar is a finished work of art.

PITY THE POOR DIPLOMATES.

THOSE poor diplomatists! Theirs is really a case for the strongest appeal to the compassion of JOHN BULL and his Parliament.

Just think of them, poor fellows; all,—from ambassadors and envoys extraordinary to ministers and *chargés d'affaires*—from secretaries of legation to *attachés*—going through their repulsive and Herculean toil for nothing—nay, for less than nothing—paying, in fact, for the privilege of filling the laborious posts which leave them out of pocket at the end of the year.

The top-sawyers of them are reduced to live in huge houses, splendidly furnished and warmed and lighted at the public expense; to give great dinners, and balls, and receptions; to keep carriages and horses; to dress, and dance, and go to the opera, and attend a treadmill round of ministerial parties and Royal or Imperial *levées* and drawing-rooms and hunting-parties, to say nothing of such minor duties as despatch-writing and interviews with ministers and the endless bother of getting troublesome English travellers out of scrapes, or into society.

The poor secretaries of legation have to follow their chief's example. They are compelled to live in expensive lodgings, and dine at the best restaurants, and keep their equipages, and make themselves agreeable in the *salons* (and we all know what that implies), and the still poorer *attachés* have to tread in the steps of the secretaries. The total of salaries paid by JOHN BULL for these onerous and distasteful duties, amounts to a mere fleabite of £180,000 a-year—of which sum £50,000 goes in the salaries of the Ambassadors at the capitals of the Great Powers, and don't enable these poor men, with the strictest economy, to make both ends meet even then!

SIR H. WOOTTON defined an ambassador as 'A man sent abroad to lie for the benefit of his country.' It seems that we ought to define him nowadays as a man sent abroad to ruin himself for the same patriotic purpose. There was SIR G. SEYMOUR spending his £10,000 at Vienna in nine months, and left to live as he could, on tick, or charity, or his own resources, if he have any (which we sincerely hope he has), for the other three; and SIR A. BUCHANAN spending £1,500 more than his salary at Copenhagen, and eating a hole of £1000 in his capital besides; and MR. SIDNEY LOWCOCK (first *attaché* at St. Petersburg), with a salary of £380, and absolutely unable to find the bare means of shelter and locomotion for less than £640, viz., £420 for house-rent, and £220 for his carriage!

It is evident that this sort of thing cannot, and ought not to go on. Either we must consent to see the Diplomatic Service shut against all but millionnaires, or double and treble the salaries of everybody connected with it—give LORD COWLEY and LORD NAPIER, and LORD BLOMFIELD, and LORD LOFTUS, and SIR H. BULWER £20,000 a-piece instead of £10,000; pay their secretaries, say £2,500 a-piece, and every *attaché* £1,000 at the very least.

Everybody of good breeding, and any knowledge of the world, must be perfectly aware that it is impossible for them to keep up a decent appearance for less. It is notorious that nobody of their rank, or rank corresponding to theirs, in Paris, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg, in Constantinople, does manage to pay his way under the higher figure. We all know the colossal scale of French and German and Russian fortunes and salaries, and the shameful contrast they present with the pittance we pay the unfortunate noblemen and gentlemen whom we have inveigled into our Diplomatic Service.

Can we wonder if, under these circumstances, the Service is generally shunned; that it is every day becoming more difficult to find people willing to accept embassies, or to tempt young men into *attachés*? That the fact is so is but too notorious. If some remedy is not applied, we shall soon have the upper classes withdrawing altogether from the service of the Foreign Office, and diplomacy abandoned to the lower orders, such as now supply our consulates.

It is no use for the sufferers to shut up their grievances within the cover of a blue book, or to ventilate their destitution to the unsympathetic ears of a House of Commons Committee. Let them come out boldly in an appeal to the public; let them line the *parc* from Charing Cross to the door of the Foreign Office in Whitehall Gardens, every man in his official blue and gold uniform, with his ribbons and orders on, and with a placard before him—"I AM STARVING!" Perhaps it would be well to go further, and taking a hint from the practice of the Cattle Shows, for each to ticket himself with his place of service, his salary, and his hardships, as thus:—

"Ambassador at Paris. Scarcely a roof to cover me. A House nominally found me, but not more than £29,000 spent on it in the last ten years! Only £10,000 salary, and £1,000 for coals and candles! Obligated to live five months every year at Chantilly, with large ornamental grounds and an expensive *chasse* to keep up!!! As much as I can do to get a decent dinner for self and family, let alone entertaining my staff or English visitors!!!!"

We cannot think that this affecting spectacle could fail of its effect. JOHN BULL'S iron bowels would melt, and his rigid purse-strings would become supple, and he would hasten to do justice to the worst paid, hardest worked, least desirable service of all included in his insignificant Civil Service Estimates.



MISSUS-ISM,

OR WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE SERVANT GALS?

PROUD MOTHER (to the new Maid). "We parted with Sarah, because she was so sharp with our dear sweet little Harry, who has such animal spirits, you know; throwing everything about, or kicking his football through the window—perhaps he'll kick you, too—but you must not mind it, for he's a LION-HEARTED, SENSITIVE LITTLE FELLOW!"

THREE HUNDRED WORDS.

MR. PUNCH observed, the other day, a very ill-founded Lament on the part of a clerical Philologist. In writing upon the use of the English language by English people, he stated that very few persons were aware of the resources of their native tongue; that so-called educated people had a very limited vocabulary, while among the humbler class the riches of the language were unknown. And he held up as subjects for pity the inhabitants of his own village, very few of whom, he said, knew more than Three Hundred Words.

Mr. Punch, whose nose testifies that he knows "Canaan's rich language, in perfection," and who also—

"Knows the Greek, plenteous in words and sense,
The Chaldee wise, the Arabic profound,
The Latin, pleasing with its eloquence,
The braving Spanish with its lofty sound,
The hisping French that fits a lady vain,
The German, like the people, rough and plain,
The English, full and rich, his native country's strain,"

replies, authoritatively, *Boosh!* And he commends the villagers who can manage to get through life with Three Hundred Words, as LEONIDAS has got through the Ages with Three Hundred Spartans.

What would our Clerical Philologist have? If Three Hundred Words suffice a man to say his prayers, court, wed, and thenceforth blow up his wife, scold his children, direct a stranger the shortest way out of that village, demand beer at the Blue Pig, and state which way the fox went—what more does the man want? If a wandering circus comes round, and the villager wishes to go to the show, he can ask, as a lady would do, "When do they begin," and would be no better off, if he could ask, as her lady's maid would do, "At what hour does the performance commence." If a friend has been up to the Crystal Palace, our villager can say, "What war the best thing thee saw?" and this is a straighter way of getting at the fact than would be employed by the Bagman who stops at the Blue Pig aforesaid, and who would say, "And what article in that miscellaneous assortment struck you as most remarkable?" Was not—as hath been written of old—the famous "Thou art the man," which would have been the villager's phrase, far better than "Why, you yourself are the very individual to whom I have been alluding all this time?" Is not "Main good times for the crops,

A NAWFUL CASE.

"And do still, by these (rag) pickers and——"
Hamlet.

WHAT a nuisance the Police are! Really their tyranny is insupportable. The very Rag-Pickers are rising against the despots. A heart-rending case clamours for vengeance against the minions, and is being worked by the penny press. A poor woman, who drives about with a cart, in the country, a sort of moving Marine-Storekeeper, has actually been taken up for "possessing" a sack that did not belong to her, the right owner of which had the ferocity to hand her over to the police. Heavenly powers, do we live in the nineteenth century! When we consider the encouragement which the Marine-Storekeeper in London offers to youth to cultivate its powers of observation, and how he teaches the value of the smallest article, and gives a practical lesson on the convertibility of property, he, and his country imitator, ought to be considered as Public Instructors, and ought not to be tyrannised over by a brutal Police. In this case the abominable Magistrates actually fined the unoffending woman ten shillings and costs for having a sack that did not belong to her, and though the haughty and insolent tyrants did not exactly say so, we believe that in the depth of their black souls they thought her very little better than a Thief. As if a Marine-Storekeeper ever did a dishonest thing. We blush for these *Dogberries*, we blush for the Police, we blush for the civilisation of the century; in fact, we propose to go on blushing generally until further notice.

THE WAY THE WORLD GOES.—You know a gentleman by his gait—and a blackguard by his Billingsgate.

master," worth a dozen of "I really think, Sir, that the continuance of this delightful weather promises favourably for the harvest," and would you not sooner talk to a man who saw you looking at a stream, and said, "There's chub in them pools, Sir," than to one who smirked out that he should judge that the river at our feet offered an inviting prospect to the angler? Finally, and as the crucial test—Mr. Punch is a married man, and does not want another wife, but if instead of being an elegant middle-aged gentleman of the highest accomplishments, he were a handsome honest young rustic, asking a pretty girl a certain question, he would very considerably prefer the rosy lips that said, "I love thee, JAN," to the equally rosy pair that said, "Must I confess, ALPHONSO, that you have inspired a sincere affection in this bosom?"

Parson—shut up—or rather don't, for you are a good fellow. Go and make a sermon which can be understood by the men of Three Hundred Words.

A POPULAR WANT.

THE entertainment annually given to the inmates of the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood, came off on Monday last, consisting in a distribution of prizes from Christmas-trees, a treat to tea and cake, and a series of "special amusements," in the course whereof, according to the newspapers, was performed a musical interlude, "in which the aptitude of the officers of the institution to amuse and interest the subjects of their care was specially brought out"—very specially indeed, thus:—

"Negro melodists made their appearance in a 'London Street,' and were encountered by great applause."

So we should think.

The popularity of Negro melodists is very great. Asylums for idiots are by no means so numerous as they ought to be.

A Guarantee.

"The *Opinione* states that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is taking steps with Russia for the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy by that Power."

Quite correct, and we understand that the EMPEROR's most cogent argument is delivered in the words of LORD BYRON:—

"And with the addition of a slight *Police*,
Turin's and Moscow's climes are of a piece."

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



ERILY, friend *Punch*, there be stranger things now happening in the dramatic world than are dreamt of even in *Proverbial Philosophy*. Fancy a pack of vestrymen fired with the ambition to defend the plays of SHAKESPEARE from foreign innovation, and jumping up like Britons to protect from French invasion what they call his 'sacred text!' No wonder MONSIEUR FECHTER for awhile has fled to Paris, to escape the virtuous wrath of such all-powerful assailants. Here is the threat of vengeance, hurled forth as with a trumpet-note:—

**VESTRY HALL, KEN-
NINGTON.**—A few Vestrymen intend performing *Othello* on Wednesday, January 22nd. They neither affect the "Stacy" nor the "French School," but will attempt, with reverence for the sacred text, such an interpretation as common sense dictates. Admission by Invitation Tickets only.

"I have heard of 'Miracle Plays,' and I really think *Othello*, performed by a few vestrymen, must have been a play well worthy of the name. It surely must have been a miracle if they got through with it at all, at least if I may make a guess at their capacity for acting, from the specimens of Vestrydom whom I have chanced to meet; and if they much relied on 'common sense' to help them, I sadly fear they found such aid fall rather short. I wonder, was there some sly reference to the vestryman who blacked his face to play the *Moor*, and doubtless lost himself completely in the arduous attempt to personate that character, in the advertisement I saw a few days afterward in the *Times*, headed rather ominously 'A SABLE MUFF LOST?'

"Not being so lucky as to get an invitation, I did not see this wondrous miracle-play performed, and therefore cannot gratify a (doubtless) anxious universe by saying how it went. Perhaps it was the sight of these bold vestrymen's advertisement that tempted me the other evening into what was once MISS KELLY'S Theatre, where amateur *Kings Richard, Hamlets, and Othellos*, used a while since to abound. These classic boards no longer now are trodden by young Roscili, but have for some weeks past been danced upon by pretty piquant MISS DI RHONA, who has lately been charming her admirers by the archness of her manner, and the briskness of her legs. Her place is now supplied by a farce and a burlesque, for neither of which can I say much, and by a pleasant little sparkling opera by OFFENBACH, who, if he be a Hebrew, will excuse me for remarking, it is quite a *by-jew* work. The music is throughout graceful, elegant, and lively, and on the whole it is agreeably and prettily performed. MR. MORGAN has an 'organ' (as the swell critics would call it) not so well-trained as GIUGLINI's, nor so powerful as TAMBERLIK's; but he sings in taste and tune, and utters English words so that English ears can hear them, and that is more than many an English singer now can do. MISS MIRA STANLEY, too, although not quite so wondrous as her classic name implies, is yet a very smart and lively little lady, and sings and acts with such vacuity, that the business never drags while she is on the scene. Her quarrelling duet with her fair rival, MISS PAYNE, is as brisk a bit of fun as one would wish to hear and see, and her high clear voice tells well in the lively drinking trio, which is as sparkling as the beverage supposed to be imbibed. (Let me advise you, though, MISS MIRA, to leave out that small coarseness about your 'falling on'—slight hesitation—'on the ground.' Such hints may please the gallery, but they offend the stalls.)

"Altogether, then, *Le Mariage aux Lanternes* is very well worth seeing in its present English dress; and I hope it may so please the fickle-minded public as to be succeeded by a similar success. Though far from being perfect, its execution is so good that one may wait for something better with reasonable hope. An *Opéra Comique* is a novelty in England, and the Royalty Theatre is of just the size to suit such pleasant little pieces as OFFENBACH and hosts of foreign writers have composed, but which our own composers appear to lack the humour and vivacity to write. As a rule one goes to theatres that one may be amused; and this is possible with operas as well as with mere farces, provided that the operas be neatly written and composed, and pleasantly performed.

"Speaking thus of opera reminds me that I promised to say another word or two concerning Covent Garden, where MR. BALFE's new work will, in the week when this is published, have reached its fiftieth night. Call me, if you please so, a 'play-bilious' critic (I thank thee, *Punch*, for teaching me that word), I still must say this opera does not improve upon acquaintance; partly because excrescences, which should have been removed, have been retained, it may be, for the pleasing of an audience attracted chiefly by the pantomime, and who care less for good singing than for getting a good laugh. This end has been gained by cutting out some pleasant music and giving prominence to dialogue that does not much contribute to the beauty of the work. Much as I commend MR. HARRISON's clear utterance and musical delivery (few actors know how to make their words tell more than he does), I should not object to find his small talk somewhat shortened; and for the credit of our ancestry, one would like to see Lord Rochester presented with his tipiness a little more toned down.

"Although written by one of our most entertaining farce-wrights, and the one who so luxuriates in hard-hitting, bustling fun, there is not much to laugh at in the Covent Garden pantomime; and one sighs for the old time when GRIMALDI played the *Gulliver*, and, sitting at his ease on a gigantic quartern loaf, warbled a duet with a Brobdignag canary, addressing the big creature as a 'little fluttering thing!' *Ehew!* where are we to look now for that quiet, unctuous humour in which he so excelled, and the intensely clown-like drolleries that made the sourest cynic laugh? Flare and fiery are held now in more account than fun, and the brightness of a splendid Transformation Tableau (and that at Covent Garden really is a splendid one) is deemed of more attraction than the brightness of good humour and the brilliance of wit. Hence, while scene painters are flourishing, there is small encouragement extended to good clowns; and as any common acrobat is hired to play the character, there has been gradually induced a dearth of comic talent, and the race of the GRIMALDIS has well-nigh become extinct.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

KING CABBAGE IN CHANCERY.

SMITH O'BRIEN, of the Cabbages, unlike his friend MEAGHER, of the Sword, has got a real grievance at last. When he had committed the felony for which he was transported, he prudently determined to cheat the Crown he could not knock off, and he assigned his property to trustees for his family. The pardoned felon now wants his property back. But the trustees, who seem sensible men, consider that whereas the interests of persons who are not yet of an age to act for themselves are involved, the best plan will be not to give back the property to O'BRIEN, as, if that Irish giant took to discounting MR. SEWARD's bills, or otherwise scattering the money in further attempts against hated England, the infants might unpatriotically grumble, and be down on the trustees for not taking care of the tin. So the matter is referred to the Court of Chancery. The Irish giant proposes a compromise, and demands an "adequate annuity." If this is granted, he promises to settle near Dublin and "devote himself to literature and politics." If not, he means to rush into a foreign land "and seek an honourable death in a premature adventure"—stay, we have misplaced his adjectives. Well, he is a silly old fellow, but we cannot wish him any harm, and we hope that he will get his annuity, and study literature and politics, of which his letters and his acts show that he has hitherto been in tremendous ignorance. We should be sorry that the full measure of contemptuous pardon were not dealt out to him. In a similar case, in any of the other countries which MR. O'BRIEN considers so superior to England, he would have been incontinently hanged up out of the way, and his family would have had as much chance of his property as he has of being king of Oireland. Let the lesson be read to all small culprits—England can not only afford to forgive them, but returns the money found on their persons by the police.

True Patriotism.

THE American organs, the *New York Herald* and the *Morning Star*, have, we understand, entered into a compact not only for the exchange of leading articles (almost a superfluous arrangement, from the curious resemblance of the literary and political productions of the two papers), but for giving the most convincing proof of the conviction of the proprietors that the new Federal notes are as good as dollars or sovereigns. In future the whole of the staff of the twin journals are to be paid in the SEWARD shin-plasters. The notification has given the liveliest satisfaction to the contributors and other employés.

A CLOUDY PASSAGE.

It is said that there is a silver lining to every cloud, but the cloud that has lately hung over America has now lost even that consolatory feature, for it is lined only with tissue-paper, and to look upon that as an acceptable substitute for a currency of specie, is nothing better than a tissue of absurdity.



A MERE TRIFLE.

Gertrude. "BUT, MY DEAR ARTHUR, HOW CAME YOU TO GET SUCH A 'CROPPER' AS YOU CALL IT?"

Arthur. "WELL! IT WAS JUST THE LITTLE BIT OF A PLACE WHERE A FELLOW DOES GET SPILT SOMETIMES—THERE WAS A DITCH ABOUT A COUPLE OF YARDS WIDE, AND THEN A HIGHISH BANK, YOU KNOW, WITH A STIFFISH QUICKSET ON THE TOP—AND A NASTYISH POST AND RAILS JUST BEYOND—AND THEN ANOTHER WIDISH SORT OF A DITCH AND INTO A FIELD WHERE THEY HAD BEEN DRAINING—AND SO, YOU SEE, SOMEHOW OR OTHER WE CAME TO GRIEF!"

IMPOLITIC PERSECUTION IN SPAIN.

GREAT excitement has been produced among the Roman Catholic portion of HER MAJESTY'S subjects, by the intelligence that out of upwards of thirty Protestants of the south of Spain, who, many months ago, were committed to prison for the mere exercise of their religion, some of those most noted have been brought to trial and condemned to seven years of the galleys. The chief offence committed by MATAMOROS and his companions is said to have consisted in reading a translation of the Bible. The law of Spain punishes this offence with seven years of penal servitude. But who set the law in motion? It is whispered that the prosecutors, or the instigators to the prosecution, of these men are actually the Spanish priesthood; and there are in this country some people of understanding and education who quite believe the Catholic clergy of Spain capable of such gross intolerance!

It is felt by the Roman Catholic body, that if the charge of such abominable persecution as that above stated could be sustained against their Church in Spain, it would justify British Protestants in believing that CARDINAL WISEMAN and his ecclesiastical subordinates would do precisely the same thing here, if they only got the upper hand; a supposition likely to deprive those estimable divines of any concession or advantage they may expect to derive from the progress of the principles of religious liberty. The Roman Catholics are, therefore, most anxious to disavow the bigots and fanatics, whoever they may be, that have caused the imprisonment and condemnation of the Spanish Protestants; and we are in a position to state that they are going to hold an indignation meeting, in order to get up a petition to the POPE to command the QUEEN OF SPAIN to set them at liberty.

In the Sister Island the excitement which this Spanish scandal has created among the faithful is immense. They are all up in arms; and what has particularly incensed and disgusted them is the consideration that the prime minister of QUEEN ISABELLA'S Government is MARSHAL

O'DONNELL. They are unanimous in intending to invoke him by the bones of his ancestors to insist on the immediate liberation of the prisoners condemned to the galleys for the crime of Protestantism, and also forthwith to propose to the Cortes the repeal of all laws affecting freedom of conscience. They feel that, but for making some demonstration against the bigotry which has been practised in an eminently Catholic country, they would be unable to go on enjoying, with quiet minds, the liberty of worship which they possess, much less to ask, with any face, the least further advance of justice to Ireland.

A requisition to LORD PALMERSTON, urging him to interfere for the deliverance of the Spanish Protestant galley-slaves, drawn up by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, will lie for signature at every chapel of that denomination both in London and the country, and also at *Punch's* Office. The number of signatures attached to these requisitions will correspond exactly to that of the Roman Catholic population—infants excepted. Adults who cannot write will make their mark, and by thus testifying against intolerant brutality, convince the Protestant Association that it is not the mark of the Beast.

ONLY ONE WORD.

Those sad Survivors! Make them Miners too,
To work, through life, a gold-mine oped by you.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

AMONG the tiniest and prettiest little gifts of the season, we have observed with pleasure an ingenious Charm to be hung at a gentleman's watch-chain. It consists of MR. KELLY'S *Post Office Directory*, elegantly bound in flagstone silver. Anything lighter, more graceful, or more useful, we have never seen. Its weight scarcely exceeds two tons, and of its utility it is unnecessary to speak. So spirited a little cadeau will be de rigueur at all réunions at which the *dile* assemble in the salons de la crème de la crème.



AWFUL WARNING.

STREET BOY. "There! if you go stickin' o' Bills about, they'll serve you like they've done 'im!"

DAUNTLESS BRAVERY OF COUNSEL.

AMONG the natural qualifications necessary to success at the Bar, one of the principal is that of courage. MR. CHAMBERS, Q.C., is endowed with a large share of this forensic requisite, if, in the course of his address to the jury on the WINDHAM case, the ensuing passage, reported as part of that oration, really occurred:—

"He was quite convinced that the jury, understanding, as they now did, the principles which were to govern them in their decision, must inevitably come to the conclusion, that it was their duty to guard MR. WINDHAM by their verdict in his present state of mind from being victimised, and injured, and destroyed, by persons who were ever ready to prey upon weakness, especially when that weakness was accompanied by wealth or moderate means."

The courage which GENERAL WINDHAM has had the credit of having displayed at the Redan, nay, that which the boldest of British grenadiers undoubtedly did display at Alma and Inkermann, is less remarkable than that instanced by GENERAL WINDHAM's counsel in the above remark—if he made it. NELSON on the quarter-deck of the Victory with his decorations on his breast, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON at Waterloo, "a walkin' about amongst the red-hot cannon-balls," regardless of circumstances, as the showman says, are nothing in comparison to MR. CHAMBERS at the Sessions House, Westminster, before MASTER SAM. WARREN. When the fact is considered that, at the time when the foregoing words were uttered the lawyers concerned in the Windham Lunacy Commission had already nearly eaten up MR. WINDHAM's estate, and devoured a vast deal more of his property than any of the rogues, blackguards, and improper persons with whom he wasted it in riotous living, the courage which could enable one of the chief of those lawyers, and of those particular lawyers, moreover, by whose agency the proceedings were instituted, to allude to people by whom his client's nephew was in danger of being "victimised, injured, and destroyed," appears immense. Talk no more of ALEXANDER, or PERICLES, or CONON, or LYSANDER, or ALCIBIADES. Of all the gallant heroes, whether of antiquity or modern times, there's no one to compare with MR. CHAMBERS, except the GRACCHI complaining of sedition, pro-

vided always that MR. CHAMBERS really did ask the jury to protect MR. WINDHAM, by declaring him a lunatic, from persons who were likely to victimise, injure, and destroy him. There ought to be a Cross of an Order of Forensic Valour instituted to reward the daring of learned gentlemen who venture to say such things. It is needless to add that such a decoration should be made out of the brightest brass.

HOPELESS JUSTICE.

MR. HUBBARD is the man for CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, if the plan of taxation which he proposes is as practicable as the principle whereon he bases it is just. At Buckingham, the other day, he told his audience that,—

"His scheme provided that men should be taxed according to their power of spending."

In these few words lies the answer to the pedantic moral idiots who keep insisting, in the face of common sense, that all incomes ought to be taxed at equal rates. Ability to buy is ability to pay. It is folly to live up to an uncertain income as nearly as prudence would allow if it were a certain one. The folly of such expenditure is immense, and just equal in magnitude to the injustice of corresponding taxation. The measure of the fools on the one hand is that of the rogues on the other. But these are truisms which MR. HUBBARD must not expect to persuade gentlemen of independent property to consider.

Specially Retained.

DR. GWYN, according to the reports in the Windham nuisance, seems to have appeared in Court for the sole purpose of laughing at MR. CHAMBERS. The Doctor was removed. This was unfair. In all important cases somebody should attend to represent the feeling of the public.

APPENDIX TO DARWIN'S ORIGIN OF SPECIES.



habitants living in wigwams, wearing top-knots and moccasins, and having their copper-coloured faces tattooed. The representatives of the present Yankees will then perhaps be armed with tomahawks, rush to the fight with a war-whoop, scalp their enemies slain in

Several scientific observers, of late years, have noticed the fact, that the physiognomy of the American of the United States is beginning to exhibit a resemblance to that of the Red Indian. The barbarous act of sinking a stone-fleet at the entrance of Charleston Harbour, and the ferocity with which the permanent ruin of that port and city was anticipated by the Northern Press, indicate an internal and moral change corresponding to that of the exterior. Vindictive war is as characteristic as lankiness of features, or a sallow complexion. It may be that when LORD MACAULAY'S New Zealander, after having visited London Bridge, shall extend his peregrination to New York, he will find the site of that once populous city to have reverted to hunting-grounds; their in-

battle, and torture their prisoners at the stake. Such is the level of humanity to which the people who have outraged civilisation by a crime against the commerce of the world are too evidently descending. Their posterity when about to go forth to battle will put on their war-paint, and even now, perhaps, the Government of Mr. LINCOLN might supply a powerful stimulus to valour, by issuing some pots of that ornamental material to the Federal army.

A LUNATIC PROCEEDING.

GENTLEMEN of the long robe, *Punch* will put a case.

Supposing it be questioned (by an interested relative) if A. B. be mentally fit to manage his own property. What, then, is the proper course to be pursued? Clearly, is it not to take away his property? And what so sure a way to do this as a law-suit, the costs whereof are so enormous that the property is certain to be swallowed up by them?

This is the course prescribed by the Wisdom of the Law, and no one but a lunatic would ever doubt its efficacy.

ANIMAL SPIRITS.

ONE of the distinguishing traits of animal spirits must be, we fancy, a *horse laugh*.

"ADDICTUS JURARE."

THE *Friend of India* is a party whose friendship has been so creditably manifested, in other words, the paper is so much more respectable than a good many of the Indian journals, that Mr. *Punch* quotes from it without the hesitation which would arise in his mind, were he asked to remark upon one of those paragraphs, reeking with slang and bitter beer, in which fast officers and spiteful civilians abuse one another and their betters in the columns of the Indian Press.

The following statement, which Mr. *Punch* can only describe as Truly Awful, appears in the *Friend of India*, and has been copied into English journals.

Alluding to a row which is said to have occurred between H.R.H. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and LORD WILLIAM PAULET (son of the last MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER) at Portsmouth, the writer says that the Duke, who went down to inspect the division comprising the garrison, which is commanded by LORD WILLIAM,—

"Found fault with the regiments and manoeuvres, and 'pitched into' all concerned, not excepting the commanding officers, with a free use of certain epithets which gentlemen do not indulge in towards each other in the ordinary intercourse of society, although occasionally perhaps a groom or valet may come in for a share of such imprecations on their visual organs."

Well, supposing this to be so, great men lived before AGAMEMNON, and great men swore before—that is to say, previously to the swearing by—the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. "Our army swore terribly in Flanders," and up to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S time, inclusive, the practice was not discontinued. Of course, we know that, now, the tone of feeling in the Army is such that the most fiery young ensign would blush like a young lady were he overheard to make, under the strongest excitement, the faintest reference to the personage who, according to MR. J. MILTON, offered that remarkably neat Address to the Sun. But H.R.H. belongs to the Old School, and is a Pre-Minié-ite, and so on. It seems however, that LORD WILLIAM PAULET did not make allowance for the Duke's historical position, turned sulky, and when the Commander-in-Chief went to LORD WILLIAM'S house at night, everybody was there except the host. He, being sent for, remitted "his compliments, and could not come." How far, under any provocation, a nobleman is right in absenting himself from his house when an invited guest attends (let the provocation to absence be what it may), is a question for the author of the *Handbook of Etiquette*. However, negotiations and representations were made, and the Duke behaved like a man and a prince. Says the writer,—

"On the part of H.R.H. the fullest and most satisfactory apology was offered, and for the evening things passed off. Next day the principal officers were assembled and addressed by the Duke, who said he wished to retract anything he might have hurriedly said before them respecting LORD WILLIAM, who he thought deserved the best credit for the condition in which he had his division, and he added that they would see his real opinion in a General Order he was about to issue. Accordingly an order was published, signed by SIR RICHARD ARMY, the Quartermaster-General, in itself an unusual proceeding. In this the Commander-in-Chief highly compli-

mented LORD WILLIAM PAULET, and all concerned, on the 'marked' efficiency and thoroughly satisfactory state of the garrison, and said that it reflected the greatest possible credit on them."

Now Mr. *Punch* has very little to say upon all this, and that little shall not be long. He was always partial to his friend GEORGE, and likes him very much for having been prompt to make atonement to a gentleman's feelings. It was done, if the statements in this article be accurate, in a handsome and chivalrous manner. But—

Which view of the case was the right one, that which elicited from a keen and accomplished soldier a torrent of angry rebuke, or that on which the General Order was based?

If the latter, of course, the Duke did quite right in retracting the rebuke, and praising up the Portsmouth Garrison. But if the former, it does look as if the exceeding good-nature of the Duke, and his desire to heal his subordinate's broken head, induced him to put on the plaster at the expense of the interests of H.R.H.'s Cousin's Army. The writer in the *Friend* says—

"I do not 'answer for the correctness of the details,' but of the main fact I have very little doubt. It is not the first time that this impetuosity of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and his habit of swearing at officers has brought him into the undignified position of having to eat his own words. It is a fact of which I am personally cognisant, that SIR JOHN PERSKENTHROP tendered his resignation of the Aldershot command on more than one occasion, because of the language used to him by the Duke, and that the resignation was only withdrawn on an apology being made. It is also said that on one occasion some officer fought his Royal Highness with his own weapons, and returned his oaths with compound interest."

Well, Mr. *Punch* appends this last paragraph because he would much prefer to believe that a gallant and hasty Prince is in the habit of giving his tongue the rein in an old-fashioned and undesirable manner, than that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army would look over important faults for the sake of making things pleasant. Swearing is very wrong, very vulgar, and very nonsensical; but it is not so objectionable as over-looking errors which we are bound in duty to correct. On the whole, therefore, Mr. *Punch*, who does not forget that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE shared the dangers of the Crimea, and has since done his work in the best way he could, according to his lights, thinks that GEORGE had better call on him at No. 85, and be talked to a little. But if he is busy, he may just take this hint. Let him be as vigilant, exacting, and resolved as becomes the British C. in C., but instead of expressing in modern English any indignation he may feel, let H.R.H. take a leaf out of *Rabelais*. When the excellent *Panurge* was in a frantic passion, but had reasons for not giving it vent, he called a page unto him, and said, "My pretty little boy, take my cap and spectacles (having a care you do not break them), go down into the court below, and swear for me for half an hour. I will do the same for thee another time." Let our friend G. P. call a red-faced *aide-de-camp*, give him his cocked-hat and feathers, and bid him go to the nearest barrack, and blaze away until further notice. So shall the dignity of the Duke and the interests of the Army be equally and happily preserved.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



Y DEAR PUNCH,—Now that America possesses what in fine writing is called a 'theatre of war' (if that can rightly be termed 'war' which consists in standing still and staring at each other across a bit of river, at the cost of something over two million pounds per day), it would seem that in America the business at the other theatres is also at a stand-still; at least if one may guess so from the number of performers who have lately left the States, and now are acting on our

Stage. Of Mrs. CONWAY, Mrs. BOWERS, Mr. SOTHERN, Mr. BOOTH, I have already spoken as recently arriving; and half a score of others I might easily have named, had I found a suitable occasion so to do. Among them Miss JANE COOMBS, I think, deserves a word of notice, if only for the reason that the newspapers in general, without pointing out her faults, have given her such faint praise as has been held there condemnation. I did not see her in the *Love Chase*, for I still have Mrs. NISSET too much in my mind's eye to give a quite unbiased look at any barely-tried successor; and having seen her in the *Honeymoon* I can well conceive Miss COOMBS could scarce have given full force to such a character as *Constance*, that 'ebullient heroine,' as I find one critic calls her. But Miss COOMBS is very clearly an actress of much promise, and this promise one may hope ere no far distant date to see her realise in performance. She has a pleasant face and person, and a full rich voice, which she uses without mouthing, or ruining it by rant. Besides, she has a far more lady-like demeanour than is at all common just at present on our Stage; and she has withal that delicacy of gesture and graceful ease of movement which, if not inborn by nature, are not readily acquired. It may indeed be urged that she acts somewhat too tamely, and barely gives a passion vent; but this is a less fault than that of over-acting, and one that it is generally more easy to correct. The *Honeymoon* requires a lady, though a savage one; and I thought her scenes of savagery were very fairly done. She was fiery and wilful, without being quite so blustering as the *Countess* is too often; and the quiet tenderness with which she paid her husband's first praise with a kiss was womanlike in its impulsiveness, and touching in its contrast to her previous wilder mood.

"Miss COOMBS's place is now supplied by Mr. SOTHERN, whose quaintly funny *Lord Dundreary* is as humorous a novelty as one would wish to see. Whether Mr. SOTHERN can play other parts than those of stupid-witted stuttering dandies, it remains yet to be seen; but he at least deserves our thanks for having shown us a new specimen of the genus Swell, quite different from any we have yet seen on the Stage. Another curious character, imported likewise from the States, is the genu-ine Yankee Gal that Mrs. FLORENCE was, I fancy, the first to introduce to us. She and her husband have been playing where *Othello* not long since apostrophised his looking-glass, and feared to make the chaste stars blush for his complexion. To the lovely *Willow Song*, profaned, as purists think, by being sung as a street-chorus, have succeeded '*Bobbing Aracooni*,' and '*My Maiair Aicann*,' melodies which clearly must have something more in them than cynics seem to think, or an enlightened British public would surely not have been so smitten with them when they first came out, nor be still content to listen whenever they are sung. It is scarce too much to say, that Mrs. FLORENCE sings these gems as no one else can sing them, for she can squeak at least six octaves higher than most vocalists, and the sharp shrill notes she utters are quite enough to save her songs from falling flat.

"I suppose her *Yankee Gal* is no likelier to be met with in American society than is the *Irish Boy* presented by her husband; who in that vilely stupid, trashy piece, the *Irish Emigrant*, failed to draw a laugh so well as Mr. DREW. But the character is one of those eccentric whimsicalities, which by way of novelty may now and then be tolerated, and need not be much criticised so long as they amuse. What such couples might do had they good pieces to work upon, is a problem that remains for futurity to solve. The rule at present seems to be, that any sort of rubbish will serve them as a groundwork: and I never yet have witnessed an exception to this rule. Certainly, whatever be the failing of Miss COOMBS, no one can accuse her countrywoman, when acting as the *Yankee Gal*, of 'apathetic histrionism.' Her drolleries are somewhat cut-and-dried, may be; but she acts in real earnest, and the force of her *vis comica* would pull through a worse piece than the one she has been playing in, if it be conceivable there could be a worse piece. Her humour is as broad as a fashionable petticoat, but (to carry out the simile) though one may not much admire it, at least it serves to make one laugh. The silliest of small talk is somehow sure to win a smile, when spoken in that high-pitched nasal Yankee voice; and the quaint, queer jerky gestures, and odd bobs by way of courtesy, wherewith the *Yankee Housekeeper* accompanies her talk, are enough to make a critic even break into a grin. The house was most hilarious the evening I attended, and as laughing is infectious, I felt compelled to join in it. But even had I been in the most vinegarish of moods, I think I must have smiled to hear

those wondrous little squeaks which Mrs. FLORENCE now and then so drolly introduces; and which would almost make one fancy that she had been taking lessons from the tiniest of kittens, and that the squeakiest of guinea-pigs had long formed her daily food.

"Of the pantomime at this house I have scarce room now to speak; except to say Miss HARRIS is a lively young *Dick Whittington*, and MASTER HASLEM a most active and intelligent *Tom Cat*. His feats on the *trapeze* are such as, I suppose, no cat has ever yet attempted, even on the tiles; and the dearest old maid's tabby has never yet displayed more affection for its mistress, than the feeling for his master this extremely faithful creature in his feline way displays.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

THE "TUSCARORA."

(Air, "The Arctura.")

COME list my song, you sailors bold,
Beneath both Stars and Stripes enrolled.
—The original Stars and Stripes whose fold

Flies aboard o' the *Tuscarora*;
And the younger flag at the *Nashville's* peak,
In Southampton Dock for this many a week,
With fewer stars and scantier bars—
Both CAPTAIN PEAGRIM's gallant tars,
And those with CRAVEN, brave as Mars,
Aboard o' the *Tuscarora*.

'Gainst unarmed ships both craft are brave,
But how in fighting they'd behave,
Is just the point both captains waive—

Of *Nashville* and *Tuscarora*;
There's PEAGRIM, like a 'cute old fox,
Still berthed in snug Southampton Docks,
Not a step he'll budge from the safe dock-sledge,
For he's up to CRAVEN's cruising ledge,
And he knows that they owe him a tidy grudge,
Aboard o' the *Tuscarora*.

There's CRAVEN swears he don't care a straw
For Old World international law,
And British rights are called "slack-jaw,"

Aboard o' the *Tuscarora*;
"His signal-men he'll send ashore;
He'll cruise the Solent o'er and o'er"—
But the *Dauntless* so free, she says, says she,
"Here's CAPTAIN LEOPOLD HEATH, C.B.,
That sort o' thing won't stand—not he—
Not e'en from the *Tuscarora*."

Give England a wide enough berth, we say,
And yard-arm to yard-arm you're free to lay,
And hammer and tongs you may pound away,
Both *Nashville* and *Tuscarora*;
We don't see any great call to brag
Of the deeds done under either flag—
The *Nashville* may search the *Harvey Birch*,
Or CRAVEN may PEAGRIM's laurels smirch,
And the *Nashville* go down with a roll and a lurch,
To the guns of the *Tuscarora*.

But one thing we don't mean to stand
Within short hail of England's strand,
That's a brother's blood on a brother's hand,
In *Nashville* or *Tuscarora*;
Whichever craft the fight begin,
No honour in such a strife she'll win;
And PEAGRIM will rue, and CRAVEN, too,
(If, as I think, they're good men and true)
The first broadside of the *Nashville's* two,
Or the ten of the *Tuscarora*.

Delusive Puffery.

OLD boys are beginning to complain that jam-puffs are not what they used to be. The puffs of the present day are almost all paste and hardly any jam. There exists a correspondence of tastes and fashions. As the paste is to the jam of a puff, so is the muslin to the person of a fashionable lady. A raspberry jam-puff is a sham and an illusion. It is hardly too bad to say, such is woman!



THE ARSENIC WALTZ.

THE NEW DANCE OF DEATH. (DEDICATED TO THE GREEN WREATH AND DRESS-MONGERS.)

"PULLING UP IN TIME."

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And he spent too much on powder and on lead, lead, lead :
And the constable so far
Outran for ships of war,
And soldiers, that quite dry his purse he bled, bled, bled.

Then his neighbours all began
To abuse this little man,
For a nuisance and a mischief and a pest, pest, pest ;
And his tenants they all swore
They would stand the screw no more,
And "*L'Empire c'est la paye*" was aught but jest, jest, jest.

Till at last this little man,
Not a bit too soon, began
His in-comings and out-goings to o'erhaul, haul, haul ;
And this truth he did perceive,
Those who spend ere they receive,
Will wind up with no revenue at all, all, all.

Then he summoned MONSIEUR FOULD,
An Israelite well schooled
In Debtor and in Creditor accounts, 'counts, 'counts ;
And he said, "Pray let me know
Exactly what I owe ;
I'm afraid to something heavyish it amounts, 'mounts, 'mounts ?"

MONSIEUR FOULD went through his books,
With extremely serious looks,
And a long face at the balance-sheet did pull, pull, pull ;
"Forty millions, Sir," said he,
"As far as I can see,
Is the sum to your discredit, stated full, full, full.

"There's the funded debt beside,
But o'er that a man can tide,
(As witness MR. BULL, across the way, way, way) ;
But you really ought to get
Rid of all this floating debt,
And pull up, if you ever mean to pay, pay, pay."

"Oh, dear, it costs a wrench,
One's expenses to retrench !"
The little man exclaimed with a tear, tear, tear :
"But if I must, I must ;
So I'll e'en down with the dust,
Which in Europe I've kicked up this many a year, year, year.

"I'll give up my drums and noise,
And my military toys,
I'll do with fewer soldiers, ships and guns, guns, guns ;
And I'll lay a nice new tax
On my loving subjects' backs,
And 'twixt two screws, up and down, pay off my duns, duns, duns.

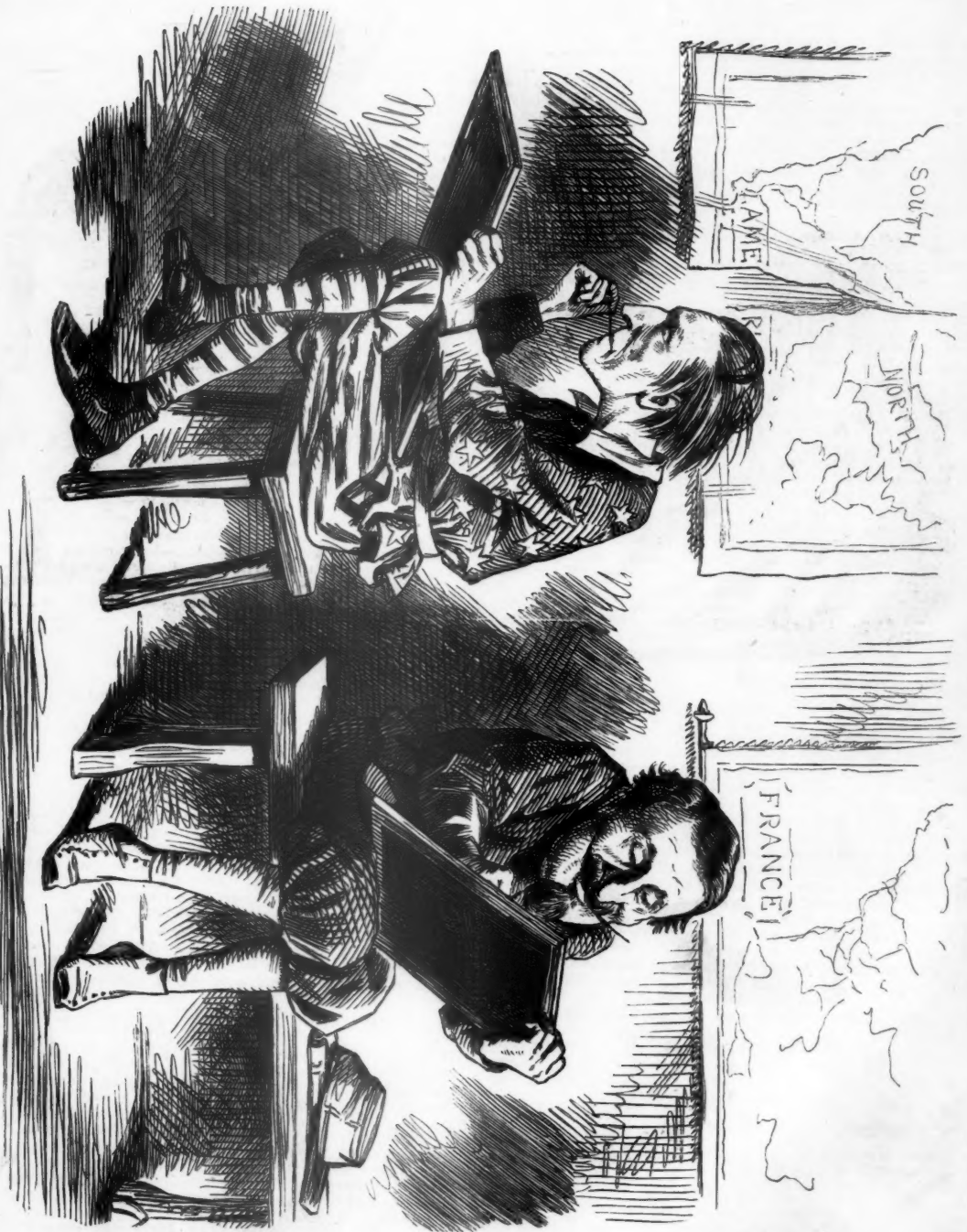
"Wars and war-intrigues I'll cease,
Take to trade and arts of Peace,
Be a moral, mild and quiet little man, man, man ;
Till even MR. BULL,
Gives me confidence, as full
As before "*Le Vol de l'Aigle*" first began, 'gan, 'gan."

Latest from Washington.

BY OUR CLAIRVOYANT CORRESPONDENT.

Notice of Motion, April the First.—In the House of Representatives MR. LOVEJAW, otherwise LOVEJOY, the honourable representative of Rowdydom, to move :—That Great Britain be blotted out of the map of Europe, and that the respected Editor of the *New York Herald* be forthwith commissioned to supply the ink.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 8, 1863.



POLITICAL ARITHMETIC.

MASTER JONATHAN. "GUESS I'M IN COMPOUND ADDITION AND LONG DIVISION!"

MASTER LOUIS. "AH! I'M JUST BEGINNING REDUCTION."



THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

From the "Times," Friday, May 2, 1862.

THE above heading is rather Hibernian. Yesterday was appointed for the opening of the International Exhibition, and the magnificent show was ready in all its gorgeousness. But as there cannot be a dinner without guests, there can hardly be a show without visitors. The officials had all arrived over-night, and by dint of cigars and an early breakfast (whose goodness was, we hope, an omen of the way in which refreshments will be served) managed to wile away the hours until the doors were set open. Then they calmly awaited the anticipated rush. But no rush took place. Nobody came in. At first it was apprehended that some asinine policemen must have exerted their usual intelligence, and opened everything except the outer barriers, and after a pause, secretaries rushed out to behold. But all was open, including the mouths of the astonished officials themselves. Not a visitor arrived. Almanacs were hastily consulted, lest by some wild mischance the wrong day had been fixed on. No, the day was all right. After a time scouts were sent out, and presently a dismal rumour, travelling with the accustomed speed of bad news, revealed the awful mystery. The whole World had stuck fast in Brompton. The expected Lock had occurred, and the terrific array of vehicles, extending from the Narrows to Bow, had pressed forward, and the fix had become inextricable. Various suggestions were made in the despair of the moment. The military naturally recommended artillery, the lawyers wished to disperse the crowd by reading the Riot Act, and the *Saturday Reviewers* were for throwing cold water on everything by means of fire-engines. What will be done we know not. The beautiful day passed, the night descended, and the World was still stuck in Brompton. We shall see what to-day brings forth.

From the "Telegraph."

"Open, Sesame!" was all very well, but when the cave was open, what use, if the band would not, or could not advance? The Oriental story was delightfully illustrated yesterday. The International Exhibition was ready, but nobody could get into it. The army of visitors was irredeemably blocked up in the defiles of Brompton, and but for supplies, hospitably furnished at extortionate rates, by the tradesfolk of that suburb, must have perished from want. It was impossible to advance, and a retreat was still more impossible. *Non concessere columnæ*, that is to say, the dense columns could make no concessions. SIR LEICESTER DEDLOCK, Baronet, was the Lord of Misrule on the First of May. We have been and put our foot in it, that is certain, though not in the Exhibition. LOUIS NAPOLEON has been telegraphed for, and replies that he is coming with his *Sapeurs*, a righteous reproach to the Saps who ought to have provided against such a national disgrace. Meantime, the World is stuck in Brompton.

From the "Morning Advertiser."

"*Proprii quo Marius tribuitur, masculinus focus*," as HORACE says, but neither *maribus* nor *horibus*, to speak facetiously, had a chance yesterday in the focus to which all were attracted at Brompton. There was a dead lock, and the key had not been found by a living soul up to midnight, when, liking early hours, we left the hostelry of that excellent Licensed Victualler (and governor of the schools) MR. BUNG, of the Blue Pig. It is truly disgraceful that no approaches should have been made, and we feel inclined to exclaim with CATILINE, *Quousque tandem*, only the thought of a tandem or any other vehicle aggravates us into irritation. The Exhibition is a splendid success, but what is the use of the finest cask of XXX if you cannot tap it? The whole World is stuck in Brompton.

From the "Morning Star."

We augured as much! The demon Mars has achieved another of his brutal victories. The International Exhibition stands a frowning monument of our wickedness. Now, perhaps, the haughty aristocrats who adopted the design of a military man, a Captain in the Engineers, instead of taking the beautiful plan furnished by a Sunday-school teacher of Cwmmyrogwithrian, may have grace to blush at the result of their schemes. The World is stuck in Brompton! There is as dead a lock as the aristocracy desire to see in politics. Not a vehicle can stir, and fearfully the red lions, rampant eagles, and gules quarterings of heraldic slang are being scratched and pounded in the confusion. We have much sympathy for the exhibitors, especially, of course, for those from America, whose wares far exceed in beauty all those of the rest of the world, but we cannot feel for the titled Obstructives, who now know what Obstruction means. The remedy would be easy to all but the bloated minions of a mock civilisation. Let them all get out and walk. The roads are muddy, doubtless—then they are still more fitted for the muddy-headed *sobriety* who ever seek the dirtiest paths. A great political lesson is read in the fastnesses of Brompton.

From the "Literary Gazette."

Disgraceful! *C'est la plus mauvaise jour du l'An*, that Thursday, that miserable *Vendredi*. The Exhibition, International as it is affectedly called, but Irrational, as we humbly take leave to indicate it, in not, we are informed, highly pre-eminent, but as the promoters did not think fit to send us their advertisements and free admissions, we do not speak *proprio manu*, though such a trumpety consideration would not have deviated us into ungenerous criticism. But we really do believe that there is nothing in the Exhibition worth seeing. That, however, is matter of opinion, and *magnum est veritas*. Many thousands of people wished to see for themselves, and such a lot of carriages was never beheld. But *le homme propose*—the proverb, as *Macbeth* says, is something fusty. We ourselves resolved to do justice, and "chartered" two cabs, in which we inserted ourselves and all our subscribers, and drove towards the site. Sight, did we say? We take a sight at the whole concern.

From the "Saturday Review."

CHEOPS was a man of the world, as well as a King, and if THRASYBULUS HALICARNASSUS may be believed, (and in spite of NICOPHORUS and MR. GROTE, we have a lingering faith in the old Manicheist,) he invited all his people to the inauguration of his Pyramid. He had performed some ultra-Gladstonianisms in the way of making them pay for it, and the onerous memoranda which they would encounter in their way to the base might remind a good many of them that there was no Ten Hours Act for the working folk of Egypt. But not LOUIS NAPOLEON knows the way to the hearts of his frivolous constituents better than did CHEOPS know how to please the Delta and the Thebais. He gave them a great show, and we dare say that leeks and onions were liberally distributed by a Committee of the Coptic Agricultural Association. Probably, too, he had religious rites, and we are at liberty to believe that in this case, the composition of the BISHOP of LISA was in better vernacular than anything with which we have been lately afflicted from the hand of the BISHOP of OXFORD. One thing, however, we may venture to state, with Spurgeonian dogmatism, that KING CHEOPS did not do. He did not deliberately trap his people into a sort of ambush, worse than the Minotaur's labyrinth, and then mock their sufferings from the stone threshold of the Pyramid. One would have thought, from the dead, still calm of the lock at Brompton on Thursday, that Medusa's Head had been at work there, only that it was painfully clear no head at all had been used in the blundering business.

A POLITE NOTE TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CORPS LEGISLATIF.

MR. JOHN BULL presents his compliments to COUNT MORNAY, and begs the COUNT to correct a statement made by him the other day at a sitting of the Corps Legislatif. MR. BULL is informed by MR. REUTER'S telegram that COUNT MORNAY, in his opening speech on that occasion, was pleased to say:—"In the whole world there does not exist a single Government, nor a single people, which is not distressed by a grave crisis." MR. JOHN BULL, as the representative of the English people, begs distinctly to protest that he has nothing grave or serious the matter with him, certainly no fever, or any other disorder in which a crisis can occur, and also that the Government of LORD PALMERSTON is by no means in a critical condition. MR. BULL is thankful to say that he is as well upon the whole as a gentleman of his years, who has lived pretty freely, can expect to be, and has nothing much to complain of beyond the burdens natural to his time of life, except a little obstruction in the cotton-works which he is troubled with just now, but of which he looks confidently forward to the ultimate if not speedy removal. MR. JOHN BULL hopes, therefore, that COUNT MORNAY will take an opportunity of qualifying the generally correct statement, that every Government and every people in the whole world is distressed by a grave crisis, with the requisite exception. MR. BULL prays the COUNT MORNAY to accept the assurance of his distinguished consideration.

Yankee Classics.

MR. LOVEJOY, the Hater of England, the Hamilar who swears all his little Hannibals to the work of destroying that air-tarantula old aristocratic Iniquity, has read in a schoolbook he has evidently prigged from one of the Hannibals, (probably his VIRGIL crib,) something about *Aeneas*. LOVEJOY states that a reference to the Trent affair reminds him of *Aeneas's* celebrated *Infandum, Regina*. He is more like *Aeneas* than he knows, for what that pious party was thinking of was his ultra-precipitate retreat (leaving his Baggage) from Troy—a feat uncommonly like the movement at Bull's Run—yes, Sir!

THE LAW'S NEXT MOVE.—(It is hoped.)—FROM the WINDHAM to the REFORM.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

TERRIFIED SPINSTER. "Oh, Mr. Policeman, I do believe here is one of those Ruffianly Libertines about to speak to me."

A LAST WORD ON THE WINDHAM CASE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"In common, I imagine, with the rest of my profession, I have taken a great interest in this delightful trial, and have especially been pleased to see that no pains have been spared to make it as expensive as possibly could be. The way in which a score of witnesses have been brought to give the evidence that one would have sufficed to give, has appeared to me a triumph of professional ability; and indeed, the utter recklessness of cost which has on both sides marked the conduct of the case, has afforded me the greatest satisfaction and delight. In fact, the whole proceedings have been, with one exception, a source of unmixed pleasure to me; and for upwards of six weeks, while the case has been continued, I have almost daily had an extra relish for my breakfast in reading how the trial has been cleverly prolonged.

"The exception I allude to is, however, a most painful one, and I much regret to say that a lawyer is the cause of it. If I believe the *Times* reporter, MR. CHAMBERS, in the course of his last speech for the petitioners (which he skillfully contrived to extend over three days), by a sad accident let fall the remark that—

"MR. WINDHAM, since he came of age, had enjoyed the services of no fewer than seven attorneys, which was in itself a proof of weakness of mind."

"Of course I cannot but regard this as a slip of the tongue, for which I doubt not MR. CHAMBERS would most readily apologise were an apology demanded on behalf of those maligned. For surely, Sir, a barrister who has to thank attorneys for giving him his work, would never cast a shadow of a shade of ill opinion on them, except by some such accident as must have here occurred. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest; and though MR. C. be now at the top of the tree, he should not throw bad words on those who are beneath him, and who have been his support.

"As for saying that employing six or seven of us attorneys is 'in itself a proof of weakness of mind,' that surely is a dictum which no good lawyer would make, not merely because it casts an odium upon

his profession, but because it is, I think, ill-founded and untenable as a point of law. If MR. CHAMBERS really thought what he hastily alleged, why did he not adduce the seven attorneys as his witnesses, if the fact of their employment was a 'proof of MR. WINDHAM'S weakness of mind'? But no, of course he spoke in haste, and I doubt not has since felt ashamed of what he said. Had I been on the jury and such evidence had been brought, I should have held it quite conclusive of MR. WINDHAM'S sanity, and a proof of more than common, rather than deficient, strength of sound good sense, and highly-cultured faculties of judgment and of mind. Some young men delight in broughams, and some in breeding race-horses; but to spend one's money freely among a lot of lawyers is surely a more sensible and proper way of getting rid of it. Indulgence in the costly luxury of law is clearly far more rational than keeping packs of hounds, and so by gradual extravagance going to the dogs. A man who spends his income chiefly on his lawyers is a wise, judicious, noble benefactor of his species, and could not possibly employ it to any better end.

"Viewed merely as a charity, such a course, it must be owned, deserves the highest praise. We poor attorneys have of late been terribly impoverished, and are almost all of us reduced well nigh to starving. What are called 'reforms' have ruined us by hundreds, and yet the public cruelly abstains from compensation. Many a legal web would be closed in grim despair, were it not kept open for the chance of some such fat young bluebottle as WINDHAM slipping into it, and helping to replenish the exhausted legal larder. In short, more deserving objects for compassion and for charity it were impossible to name, than the poverty-stricken creatures, seven of whose number he has nobly helped to feed; and while offering him my gratitude for aiding my poor brothers, I can only add my most sincere regret that I was not one of them. Had I only been so, I should have been delighted to propose a Testimonial to our common client, as a mark of our respect, admiration, and esteem; say, for instance, a full schedule of the costs, or rather charities, we had all received from him, with the words '*Wat are Seven*,' engrossed neatly at its foot.

"I am, Sir, yours and MR. WINDHAM'S great admirer,

"SIX AND EIGHTPENCE."

THE PLAGUE OF EDUCATION.

SOME things there are that should be done,
But shouldn't be debated,
Since neither interest nor fun
They yield when ventilated.
Of these there's one, the subject, now,
Of endless dissertation,
And controversy, bow-wow-wow!
And that is Education.

Minutes of Council, training schools,
State grants, and pupil-teachers,
New regulations, other rules
Discussed by tiresome creatures;
Oh, prose, dull, weary, dreary, dry,
Beyond all toleration!
Oh, bosh that's talked and written by
Slow Sticks on Education!

Dense blue-books of enormous size,
Commissions and inspections,
Reports, and questions, and replies,
Proposals and objections;
One day an idle meeting, next,
A maundering deputation,
Whereby the Minister is vexed,
And plagued with Education.

Then evermore to make ado
Sectarians take occasion;
For children's minds they must imbue
With this or that persuasion.
No school for us without a creed,
Cries each denomination;
So bigotry and cant impede
The work of Education.

What fuss! Can't little boys be taught,
And little girls, without it?
We ought to do the work, and ought
To say no more about it.
Forbear, ye leaden Pumps, to pour
Cascades of declamation,
Oh, spare us that eternal bore,
The theme of Education!

"STILL HARPING."



fied in putting the Government of the United States to any expense for Washing-Crystals, Bug-Powders, or any other of your inventions; but I make no doubt that they are excellent things, and that your purpose will be answered by the publication of this letter. As my grandfather, the late SHAKESPEARE, observes,—

"Could'st thou but wash the linen of my land,
Could'st thou but catch the vermin what infects her,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
And then do it again."

"But, under the circumstances, all I can do is to subscribe myself, your obedient servant,
"London, Feb. 1."

"CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS."

LESION OF THE LUNGS OF LONDON.

ANOTHER wound, alas! is about to be inflicted on the lungs of London. The right lung, as we may call Kensington Gardens, is doomed to be traversed by an incision extending from Bayswater to Kensington Gore. This cut, which is meant to connect those parts, will go deep into the substance of the lung, in order that communication may be established below the surface, thus producing less disfigurement than what would attend a section barely superficial.

The necessity for opening this artificial channel in one of our most vital regions, is created by the Great Exhibition, which represents those paramount material interests whereunto an enlightened taste has decided that in future we must sacrifice every other consideration.

Still trees, buds, blossoms, greensward, have their charms, inferior as these may be considered to the poetry of furniture, and other manufactures of a rich and magnificent kind. Trees, moreover, and other natural objects, serve purposes of some utility, as well as the various articles of luxury and convenience which are made out of them. They have certain spiritual uses which minister to mental wants; turf spangled with daisies and buttercups, for instance, and shrubs in bloom, will shed on the soul of any one who has such a thing, an influence which is not exactly the same as that exhaled by a Kidderminster carpet, or by a wreath of artificial roses, albeit inside a bonnet, or even by any but the very rarest of faces inside of the wreath.

These things considered, it seems very desirable that, as soon as the approaching Great Exhibition is over, the opening which will have been made through Kensington Gardens should be closed immediately, and healed with all possible despatch.

Bayswater, however, wants a short cut to Kensington, and Kensington to Bayswater. But the cut need not be made through either of the intermediate lungs of London. It might go beneath them so as to avoid the lungs. A tunnel would answer the purposes of unsightly traffic, and suit the convenience of persons who would have any prospect, not their own private property, destroyed, rather than consent to go a few yards out of their way.

FAVOURITE AMERICAN DISH.

WILKES, in pickle from the English rod.

THE MODERN TEACHER OF GEOGRAPHY.—WAR.

THE HUBBARD MYTH.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,
"THE *Times* begins a leader, 'MR. HUBBARD is great at a Negative.' This does not mean that the M.P. for Buckingham is a photographer, but refers to the character of his politics. But he is hardly to be blamed for this characteristic. It is hereditary. The distinguished lady who founded the house of Hubbard, or at all events whose history invariably occurs to us when the name is mentioned, was in the same line. She is first presented to us in connection with a double negative, as every child will remember. Perhaps the whole story is a myth, symbolising the Church Rate question on which her descendant is busied. The Poor Dog who wanted a Bone may symbolise the Dissenter who very properly wished to finish the Bone of Contention. MR. HUBBARD sought in his Cupboard, that is, his intellectual resources, but the Cupboard was Bare, that is, his scheme was futile, and so the poor Dog got none, or rather, the Church Rate question was left unsettled.

"ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF ESSAYS AND
REVIEWS."
"Court of Arches."

Philidor in Arms.

MR. PAUL MORPHY, the wonderful American Chess-player, has abandoned the Chess-board, in order to enter the Federal Army. He will find his own tactics already in use there, with a slight variation. The leaders have been playing a dozen different games, blindfold,—only they have not won any of them. The last move, by telegraph, are White takes Castle (useless move) and Black gives check. Of course Queen cannot interpose.

MONEY ARTICLE ON AMERICA.

IN the Yankee House of Representatives, the other day, MR. VAL-LANDINGHAM introduced and carried a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish the sum total of the floating debt of the United States, giving, as far as practicable, the heads under which the said debt may be arranged. The heads under which the United States debt, whether floating or foundering, may be most correctly arranged, are, one would think, loggerheads, which by going to with the South the North has incurred the necessity of borrowing money. The floating debt of the United States may be said to be represented by promises to pay in the shape of banknotes, specie payments having been suspended. As the old song says, "A guinea will sink, but a note it will float." The creditor of the United States might add, with a slight variation of the next line, "So I'd rather have a dollar than a one pound note," or a note for the equivalent of a pound in dollars. The United States debt is a floating debt, but the money which they borrowed is all sunk, to no better purpose than the vessels in Charleston Harbour. There is, however, some ground for the assertion that, since the Government of Washington has been reduced to fly kites, the debt of the United States is not a floating debt but a flying debt; but this is a question which we must leave for determination to the wit and wisdom of the Stock Exchange, where it will doubtless be generally remarked that the suspension of cash payments in the United States is a dolorous business particularly for those whom it will dish out of their dollars, and above all, for the Government which, having no more dollars, must come to grief. At the same institution, probably, the hope will, however, be expressed that, whatever heads the floating debt of the United States may have to be arranged under, the debtors, now themselves floating upon a sea of troubles, may, notwithstanding the ill-will which they have shown to this country, be enabled, after all, to keep their own heads above water.

The Double Verdict.

WINDHAM is sane; but England must be cracked
To bear such process as hath fixed the fact.

(Signed) PUNCH,
Grand Inquisitor.

"OUR AMERICAN COZEN."—Repudiation.



GRANDPAPA. "I'm afraid, Johnny, we shall not be able to get to the Bazaar to-day, while it rains thus."

JOHNNY. "Never mind, I'll tell you what; I'll toss you and Grandma 'odd man' with my Half-Crown!"

POEM BY VICTOR HUGO.

"VICTOR HUGO has just sent a piece of poetry to the KING OF THE BELGIANS, in which he seeks the pardon of nine assassins recently condemned to death in the province of Hainault."—*French Paper.*

"MR. PUNCH has been favoured with a copy of the poem, and subjoins a close translation."—*Mr. Punch.*

O!

King, though I love not kings, I call thee so,
And bid thee, in a carter's language, "Wo!"

Are they not Nine

Who pine

In those uncomfortable cells of thine?

O, think,

Upon the brink

Of Helicon, where flowers bend o'er to drink,

Fair Virgins sit, and hand in hand explore

All that of music, science, song, or lore

The Ages give as dower

To yonder mountain bower,

Virgins, with eyes that never dull or wink.

Daughters of Memory, in Pieria born,

With fingers rosy as the morn,

And ivory shoulders, gleaming in the ray

Of the warm god of day.

They smile,

And the swift-footed Hours beguile,

With converse sweet, and laughter fresh and gay;

Till some deep organ tone,

Some awful forest moan,

Stills them to silence. Come, old man, I say!

Calliope is there,

And Clio's golden hair,

And bright Melpomene's young face so fair,

Euterpe, graceful, bends
Beside her radiant friends
Erato ample, and Thalia spare,
And Polyhymnia sings,
And calm Urania brings
The wisdom that informs all heavenly things,
While, sipping sweetest chiorcy,
The star-adorned Terpsichore
Her dew-gemmed tresses to the wild wind flings.

O! LEOPOLD,

Once young, now rather old,

Bid thy grim-visaged executioner hold

The hand that seems to beg

To pull the peg

Of that dark guillotine at which I scold.

Nine Murderers lie in yonder prison cell,

Nine Muses on Boeotia's mountain dwell.

It is a Poet's Plea

Which I address to thee,

O, let them off, accept my simple letter,

And reason, for I have not got a better.

V. H.

Extract of a Letter from Paris.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that FRANCAPELLI, the gastronome, is to be raised to the dignity of Senator, with the title of DUKE OF RAGUSE (*Ragouts*)—the appointment offered and declined was that of Sous-Préfet (*Soupe Refait*)!!!

A WOODEN HOMEOPATHIST.

A NEW Medical Man has appeared, a Tree Doctor. He announces a course of treatment by which he can restore sick trees to health. But, as we understand his process, he prescribes nothing but a course of Bark.



PITIABLE OBJECTS.

Mr. Done (to Mr. Dreary). "No! I DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS—BUT I AIN'T THE THING SOMEHOW! NO EMBASSMENTS OR ANY THING O' THAT SORT. CAN'T MAKE IT OUT. S'POSE IT'S OVERWORK!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

1862. February 6, Thursday. Parliament re-assembled. The first paragraphs in the Royal Speech (delivered by the CHANCELLOR) and such portion of the debates as referred to them, demand graver record than is usually made in these columns. The opening sentences of the Speech alluded, with but little grace of expression, to the event of the Fourteenth of December last. Leading speakers in the two Houses offered tributes to the memory of the departed.

The EARL OF DERBY said—

"In the PRINCE CONSORT the QUEEN has lost the familiar friend, the trusted counsellor, the never-failing adviser to whom she could look up in every difficulty and in every emergency, and to whom she did look up with that proud humility which none but a woman's heart can know, glorying in the intellectual superiority of him to whom her own will and her own judgment were freely put in subjection."

EARL GRANVILLE said:—

"I can remember no one in any class of life who seemed so fully alive to keep before him the highest standard of duty. His intellectual faculties and his powers of conversation were remarkable. But though a man of strong will, conception, and character, he never obtruded his sentiments, nor sought to apply any objection he might entertain unless desired to do so."

EARL RUSSELL said:—

"I happen to know from himself the views which he entertained upon the duty of the Sovereign. He stated to me not many months ago that it was the common opinion that there was only one occasion upon which the Sovereign ought to exercise a decided power, and that was in the choice of the First Minister of the Crown, that, in his opinion, was no occasion upon which the Sovereign ought to exercise a control or to pronounce a decision. One party having resigned power from being unable to carry on the Government, there was at all times another party to whom the transfer of power might judiciously be made, and the transfer having once been made, no matter to what political party the Minister happened to belong, the Sovereign was bound to communicate with him in the most confidential and unrestricted manner."

MR. DISRAELI said:—

"The Prince whom we have lost not only was eminent for the fulfilment of his duty, but it was the fulfilment of the highest duty; and it was the fulfilment of

THE BIGGEST OF BUTCHER BOYS.

THE author of a new life of SHAKESPEARE, MR. S. W. FULLON, thinks there is no truth in the late LORD CAMPBELL's supposition that the great dramatist was employed, during his youth, in a lawyer's office. SHAKESPEARE, according to his latest biographer, was a butcher's apprentice, and learned what he knew of legal forms and technicalities by attending the borough courts of Stratford-on-Avon, and witnessing those law proceedings in which his father was often involved. But he is far too minute and copious in his law slang to have picked it up in that way; and besides he shows immense knowledge of sea-slang, military slang, and many other slangs. His knowledge of slang, in fact, was only part of his knowledge of things in general, which he either acquired by the study of everything, or possessed by intuition, or else SHAKESPEARE "was a medium," and spirits put universal information into his head. A great objection to this latter theory is the height to which his genius towers above the mediocrity that marks the utterances of the most eminent "mediums."

A hypothesis on which the extent of SHAKESPEARE's legal knowledge may be as satisfactorily accounted for as it can on any other, consists very well with the surmise, or fact, that he was a butcher-boy. As such he must have been conversant with sheepskins. We have only to suppose him endowed with the gift of natural clairvoyance, in order ourselves to see clearly by what means he acquired his familiarity with the law, and its phraseology. The sheepskins presented themselves to his prevision in the state of parchment, and he foresaw all the deeds which were destined to be engrossed on them.

The clairvoyance of SHAKESPEARE may be supposed to have enabled him to look into all manner of things, besides the sheepskins which he was accustomed to handle, and thus obtain that acquaintance with human actions as well as documentary deeds manifest in his writings. In a state of trance or ecstasy, having his mind's eye open, and scenes of the past, present, or future revealed before it, how often may MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE have stood beside a street-door in his native town, with a blue frock on, and a wooden tray containing a leg-of-mutton upon his shoulder, abstractedly whistling an old English melody, and shouting "Butcher!"

the highest duty under the most difficult circumstances. Yet, under these circumstances, so difficult and so delicate, he elevated even the Throne by the dignity and purity of his domestic life. He framed, and partly accomplished, a scheme of education for the heir of England which proves how completely its august protector had contemplated the office of an English king. He observed that there was a great deficiency in our national character, and which, if neglected, might lead to the impairing not only of our social happiness, but even the sources of our public wealth, and that was a deficiency of culture. But he was not satisfied in detecting the deficiency, he resolved to supply it. Those who move must change, and those who change must necessarily disturb and alarm prejudices; and what he encountered was only a demonstration that he was a man superior to his age. PRINCE ALBERT was not a patron. He was not one of those who, by their smiles and by their gold, reward excellence or stimulate exertion. His contributions to the cause of progress and improvement were far more powerful and far more precious. He gave to it his thought, his time, his toil; he gave to it his life."

LORD PALMERSTON said:—

"The Right Hon. gentleman, with an eloquence and a feeling which, I am sure, must excite the sympathy and admiration of those who have heard it, dilated on the eminent qualities of his late Royal Highness. It is no exaggeration to say that, so far as the word 'perfect' can be applied to human imperfection of character, the PRINCE deserved the description, because he combined qualities the most eminent, and sometimes the most different, in a degree which was hardly ever equalled by anybody in any condition of life. In domestic life he was most exemplary. It is no exaggeration to say, that the domestic life of the Court has been of the greatest value to the interests of the country, has, in times of difficulty, tended to cement the link which unites the people to the Throne, and has rendered the most important services to the country. Such being the PRINCE whom we have lost, we can easily imagine what must be the grief and the sorrow to her who has lost him."

The evening was one of funeral oration rather than of debate—the exceptions are mentioned hereafter. The Addresses were unanimously voted, and the Houses adjourned early.

LORD WESTBURY informed us,

That we are at peace with all European powers and "trust" to remain in that pacific condition.

That we have had a "question" between us and the United States, which has been satisfactorily settled by the restoration of the seized men and the disavowal of the "act of violence."

That the conduct of our North American colonists on this occasion had been admirable.

That we have entered into a convention with France and Spain for regulating a combined operation on the coast of Mexico, in order to obtain redress for wrongs upon foreigners in that country.

That the Chinese are behaving very well, and do not want so much looking after as heretofore.

That we have, by a convention, helped the SULTAN OF MOROCCO to pay his debt to Spain, and so avoid more fighting with the Isabellicose Spaniards.

That the Estimates, &c. &c. &c.

That some Law reforms will be introduced, especially one for reforming that which the wise call Conveyancing, though SHAKSPEARE mentions a shorter name for it.

That, despite local distress from temporary causes, the general condition of the country is "sound and satisfactory."

Briefer speech was never spoken, and it is only to be hoped—certainly not to be believed—that such brevity will be the characteristic of the speeches which will flavour the next six months with the odour of essence of Parliament.

LORD DUFFERIN, an Irish lord and a Florentine, moved the Address in the Lords, and it was seconded by LORD SHELburne, son of the venerable MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE. Then came LORD DERBY, who promised to give the warmest and most brotherly support to the Government, if they would behave properly themselves, and discourage other people who might be inclined to agitate subjects of controversy, a promise for which the gratitude of certain ultra-reformers may not be inconveniently demonstrative and enthusiastic. He was perfectly satisfied with what the Government had done in the American business, but begged that there might be no nonsense imputed to him—he regarded the American submission as having been made in the most grudging and tardy fashion, and simply because the Yankees knew that if they showed fight, they would have been blown out of the water. He did not think the time had yet come for recognising the South, and that Government must be wary, and be quite assured that the South was strong enough to hold its own before they recognised it. He was much pleased with M. THOUVENEL, and indeed with Europe generally in connection with this affair. As there was no saying what might be going to happen, he begged the Government to stick to our belligerent rights, and not be drawn into any negotiations which might limit them. As to Mexico and Morocco he made no doubt that all was right, but he should like to have a fight on some of the Education Minutes, if LORD GRANVILLE would say where his money was to be heard of, and when his training would be over. LORD GRANVILLE in the cheerfulest manner fixed that mill for the following Thursday, as did MR. ROBERT LOWE in another place. EARL RUSSELL did not speak very complimentarily of the American blockade, but thought we must continue to try to respect it, as a few months would show whether the North could really re-construct the Union, and it was better that they should tire themselves out than be interfered with. LORD KINGSDOWN (a learned, calm old lawyer of the highest class) thought our flag had been grossly insulted, and that the reparation had been insufficient, and so the evening ended.

In the Commons LORD PALMERSTON was loudly cheered on entering. MR. COX of Finsbury took the place of THOMAS DUNCOMBE, and MR. MONCKTON MILNES gave notice of renewing the Wife's Sister Marriage battle.

MR. PORTMAN and MR. WESTERN WOOD moved and seconded the Address, and MR. DISRAELI delivered an elaborate and eloquent oration, upon certain scholarly turns whereof *Mr. Punch*, in the interest of literature, bestows plaudit, the rather that such elegancies are little studied in these days of universal spoutation. He did not exactly follow LORD DERBY's lead in regard to the American matter, but thought that the Lincoln Government had been suddenly called to meet great domestic difficulties, and had met them manfully, and that we ought to extend a generous interpretation to what they might say. There were no immediate means of deciding at what time the internecine contest should terminate, but "the instinct of the human heart, which shrinks from unnecessary carnage, was stronger than the law of nations." This was a felicitous reference to the phrase of the Gushing Judge in America who justified WILKES's piracy by the instincts of the human heart. The EX-CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER wished to know whether our convention with Morocco meant guaranteeing the interest on her debt, as if so, we might look out for awkwardnesses. LORD PALMERSTON declared that strict neutrality was still to be our rule as regarded America, made an uncommonly neatly guarded reference to the future of Mexico, did not think we were in any pecuniary danger from the Morocco arrangement, and added that we had our own good reasons for keeping Morocco independent. MR. HADFIELD abused the Press for having exacerbated the public mind in regard to America, and wished that the inflammatory papers "could be burned by the Common Hangman," which declaration shows that the Dissenting body,

so ably represented by the Member for Sheffield, is coming round to the old and wholesome system of repressive government. We do not despair of hearing MR. HADFIELD move for the cutting off somebody's ears; *en attendant*, he must be satisfied with cutting off his own aitches. Ireland lost no time, and the Session began with a row, originated by MR. MAGUIRE, who let fly at SIR ROBERT PEEL, upon the subject of Irish distress, and it is needless to say, received a ready one-two from that prompt pugilist. He denied MR. MAGUIRE's facts, and also told him that the Irish people were much altered, and had grown too wise to be duped by folks who tried to set them against their landlords. MR. VINCENT SCULLY—well, we really don't know what he said, for it was just a quarter to eight, and *Mr. Punch* went off to the Haymarket, preferring to anything of SCULLY's wiser utterances of the LORD DUNDREARY.

Friday. LORD REDESDALE introduced a Bill for the Protection of Public Gardens and Squares. When *Mr. Punch* shall have seen it, he will know what it is about, meantime he presumes it originates in the complaints of the gardeners that the women's Crinoline cuts the flowers and shrubs to pieces. LORD RUSSELL entered into an inaudible explanation of the case of a Canadian subject, MR. SHEPPARD, who had been arrested by MR. SEWARD, and had been required to take the oath of allegiance to KING LINCOLN. There appear to have been reasons for thinking that this gentle shepherd had been piping a Southern tune, but INAUDIBLE JOHN's own pipe was so feeble that the case can hardly be said to be before *Mr. Punch*.

Citizen EDWIN JAMES may be interested in knowing that a writ (nay, don't let him be nervous, he is quite out of the way of such things) was issued for Great Grimsby, as a gentleman whom he may recollect, an aristocrat called LORD WORSLEY, has gone up to the Lords as EARL OF YARBOROUGH. By the way, it is not correct to state that MR. EDWIN expects to be President after MR. LINCOLN. The Constitution of the States demands a born American for that office. To be sure, the Constitution may be altered in favour of our distinguished countryman, and he may be proclaimed as JAMES THE FIRST, and in that event, may also be his own Guy Fawkes. He certainly blew himself out of our Parliament.

MR. GREGORY adverted to the so-called American Blockade, and declared that he should be able to prove that it was little more than a paper blockade. He announced his intention of inviting the House to listen to his arguments, and of calling on the Government to say whether they considered that blockade effective or not. MR. BENTINCK followed up the matter by observing that unless the blockade were a real one, our recognising it was a violation of our declared neutrality, for we were favouring the North. *Mr. Punch* considers that there is a sort of silver-paper blockade, made of the material through which equestrians jump at Astley's. It looks very dense, but a plucky leap takes you clean through it. MR. GREGORY is quite right in demanding attention to the question, but he will beat GREGORIUS THAUMATURGUS if he performs the miracle of getting a definition out of PAM—just yet.

MR. HADFIELD, who wants the Common Hangman for the journalist, clamours against the use of the rod on the young thief, and proposes a Bill for doing away with whipping. SIR GEORGE GREY "believes there are instances in which whipping may be advantageously practised." *Mr. Punch* foresees divers occasions, during the Session, of showing that he is of SIR GEORGE's opinion.

POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS.

Addressed equally to Federals and Confederates.

BY THE SHADE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

WAR is a most expensive game, as you'll find when it comes to the shelling out.

When men's passions rise, the funds generally fall.

A park of artillery is one that, properly speaking, should have a dead wall round it.

Glory is a piece of sugar that owes all its sweetness to having been refined with blood. It is generally given to stupid children, when they are noisy and obstreperous, to keep them quiet.

The Field of Glory, the more it is ploughed, the less it pays—whereas Peace, the more it is cultivated, the more it yields.

A shopkeeper is a husbandman of the counter who finds his profit in carefully attending to his till-age.

What a pity that the dogs of war are ever allowed to go at large without having their muzzles on. Whoever lets one of these dogs loose endangers the lives of hundreds and thousands of his fellow-creatures. What a deal of madness there would have been saved to the world, if they had always been kept strongly chained up at home!

A Literary Pedigree.

It was undoubtedly MARIA, of the *Sentimental Journey*, who first had what MR. ROBSON calls a "STERNE Parient."

PITY THE POOR HEATHEN!



THE Paris correspondent of the *Star*, a paper that takes a very proper interest in the affairs of the heathen world, says,—

"MADAME FOULD will come out in unparalleled magnificence in one ball, in which she means to concentrate all her efforts, as it will be the only one given in the Hotel Fould this season, where there will neither be public reunions nor receptions. This is not very well received by the Parisians. They ascribe it to the English habits of MADAME FOULD, who, according to them, think that the whole entertainment lies in the richness of the eatables provided for the guests. Whatever epicurean tendencies may be displayed at *déjeuners* and dinners by the natives over here, they care very little about suppers, and would enjoy more a brisk conversation in the evening than the *faux* viands that the most accomplished cook is capable of providing."

O brethren, what a melancholy state of things do these little sentences convey! The Parisians prefer jabbering to *Jambon à la St. Etienne*, Chattering to *côtelette semi-Provençal*, Gabbling to *Gibier à la Georges Sand*! They would sacrifice high art for the sake of ventilating low wit. Alas,

alas! And we send missionaries to Timbuctoo! But persevere, dear Sister FOULD, and in due time your efforts will be rewarded, and these poor Parisians brought to a knowledge of better things.

"VOLENTI NON FIT INJURIA." (Legal Maxim.)

"Demand for a mis-fit can't be recovered, if you like to resist it."—(Free Translation.)

OR, SIR EDWIN AND THE COATS.

"COURT OF EXCHEQUER, FEB. 1.

"(Before Mr. Baron MARTIN and a Common Jury.)

"HALDANE AND ANOTHER V. SIR E. LANDSEER.

"The plaintiffs are tailors, carrying on business at 29, Old Bond Street, and sought to recover from the defendant, SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, the celebrated artist, the sum of £10 18s., the prices of a surtout coat and dress coat supplied to him.

"The coats being in court, SIR EDWIN was asked to put them on, which he readily assented to do.

"One of the jurymen, being a tailor, was requested to go round to the witness-box and examine the coats on the defendant's back. A very short examination seemed to satisfy him.

"His Lordship summed up, saying that there was an obligation upon a tradesman charging, as the plaintiffs appeared to have done, a full west-end price, to supply a suitable article. The coat ought to be a properly fitting coat, and the question for the jury was, under all the circumstances, whether the plaintiffs had fulfilled that obligation. They had seen the coats on, and could judge for themselves.

"The jury found a verdict for the defendant."

SAY shall a sleeve-board's scion dare defy

Our man of men—our own R.A., SIR EDWIN?

Shall one, no kin to things that run or fly,—

(Save the ignoble goose, that doth his bread win)—

Assail the lord of feather and of fur,

The king of hoof and horn, of fang and fetlock?

Shall cat (e'en with nine tails) 'gainst lion purr?

Shall shrimper a cock-salmon in his net lock?

No! In the name of *Impudence and Dignity*!

Nor scales nor sword for this let Justice draw:

Jurymen, teach sartorial malignity

Its hope from MARTIN's *Laying down the Law*.

SIR EDWIN being human must wear clothes.

Were he *but* bird or beast—in fur or feather!

Presto! the pencil flies, the colour flows,

And lo! a coat defying time and weather,

From his own magic hand. Then, what a fit!

Then, to what velvet gloss the nap had grown!

Nowhere a crease to show the uneasy sit,

Fine-drawn all over, yet no botching shown.

Alas! He'll clothe our horses and our lap-dogs;

Make fur-coats for our "Monarchs of the Glen";

In wiry Highland dread-nought he'll enwrap dogs,

Terriers and collies—but he won't dress men,

Not e'en himself, so must to th' tailor drop:
Stand to be measured just like you or me:
Hear girth, and length, bawled out to all the shop:
Stoop to the yoke of tape both neck and knee.

Methinks when such an artist deigns to give
His limbs, dear to the Muses and Apollo,
To mere sartorial hands, those hands should live
With skill unwonted: suits sublime should follow.

Each snip set to the job, from ninth of man
Should grow nine men, and each man good as nine,
In honour of the Muses, bent to scan
His clothes, loved of that sisterhood divine.

But no such inspiration—woe is me!—
Flowed from the Muse on HALDANE or his Co.
SIR EDWIN's coats were horrible to see,
If he could stand in them, he could not go.

Beneath the arms they fretted his axilla:
Behind the neck they chafed his cerebellum,
Buttoned,—as in a vice squeezed his mamillæ;
Unbuttoned,—dangled limp as rain-soaked vellum.

SIR EDWIN groaned: they laughed his plaints to scorn:
The coats returned, they sent them, altered, back:
Worse waxed the fit, each time the coats were worn;
More slack what tight should be, more tight, what slack.

They said, the faults he found in fit and cut,
Were not faults of the coat, but him that wore:
Bade change his postures, nor their garments put
To tests coats never were put to before.

What may these postures be? (he asks that sings)
Is't that SIR EDWIN in his loneliest hours,
Goes on all fours, flies, perches, squats, or springs,
Like the dumb things, that take life from his powers?

Strains he his coat-sleeves, eagle-like for flight
Spreading his vans? cracks his continuations
By bounding stag-like down the heathery height?
Or bursts his buttons in hare's-breadth saltations?

Or is it simple playfulness begets
Strange feats and bids him through an empty frame
Take headers à la BOUCAULT, or sets
The cumbrous easel, and o'er vaults the same?

Or is't such inspiration doth o'erbear
His body, as the Pythoness bade speak:
To Delphic tripod turns his painting-chair,
And plants him in the middle of next week?

These things I know not—ne'er perchance shall know,
Wherefore SIR EDWIN doth to antics fall;
Or what his antics are when he doth so;
Or whether he, in truth, doth so at all.

HALDANE avouched it. But my faith is small
In him or in his Co.: our fathers' plan
Required two witnesses for proof, and lo,
These two but make up two-ninths of a man.

And what is the ear's witness to the eye's?
But here the eye was ready; for behold,
Among the jury that the issue tries,
A Tailor in the panel, brisk and bold!

"Try on the coat!" sudden the expert cried—
"Try on the coat!" echoed his brethren all.
Stern MARTIN bowed approval: on 'twas tried:
And stood misfit confessed, here large, here small—

"Who buys a coat," summed up the awful judge,
"Buyeth a fit, or buys what none may wear."
The tailor jurymen approving nudge
Gave, at the words, to ribs of foreman near.

"Is this a fit?—for a reply I pause—
Be there that think so let them say so now,
Or henceforth, ever after, hold their jaws.
Now, speak?" "None!" said the foreman, with a bow.

"Ye find for the defendant?" and again
The foreman bowed, and gleamed the twinkling eye
Of that sly tailor-jurymen, as fain
To prick this rival sartor on the sly.

"Verdict for the defendant—so you say,
And so say all of you!" and so they said—
And HALDANE and his Co. went their sad way,
And home SIR EDWIN took his laurelled head!



THE BALL.

HARRY BULLFINCHER, WHO IS EVER SO MUCH BETTER ACROSS COUNTRY THAN WHEN HE MIXES IN THE MERRY DANCE, (ESPECIALLY AFTER SUPPER) HAS COME TO GRIEF OVER A STOOL DURING A POLKA, AND IS SHOUTING FOR SOME ONE TO "CATCH HIS HORSE!"

COMFORTABLE CONCERTS.

CLAPPING with both hands and stamping with both feet, *Punch* applauds with all his might the very sensible suggestion which is put forth in the programmes of the Monday Popular Concerts, and which every concert audience would do wisely to attend to:—

"NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption."

Punch so often has been plagued at a musical performance by people entering, or leaving, in the middle of a piece, that he is charmed to see this notice taken of the nuisance, and he trusts ere long to find the rule most rigidly enforced. There really is a call for legislation in the matter, if the law be insufficient to protect the British public from offenders of this sort. A creaky-booted brute who stumps out of a concert-room while music is proceeding robs those whom he disturbs of a pleasure they have paid for, and should by rights be handed, as a thief, to the police. Such a Gorilla is a monster whom it were gross flattery to call a selfish beast; and *Punch* cries bravo! to all champions who fight against these monsters, and lend a helping hand to make their race extinct.

In other points the programmes of the Monday Popular Concerts are models that all concert-givers would do well to profit by, and fairly are entitled to the praise of *Punch*. The music is well chosen, well varied, well performed; and there is no time wasted (as the case is far too commonly) by pieces merely introduced to lengthen out the Concert, and attract those who like quantity in the lieu of quality, being of the latter barely competent to judge. Two hours and a half is the limit which is rigidly adhered to at these Concerts, and a feast of this duration is as much as minds in general are able to digest. Better send away an audience somewhat hungering for more, than stuffed with such a surfeit as may end in sheer disgust.

Chamber music may not seldom be called "Bed Chamber music," from its power, when ill played, to send listeners to sleep. But there

is no fear of this consequence at any of these Concerts, for the programme is too short for people to be wearied, and the pieces are so briskly and so cleverly performed that no one ever feels the least somniferous effect. The night *Punch* last attended he saw scores among the audience sitting with the scores of the music in their hands, and following the leader all through the performance in a way which showed them thoroughly awake to all the beauties of the pieces that were played. In fact, regarded merely as a means of education, such Concerts should be patronised by fathers of a family; for young ladies by attending them may cultivate their taste, and learn that there is better work for a piano than the thumping out of polkas and the jingling of quadrilles. To hear HALLÉ play BEETHOVEN is a lesson a young pianist can hardly fail to profit by; and while such music may be heard at them, and there is such care to the comfort of the people who attend them, these Concerts will continue to deserve to be as Popular as it was doubtless hoped they would be when they were so named.

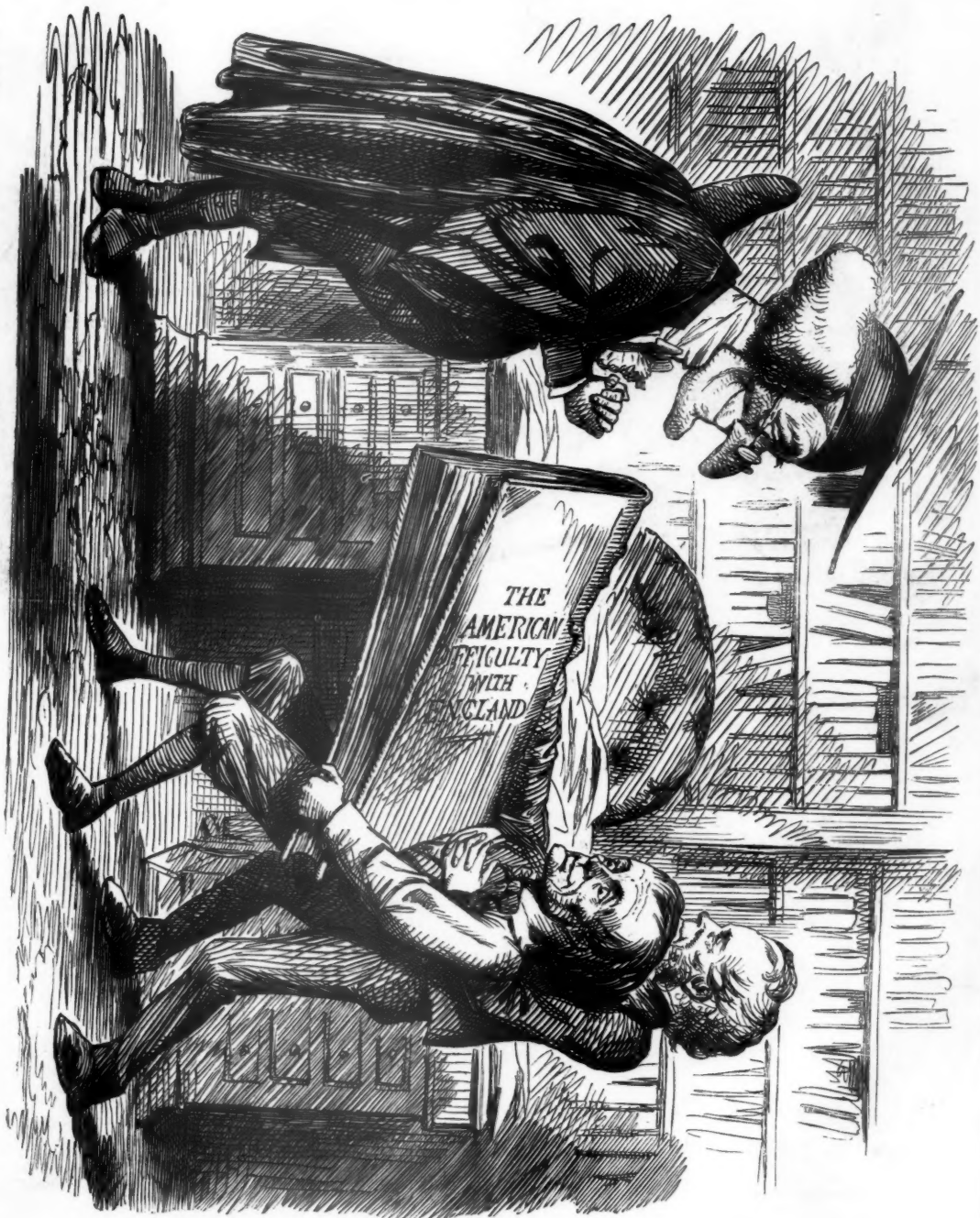
Art Treasures of Guildhall.

As touching the Exhibition of 1862 a city paper suggests "conjectures of what the City of London will do—how it will comport itself; in what way it will utter an opinion, develop a fact, or institute an example." The City of London will probably develop a fact, or rather two facts, and at the same time utter an opinion, and institute an example into the bargain. It will disengage those great facts Gog and Magog from the obscurity of Guildhall; it will express the opinion that they excel anything in the Louvre; and it will send them to the Exhibition to exemplify British sculpture.

UNJENNEROUS OBJECTION.

THE Statue of DR. JENNER has been moved from Trafalgar Square to Kensington Gardens. Some journals complain of his being moved about. But surely the inventor of vaccination has the best possible right to make experiments on various spots.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 15, 1862.



THE HOLIDAY TASK.

DR. PUNCH (HEAD MASTER). "I AM MUCH PLEASED, MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, THAT YOU HAVE EMPLOYED THE VACATION TO SUCH GOOD PURPOSE."

THE JOURNAL OF

A VERY JUST OBSERVATION.



ADFIELD (MR.), M.P. for Sheffield, says that, being a Dissenter, of course he does not improve the vindictiveness of the Yankees in spoiling the Arbours, but that it does not so much matter, as in this weather the people can't want to take tea in them.

European Cards.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has been considered a dubious card; but in the game which we have just had to play with the Yankees he has proved himself a trump.

The POPE is a downy old hand at cards. His Holiness says that he awaits events; he wants to see what will turn up: he will not deal, but he is ready to shuffle.

ANTONELLI is supposed to be at work, digging pitfalls. He may be regarded as the Knave of Spades.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"In this uncertain climate of ours which may freeze or thaw us at scarce an hour's notice, which may cause us to throw open our windows on Twelfth Night, and kindle our fires in July, we require other signs than the weather to remind us of the time of year. At Christmas, for instance, the appearance of mince-pies at dinner or my tailor's little bill at breakfast, is a pretty certain indicator of the festive season. When I am asked by little boys in the street to 'remember the grotto' (which by the way I have ascertained to be a base imposition consisting of a heap of oyster-shells and a lighted end of tallow candle), perhaps I reply warmly that the grotto may be consigned to oblivion. But if I do not remember the grotto, I am at least reminded of the month.

"And thus, *parvis componere magna*, when I read PAM's circular to his young friends expressing a hope that they would be ready to re-assemble with punctuality at St. Stephen's academy, Westminster, I knew that February was at hand, and straightway prepared in the most constitutional manner, to see the opening of Parliament.

"You see I had been supping at EVANS's on the previous night, and my friend SLOPER, who has a snug little berth near the 'Fields Amelioration Society,' and possesses a highly cultivated taste for bitter ale, had invited me down to what he calls his 'den,' ostensibly for the purpose of seeing the procession, but chiefly, I take it, with an eye to devilled kidneys (in the preparation of which light and wholesome food his laundress certainly excels) and the contemplation after lunch, of those fair subjects of HER MAJESTY who rush on these occasions to pay their respects in every charming variety of bonnet, boot, and mantle.

"Palace Yard at first sight is not, I admit, a very fascinating place. If Henry the Seventh's Chapel is invested with historic interest, it is, also enshrouded by a thick coat of London blacks. Looking opposite at the Houses of Parliament, the 'pillars of Gothic mould' appear very mouldy indeed, and the vista down Abingdon Street is not cheerful. Sometimes, indeed, a Westminster boy may be seen sauntering towards his *Alma Mater*, or an inebriated bargee emerges from 'The Chequers,' otherwise, I say, the scene is generally dull. But to-day (February 6th), what a change! far as the eye can reach (which to say the truth, is only a moderate distance), all is bustle and animation; heaps of yellow sand lie at intervals along the road ('*flavus arena*'—ahem! *Virgil*), ready to be scattered at the first approach of pageantry. Spruce and solemn white-gloved crushers line the pavements while their gallant chief gallops to and fro with great grace, and apparently unnecessary zeal. Carriages begin to arrive and their contents to be deposited. Good gracious, can they really be Peeresses tripping up those steps? Oh, for SIR EDMUND BURKE to tell us Who is Who

among that gentle crowd! Here is an angel in Mauve, and there a Sable syren. 'Peeresses? pooh!' says SLOPER, who goes by way of knowing the *haut ton*; 'That's Mrs. — and Miss —,' and here he mentioned two names which I must decline to repeat, but which I can never, no never forget, so long as I remain a bachelor.

"Under the Victoria Tower there is an iron gate on either side of which, and high above the pavement, are posted two heraldic lions, the expression on their countenances being such as one might suppose would result from the combined effects of an emetic and a surprise. Under the arch and to the left hand we see a carpet being spread for dainty footsteps. This excites great interest, and presently sundry old ladies under the impression, I suppose, that something is on the tapis, rush and peep through the gate.

"Presently they start back amazed, for emerging from the dark recesses of the portal, issue Yeomen in single file, rich in scarlet and gold, and wearing the low-crowned beaver 'of the period.' 'Who's your hatter?' cry a dozen little urchins, in an ecstasy of satire, and even A 29 cannot repress a smile as he looks at that wondrous head-gear decked with a garland of artificial flowers—"a perfect *flet de bœuf*"—beef-eater I mean. Anon we hear the sound of martial music, and the Foot Guards march upon the scene. Their advent is hailed by the street-boys who immediately volunteer their services to hold the music-books and thenceforth consider themselves part of the Show.

"Carriages now roll in from all directions. White-wigged coachmen, pink-legged flunkies, gorgeous hammer-cloths appear and vanish in rapid succession. Whose equipage is that which is so loudly cheered? It is not more gorgeous than a dozen others which have passed. Surely the Turkish Ambassador's, and the mob are amused at the scarlet 'fez' (the only oriental element in the whole turn out) which surmounts JOHN's honest English face as he holds on behind. If he had been disguised as a Pasha, I could have sworn he was a Saxon. He a Mussulman, indeed! I only wish you could have seen him at 'The Chequers!'

"Meanwhile the wind has been scattering dust in the eyes of HER MAJESTY's loyal subjects who look anxiously up at the Clock Tower. Five minutes past two, and the policemen throw open the gates. 'Here they are!' at last we say, as a dozen swell carriages roll up. 'The first is the one, of course,' says SLOPER, (who thinks he knows all about these things.) All eyes are accordingly bent on it as it rolls under the archway. The door is opened, and out steps, Not the LORD CHANCELLOR, but a venerable Staff officer (bless him!) in full dress. Another vehicle, from which two pages descend, for all the world like Princes in a Christmas piece. 'Little dears!' murmur some female voices below, and I fall a speculating which of these young gentlemen excels at football, and whether either has a weakness for tarts in private life.

"Another carriage, and another, and at last—

"You have heard it described a dozen times. Eight cream-coloured horses, tastefully caparisoned, indeed, but drawing oh! such a coach. Who built it? who designed it? (why isn't there a 'What's What?' as well as a 'Who's Who?') Where did that vile combination of gilt palm-trees and dyspeptic lictors come from? It is surely of the Georgian era, and should be preserved with other specimens of that glorious epoch in Brighton Pavilion. Or stay! Why not sell it? MADAME TUSSEAUD would give something handsome for the ugliest carriage in Christendom. *Verbum sap.*

"But who is this in ermined robes who jumps from the chariot? That well-known form—that beaming eye—Can it be? No! yes—it must be PADDY GREEN!—Good EVANS!—I exchange a hurried glance with SLOPER, and then as if possessed by one impulse, we rush to the door.

"To bonnet six policemen, overturn a file of beef-eaters and make our way to the Strangers' corridor, seemed with us the work of a moment.

"Yes! there he stood at the steps of the Throne, and was just about to address the House, when a loud rapping was heard, proceeding from the Peeresses' gallery and a female voice in hurried accents exclaimed—'Please, Sir, it's hate o'clock, and Missus says, would you like yerrot water?'

"I awake and find myself in bed at SLOPER's lodgings. It was SAIKRY-JANE knocking at the door. I see it all now. Kidneys—EVANS's—those amusing ballads.—Ah why, why was I tempted by that claret cup? I go to see Parliament opened! I must indeed have been dreaming.

"Yours truly with a bad headache.

"JACK KASSEL."

* This portion of the dress is derived from a mediæval fashion :—

"All around me my hatte I'll weare a wreath of roses,
All around me my hatte, tho' 'tis only for a daye,
And gyf any one should ask me why, the reason I will tell him,
'Tis just because y^e Parliament will meete and say their say."—*Old Ballad.*

FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—An Irishman knows how to mull everything, except claret.



ARTIST. "I want you to make me a Coat with long Skirts—like those Hogarth paints in his —"

COSTUMIER. "A—h! Mishter Hogarth, Sir—yesh, Sir; cushlomer of ours, Sir; see makes'h all his coshtooms, Sir!"

BUTTERFLIES PINNED DOWN.

OUR gay contemporary *Le Follet* is coming out in a new and rising character. No longer the simply stolid chronicler and implicit adorer of the fashions that be, it has now become their discerning censor, and pungent if not crushing satirist. Witness the remark ensuing, under the head of Fashions for February:—

"The more aerial a ball-dress is, the greater the elegance of the effect."

Keen, but delicate irony. A common critic would have said, in plain coarse words: "The more like a balloon a ball-dress now is, the more it is admired by every fool in the room." But a neat poke with a parasol tells better on inanity than a blow with a sledge-hammer.

In the same caustic but lightsome vein of banter our humourist continues:—

"A drawback, however, to these clouds of lace and tulle is that, although the ruches, bouillonnées, and flounces look so fairy-like at the commencement of the evening, before it is finished the skirt appears chiffonnée and ragged."

Authors are often praised for the excellence of their word-painting. Great merit in that line must be conceded to the writer of the foregoing passage. It is admirable word-sketching. To the mind's eye, in a few strokes, so to speak, it presents quite a vivid illustration of social life amongst the sumptuous classes. The delineation is twofold. On the one side we admire "the ruches, bouillonnées and flounces," which "look so fairy-like at the commencement of the evening." On the other, we smile at "the skirt" as it has come to appear before the evening is finished, "chiffonnée and ragged." All that imagination has to supply is the thing inside of the ruches, bouillonnées, flounces, and skirt; a fleshy young woman of elegant contour, practised in her attitudes, with a full, smooth face, a small forehead, and large ox-eyes brilliant with animal spirits, and nothing else except the conceit of looking pretty, at the beginning of the evening, but dull towards four o'clock in the morning; the rest of the features likewise clouded with fatigue and somewhat of vexation. This is what is called the belle of the ball-room, whom "swells" survey through eye-glasses, and want to dance with, or even to marry, regardless of expense, and not considering what she will turn into at forty.

Le Follet has a still further poke at the prevalent absurdities of costume. It observes that:—

"The question of discontinuing Crinolines has been much discussed; but when we mention that the skirts of dresses are five yards wide, and that to steel cages two or three petticoats

are added, it will be perceived that there is no very great change as to circumference."

It will indeed. Comment is needless. When we mention that skirts of dresses are five yards wide, and that two or three petticoats are added to steel cages, the cages enclosing the lower halves of females considered to be highly fashionably attired—what can we say more about such an intolerable deal of clothes? Nothing that can find a place in pages which exclude strong language; substantives and adjectives of which the utterance would occasion syncope, and participles that ought never to be pronounced under five shillings.

SPARE THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

(BY SMELFUNGUS.)

PRESERVE the trees, do, if you please,
By any means you can,
For they are dear as beef and beer
To every Englishman.
The woodman's stroke too many an oak
And elm is laying low;
And woe the day when the rest decay,
And all the forests go!

There dwells no joy where churls destroy
The timber off the land,
Where the merry greenwood for ages stood,
And groves of chimneys stand.
But where's the fun in your woods? says one
Of Folly's mocking brood.
Thou'rt right, fool, very; it was the merry,
And not the comic greenwood.

Then every lover of copse and cover,
The noble and the clown,
Lamenting sees, with falling trees,
Wild creatures hunted down.
The buzzard and kite have passed from sight,
Though yet on memory graven,
There's hardly a hawk, and old folks talk
Of having seen a raven.

The pleasant scene of the village green,
In building-lots disposed,
We sorely rue; and the commons, too,
Are getting all enclosed.
And mansions old, on all sides sold,
Are raised, and stuccoed villas
Usurp their place; as though our race
Were sinking to Gorillas.

Our fields and downs o'er part when towns,
The rest town sewage, spread,
Once fresh with flowers this land of ours
Will be a close hotbed;
Wherein I trust to have left my dust,
This land, all smoke and smother,
Full fain to quit; and to live in fit
The world has not another.

But can't we check the ruin and wreck
Of all old English beauty,
Though traffic and trade so much invade,
Strip bare, and turn all sooty?
Oh, cease to spoil your native soil
At Mammon's mere persuasion,
And hold the earth that gave you birth
Against that fiend's invasion.

Where is the Police?

We fancy the Irish Members mean fighting this Session. It looks very much as though they had decidedly made up their minds, at the very earliest opportunity, to go into PEEL.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

By an Order in Council, dated the 5th, the prohibition against exporting brimstone and saltpetre was removed. On the 6th, MR. ROEBUCK was thinking of going to Austria!

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



PUNCH.—The Pantomime at the Princess's is the best that I have seen this season; but as I have at present only seen two others, my opinion can be hardly thought exuberant in praise. That at Covent Garden has not fun enough to please me, although (cruel as it sounds) I own it always gives me pleasure to see PAYNE. Nor is *Miss Muffet* at the Haymarket vastly entertaining, though Miss LOUISE LECLEZOG is a most lively little heroine, and skips about so briskly that it needs the longest-legged of daddies-long-legs to catch hold of her. I cry out *Plaudite!* moreover because this pantomime is written more for children than are most, and does not puzzle their young brains with politics or puns, which they are not mature enough as yet to comprehend.

"Puns fall thick as hail in" the opening of *Dick Whittington*, which savours less of pantomime to my mind than burlesque. This I think is a mistake, as they are each good in their way and better kept distinct. Puns in a burlesque are permissible enough, although it is too much the fashion now to stuff one's ears with them, and make the glut of them atone for any lack of pains in working up the story which is taken for a plot. But smart writing in a pantomime does me seems out of place. I prefer a good hot poker to the pungentest of puns, because I think the poker is most proper to the piece. Pantomime, says JOHNSON, is 'a tale exhibited only in gesture and dumb-show'; so its actors should be funny in their actions, not in words, and win laughter not by punning but by gesture and grimace. The lover should make love not with his lungs but with his legs: and the maiden (afterwards Columbine), should be throughout a dumb belle, and trust to 'speaking' glances to say what she would wish. *King John* was the last pantomime I saw played of this sort: and they who recollect it must remember how they laughed at it.* To see the king pulled by the nose out of his own carpet-bag, wherein he had concealed himself all except his nose: and to see the haughty Barons unbosoming themselves by unbuttoning their coats, and displaying words of terror in big letters on their breasts: such scenes were proper pantomime, and are far more likely to live long as pleasant memories than any quantity of word-torture by means of painful puns.

"However, notwithstanding the drawback of its dialogue, the pantomime at the Princess's is really quite worth seeing, and contains a good deal that is fairly worth a laugh. There is no hot poker, but there is a baby in it: though this is treated by the Clown with far more gentle usage than babies in a pantomime in general receive. It is dropped and sat upon as usual, it is true; but it does not get its head thumped on the stage to stop its crying, nor is it pitched up in the air, or poked into Clown's pocket, or torn in halves between him and a member of the police. The transformation scene is pretty, and not tedious: and, therefore, more commendable than many far more gorgeous, but which are tiresome in their gradual, slow, bit-by-bit development. Moreover, in the harlequinade there are no advertisements, and this is also highly praiseworthy, and commands my warmest thanks. Business matters surely have no business in a pantomime, and the only fun they offer is in the queer mixtures that sometimes they present; as in the Great Puff and Poster Scene at Covent Garden, which represents New Bond Street as a part of Ludgate Hill. The ballet girls at the Princess's are the best-drilled corps in London, else perhaps I might complain that the pantomime has somewhat of a surplussage of dancing, and it is this which makes it just a whit too long. I am bound to add, however, that the coming of the last scene took me by surprise: and the trick which just preceded it—a Turkish bath turned to a snow-storm—was so smartly worked a change that I felt half a wish for more. By the way the Turkish baths have scarce been made the most of. I expected to see Clowns dressed up as Turkish cooks, and stewing down stout people to mere skeletons and scarecrows, adding, after semi-boiling, the torture of shampoo.

"Mr. BOUCAULT has lately issued his royal proclamation, and has signified what pieces it will please him to perform, and for what period

* Ha! that was a pantomime!—Eo.

the public will be very graciously permitted to attend them. The *Octoroon* and *Colleen Bawn* are this month to be withdrawn until next July, to make room for a new drama, which is to run till Easter, when a 'domestic fairy tale' and 'new romantic drama' are to be produced: and with this 'group of plays' the Adelphi summer audiences are to be content. Perhaps to some old-fashioned play-goers it may smack somewhat of coolness thus to fix a limit to the run of a new piece, without noticing the chances that it may be ill received. But it should be remembered that these plays though new in England have been acted in America, and so their author has fair ground on which to base his estimate, when he puts forward so confident a hint at their success. Besides, a man who is so clever in hitting public taste is not very likely to make an utter miss: and if his plays should prove a failure, he will doubtless so re-write them, *urgente voce publicæ*, that the public will all flock to see the emendations, he will say, it has 'composed,' and which he has simply had the happiness to 'edit.'

"ONE WHO PAYS."

"LET THE SWAN ALONE."

"A SHAKESPEARE CYCLOPEDIA is projected to be published in twenty parts. It will consist of a classified summary of SHAKESPEARE'S knowledge of the phenomena of nature, and of his allusions to zoology, botany, mineralogy, meteorology, medicine, agriculture, hunting, falconry, &c. The first part is promised in March, and will contain 'SHAKESPEARE'S Natural History of Man.'"

MR. PUNCH yields to no man (and to no woman, dear MRS. COWDEN CLARKE, and many thanks for your invaluable Concordance) in the habitual exercise of his faculty of appreciating the DIVINE WILLIAMS. A study of Mr. Punch's pages will show how intimate is his acquaintance with those of the D.W., and how exquisite his gift at adapting the sentiments of the latter to the incidents of the day. In fact, he is the Greatest Shakspearian who ever lived. But he has also another faculty, which is that of detecting Humbug, and a third faculty, which is that of exposing and castigating it. The above scheme is Humbug—and bears it in its very name. A Cyclopædia means a work in which the whole compass of arts and sciences is exhaustively explained. Anybody who calls SHAKESPEARE a cyclopedic authority simply talks cant, and the DIVINE W. himself would, if he heard the donkey, rise up and summarily "quoit him down-stairs." Which office, in the absence of the said D.W. Mr. Punch hereby begs to perform, in the interest of the reputation of the Poet and of the lovers of his work. D.W. was something a good deal better than a Cyclopædist, and deserves something a good deal better than the having his glorious name made a peg for Humbug.

ONE WORD FOR HIM, TWO FOR US.

WHEN one does not like a person, one is curiously sensitive of the wit of anybody else who pitches into our Black Beast. This profound truth has just been illustrated by our amiable friend the *Athenæum*, which happens to dislike M. DU CHAILLU, of Gorilladom. A publisher issues a slang poem, which he christens "*The Gorilla Fight*," and our contemporary is in such a hurry to applaud anything that looks like a scoff at M. DU CHAILLU, that it gives a long quotation from the poem, and describes it as a "droll and spirited" reading of the controversy "recently conducted" in the columns of the *Athenæum*, adding other praise which no doubt the composition deserves, seeing that it was the work of the late THOMAS MOORE—an obscure author, not without his merits. The enterprising publisher merely "borrowed" the lines, and sold the critic. Mr. Punch refers to the matter, not from an unkind wish to show infallibility at fault, but in self-justification, because any living person who can write verses like TOM MOORE'S, has long ago been one of Mr. Punch's Sacred Band, and not at the orders of a "borrowing" publisher.

The Right of Translation is Anything but Reserved.

THE Yankees translate the POPE's polite defence of "*Non Possumus*" into a patriotic and pathetic supplication of "*Don't Possum-us*"—meaning thereby that they don't want the Confederates to put them "up a gum-tree."

THE BRIGHT PARTICULAR STAR.

THERE is one star which the Yankees may add to the Stars and Stripes. It is the *Morning Star* and *Dial*.

LOST.—TWO BILLS, for the sums respectively of £24 9s. 6d., and £27 3s. 10d. The one is a Tailor's Bill, and the other a Tavern Bill. If the fortunate finder of them will only be kind enough to pay the amount of each, and then to restore them both (*daily receipted*) to the original owner, he may confidently rely upon being unreservedly excused the liberty, besides making himself perfectly easy that no further steps shall be taken, or questions asked, in the matter. Apply to CAPTAIN O'DOO, to the care of the shoeblack at the corner of Pump Court, Temple. N.B.—There will be no increase whatever in the terms offered above.



MINIATURE YOUNG SWELL (on the best of terms with himself). "Oh!—a—I've suddenly recollected I was to have the happiness of—a—taking you down to Supper!"

TALL YOUNG LADY. "Oh, certainly! Let me see, shall I take your arm, or will you—a—TAKE MINE!"

[Diminutive Young Swell wishes himself back at Trin. Coll. Cam.]

TAXATION GREAT TYRANNY.

It is not often that *Mr. Punch* has the happiness of agreeing with that august body, the St. Pancras Vestry. But in its last protest against tyranny he begs cordially to concur. The Vestry cannot comprehend why the expense of the new road that is to be cut across Kensington Gardens should be thrown upon London. Nor can *Mr. Punch*. The road is made because provincials want to come to London to see the May Show, and because there will be no room for them to get along unless a new cut is made. Then they ought to pay for it. We have room enough, and we could get to the Exhibition easily enough if the rustics would keep at home and mind their cows and apple-trees. It would be thought cool for a country friend to write to a Londoner, and beg that he will have his house enlarged, as the countryman wants to come and stay with him. What is the difference? However, nobody accuses Londoners of inhospitality (though the yokels do sometimes think us "cold," because we can't exactly abandon all our pursuits in order to take them to the Thames Tunnel and Almack's,) and we'll compromise. Let London bear its share in the general taxation for this New Cut, but let the expense be charged on the country at large. *Mr. Punch* is ashamed that the mean idea of taxing the Metropolis for the benefit of the provincials should have been entertained at all, and he begs the St. Pancras Vestry to agitate their hardest—upon this occasion only.

Order is Mayne's First Law.

HEAPS of knighthoods and the like will of course be conferred in connection with the International Exhibition. But the most honourable title of all will be bestowed by the popular voice on the men who widen the approaches. Those men will be known as the Knights of Rhodes, and the Order will be the Order of Your Going.

"THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR."—No wonder it has gone. The melancholy truth is, it has been "milled" to death.

THE INFALLIBLE RAILWAY.

THE solemn inauguration of the railway from Rome to the Neapolitan frontier took place the other day when, according to an eye-witness:—

"Mass being concluded, holy water was presented in a silver vase to the officiating prelate, who, dipping his aspersory instrument therein, sprinkled the rails as he walked along the line, followed by his cross and train-bearers."

Of course after the performance of the process above described no train will ever go off the rails on the Rome and Naples line. If the carriages, engines, and boilers were also sprinkled with holy water, perhaps they have been secured from all danger of collision or bursting. Statistics relative to this line will be very interesting. If accidents are found never to occur on it, the Roman line will be demonstrated to be the only safe one. England will be reconciled to the Holy See, and arrangements made therewith by the Eastern Counties and other Railway companies for the effectual prevention of those terrible catastrophes which effect such a serious diminution of dividends.

WANTED:—

To know what is the present height of CAPTAIN WILKES (of the U.S. navy) compared with what he was only a few weeks ago. We are informed that he is several inches shorter, and indeed we have heard even from impartial-minded Americans, that this mighty fire-eating hero of seven days has already sunk down to the very smallest dimensions. It wouldn't at all surprise us to hear that WILKES had by this time disappeared altogether, having fallen an unhappy victim to spontaneous combustion of vanity. Information may be sent with the greatest safety to the *Punch* office when it will be immediately published for the benefit of the world. Two photographs, young WILKES as he now is in his diminished glory, and WILKES as he was at the latter end of December in the full height of his popularity, would be about the best way of testing the truth. We wonder if he would mind sitting for his portrait. We shall only be too happy, fallen giant as he is, to publish it for him.



FASCINATING GENT. "Pardon me, Madam, but I think you dropped this!"

[Lady is immensely delighted of course.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

February 10, Monday. By way of instructing the Peers in natural history, LORD CARNARVON laid some uncommonly fine specimens of Mare's Nests upon the table of the House, and read EARL RUSSELL a lecture thereon. The subject was the detention of certain English subjects by the United States Government, on suspicion that these Englishmen were "secesshers." LORD RUSSELL picked the lecture to pieces rather satisfactorily, and though LORD DERRY thought that the lecturer deserved a vote of thanks, the Peers were not acclamations. A point was made out of the fact that one of these Englishmen had not renounced his allegiance to QUEEN VICTORIA, but it turned out that he had given the legal notices of his intention to perform that graceful act, and he did not seem a client of whom LORD CARNARVON had much cause to be proud. LORD MALMESBURY then complimented the Ministers on the way in which they have managed the American difficulty, but was particularly anxious to know what was the real state of the Blockade. LORD RUSSELL was much obliged for the support he had received from the Opposition, and replied that he could not exactly say whether the Blockade were real or not, but that he had ordered every kind of information to be sent home, and would speedily produce the results. LORD GRANVILLE then as politely invited the Conservative leaders to explain whether they had intended to signify that the Declaration of Paris, in 1856, which proclaims the inviolability of enemy's goods in neutral ships, ought to be disregarded in case of war. LORD MALMESBURY would not say that it "ought" to be disregarded when we or the French had our respective monkeys, or to speak more heroically, our blood, Up—but he certainly thought that it Would.

LORD GRANVILLE then announced—and the statement will be received by the country with no satisfaction—that the promoters of the Memorial to the late PRINCE CONSORT are seeking to evade the admitted difficulty of deciding upon its character, by throwing the task of selection upon the most Illustrious Person in the realm. This is no time for intruding such a question in that quarter, and moreover, the Memorial is intended—and we contribute to it because it is intended—to signify national and not individual appreciation of the merits of a departed PRINCE. A word used by LORD GRANVILLE sufficiently

PARFUM DE ROME.

OUR old friend VEUILLOT has published a book under the above suggestive title, which is principally devoted to heaping coals of fire on the head of CAVOUR, and cursing M. L'ABBÉ PASSAGLIA, through as many varieties of tense, mood and figure, as ever the Archbishop of Rheims cursed his sacrilegious jackdaw—according to the monkish chronicler, THOMAS DE INGOLDSBY:—

"In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot, to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night,
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in laughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying,
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying."

Indeed, we may go on, with the chronicler—

"Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!"

But VEUILLOT is not satisfied with common-place cursing. He has his own peculiar graces of execration—a private commination service for his special use. Thus, after hurling at poor ABBÉ PASSAGLIA, such mild objurcations as "infamous wretch," "parricide," "Judas Iscariot," he goes on to pray that Heaven "may accumulate on him the load of the sins which he has committed and those which he may have remitted;" that "his robe may become a robe of fire," and that Heaven "may refuse him a single tear to temper its burning."

Taking the matter and title of VEUILLOT's pamphlet together, it would seem that his "*Parfum de Rome*" is a compound of the smell of roasted heretic and brimstone, with a dash of *Crème de Billingsgate*. VEUILLOT would do well to remember the Arabic proverb, that "curses, like young chickens, always come home to roost."

MOVE ON THERE!—The way to open the approaches to the Great Exhibition—*Mayne Force*.

indicates the feeling which those who tender advice in the highest quarter entertain upon the subject. "If the application be made, the Sovereign will not 'shrink' from giving Her views."

SIR GEORGE GREY announced that the Government had no intention of trying to settle the Church Rate question, so all parties may have a Free Fight. The Abolition Bill has been re-introduced, and other plans are pushed forward, and so ECCLESIA and LITTLE BETHEL must have it out on an early Wednesday.

Some protests were made against the Income-Tax, which was pronounced detestable in itself, and doubly detestable from the way in which it is collected. MR. GLADSTONE sweetly remarked that he believed cases of abuse were very rare, but that he should like the duty of collecting the tax to be transferred to Government, only that this would make Government very unpopular. This was Homerically frank, at all events.

MR. HANKEY moved for a Committee to inquire into the subject of Fires in London. MR. PUNCH begs to illustrate the present state of the case by an example which is in everybody's eye. There is, in the City, a Cathedral, built by SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, and dedicated to the APOSTLE ST. PAUL. We are all rather proud of it. Near this Cathedral have lately been built some huge and hideous warehouses, which horribly interfere with the architectural effect of St. Paul's. These warehouses also threaten the Cathedral with destruction, for if they catch fire, as warehouses generally do, and the wind should blow from the east or thereabouts, as it generally does, the flames will in all probability take the sacred edifice. That is not all. The proprietors of these hideous nuisances have no doubt insured them. Fire breaks out. The Fire-Engines belong to the Assurance Offices, and it would be the duty of the gallant firemen to exert themselves to the utmost to save the horrible warehouses, but it would be no part of their duty to save St. Paul's. Apply the same rule all over London, and recollect that if an insured bacon shop is afire, and the National Gallery also, CLAUDE and REMBRANDT must burn while the bacon is saved. Clearly it is time to consider whether we ought not to have some National Engines, for the protection of national property; and the Committee is appointed.

Tuesday. A most touching Reply to the Lords' Address was delivered

in the name of the Royal Mourner. A Reply was also made to the Address by the Commons.

Some costermongers recently murdered a butcher at his own door in South Street, Manchester Square. Some "excitement," as the penny-a-liners say, has been caused by the apparently lenient conduct of the magistrate before whom the ruffians were brought. But as the case is to be tried before another tribunal, SIR GEORGE GREY, very properly interrogated by MR. HARVEY LEWIS, thought that he need enter into no explanations.

Then did MR. WHITE endeavour to carry a motion for appointing one night in the week for discussions on the Estimates. These discussions are very much hindered by the fact that when the QUEEN'S Government demand money, everybody has a right to insist upon some question of his own being first disposed of. Now MR. PUNCH has not often the happiness of agreeing with MR. WHITE, but is bound to say that in this matter, the sense was on his side, and the talk on that of the eminent talkers who opposed him. WALFOLE, and DISRAELI, and PALMERSTON all protested against altering a time-honoured system, and MR. DISRAELI affirmed that the House had a higher duty than legislation, namely, the duty of representing public opinion. This is true, but public opinion decidedly is that the Estimates ought to be well over-hauled, and this cannot be done when gentlemen who have been hard at work all day, and hard at talk all night, are requested at midnight, to begin doing sums in arithmetic and scrutinising details of extravagances. MR. PUNCH dismisses, with a kick of the profoundest contempt, all the bunkum about terror at losing a check upon the Crown, and thinks that it would be extremely desirable to examine the cheques upon the Exchequer. However the old hands had their way, and the motion was withdrawn, the mover remarking that MR. DISRAELI was one of those who could make White look black—and proving his statement by looking very black at the result.

MR. MONCKTON MILNES once more introduced the Bill for enabling MR. JONES to marry the sister of the late MRS. JONES, if the sister and himself desire such a union. MR. WALPOLE informed MR. MILNES that the Bill was to be strenuously resisted. There must be a great demand for Sisters-in-Law, as wives somewhere, but MR. PUNCH's experience has failed to show him where this demand exists. He hates his sisters-in-law most heartily, for they always bowl him out at home when he has been performing any little innocent eccentricities out of doors, they are always stimulating MR. PUNCH (who needs no such stimulus) to buy new bonnets, they always take the other front places in the opera-box, so that he has to sit at the back, and they always write to him for orders for the play, though, being all very rich, they can perfectly well afford to pay. Moreover, they never seem obliged by anything he does for them, but take it as part of his conjugal duty. Should he have the misfortune to survive MR. PUNCH, he solemnly pledges himself, for one, to make no use of MR. MILNES's law (if MR. M. passes it) and so is quite disinterested in saying that he thinks people ought to be allowed to do as they like in a matter which the House of Lords, Spiritual and Temporal, has solemnly declared to be no question of principle.

Wednesday. The Commons sat only half an hour, the theological bills not being sufficiently forward to furnish a fight on this, the legislative Sunday. Convocation, however, sat elsewhere, and grunted a good deal about the theatres being open in the week in which Good Friday occurs.

Thursday. The first night of anything like real discussion. In both Houses the new Educational Minute was the subject, LORD GRANVILLE and MR. ROBERT LOWE being the Ministerial speakers. Government have very considerably modified the original modifications, and it was felt that Ministers offered a very satisfactory defence of what they had done. The EARL OF DERBY must have enraged an immense lot of clamorous parsons and indignant teachers, by deliberately declaring that all the alterations in the new system had been made in the right direction. MR. DISRAELI only complained that the explanations had not been given sooner. It was understood that the whole question was to be brought up again, one of these days, for an elaborated dissection, but the Reform, which was far more necessary than any other which could be suggested, is an accomplished fact, and the people will find out the benefit of it before long.

Friday. PRESIDENT SEWARD having caused KING LINCOLN to send out another Stone Fleet to complete the destruction of Charleston Harbour, EARL RUSSELL manfully declared the act a Barbarous one. We shall be curious to hear how the chief Barbarian will justify the deed. If there is much more of this sort of thing, it may be a question whether the civilised powers ought not to break such a Blockade, not in the interest of commerce, but of humanity.

Then exploded in the Lords the bombshell of nonsense which had been loaded in Convocation touching the allowing the London theatres to be opened in Passion Week. LORD DUNGANNON ventilated his Puseyite notions on the subject, and MR. PUNCH was sorry to see his own right reverend brother, the excellent BISHOP OF LONDON, supporting LORD DUNGANNON, though on somewhat more rational grounds. Every place of amusement, in and out of London, except the theatres,

is open at the period in question, and why an Ethiopian serenader should be permitted to cackle nonsense, while the other black man, *Othello*, must not utter the language of the DIVINE WILLIAMS, perhaps the bishop will privately inform MR. PUNCH. The fact is that the observance of days, with the exception of Fifty Two, and Two others, is no longer an English habit, and it is useless to cling to rags of an extinct ritual. A pleasing illustration was given of the way in which Lords talk of what they do not understand. LORD DUNGANNON thought that there was no hardship upon the Actors or Actresses from the rule which shut up the theatre in Passion Week, because they must be employed in preparing the entertainments for Easter. Certainly, our dear lord, and do you know any other word besides DUNGANNON which begins with a D? If so, apply it to the nobleman who made the above speech, and did not know that though the happy artists may have to rehearse day and night, they are never paid a shilling by their generous employers except in respect of public performances. There are plenty of lords who know quite as much as is good for them about all such matters. Why did nobody tell DUNGANNON not to talk nonsense?

SIR ROBERT PEEL gave MR. MAGUIRE another knock or two, and promised him a fight whenever he liked. MR. COWPER said that there must be a road made from the north of London to the International Exhibition, and he meant to make one, and spend money out of the coal duties in doing it, so that the Tyburnian people may scuttle along comfortably. MR. FORSTER complained that the Belgians were doing us in the matter of Tariff. LORD PALMERSTON had five things to say, first, that he could not prevent that savage beast the KING OF DAHOMEY from murdering his subjects by the thousand; secondly, that the slave trade could only be finally put down by making commerce more profitable than mar-stealing; thirdly, that the Belgians were inclined to behave very well; fourthly, that MR. CORDEN would have had a mark of Government gratitude for his treaty services, but for his own over-modest character; and fifthly, that the Ladies of England were causing the distress in Coventry, by their whimsical adoption of new fashions. But Cupid could not bring his mind to speak altogether unkindly of Venus, and he added that the ladies were benefiting Sheffield by wearing steel, though that often proved fatal to life. Evidently, the PREMIER dislikes Crinolines, and we should be pleased to hear him discuss the subject.

Divers other matters kept the House till midnight. The Highways Bill was sent to a Select Committee, the *Warrior* was declared to behave nobly at sea, the National Gallery was announced to be so full of pictures that we really must have fresh accommodation—and Cox the Great, Cox of Finsbury, MR. PUNCH's own Cox, announced, amid unrighteous laughter, that he meant, on a given day, to ask LORD PALMERSTON whether he would bring in a Reform Bill.

BRAVO, BOTH OF YOU!

SINCE Greek Professor DR. JOWETT's made,
What salary should for the work be paid?
"Twixt new endowment of four hundred clear,
And old endowment, forty pounds a year,
The Oxford Dons declare that the Professor
As heretic, must put up with the lesser.
But JOWETT's friends, giving the larger preference,
Subscribe two thousand to make up the difference.

A worthy taste has worthy DOCTOR JOWETT,
His saying "No" to the gift, doth clearly show it.
But still to JOWETT's friends and JOWETT's foes,
And JOWETT's self its tribute Justice owes.
Honour to JOWETT and each would-be giver,
And to the forty-pounders, scorn for ever!

OUTLANDISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE following is an item of foreign news which has been judged to be of sufficiently high importance to be worth transmitting in a distinct telegram:—

"A Serbian agent having given to the Porte explanations in reference to the protest which it addressed to the Powers on the resolutions recently passed by the SKUPSTINA OF SERBIA, the Porte has declared itself to be better satisfied with regard to the further intentions of Serbia."

O! for the good old times when we should have asked who, or what, is the SKUPSTINA OF SERBIA?—when we had no foreign politics to bother us, and involve us in trouble and expense. How happy we should be, if we could still exclaim with contented ignorance, that we didn't know and didn't care whether the SKUPSTINA OF SERBIA was a potentate, or a parliament, or a parish vestry, or a pack of stuff!

A COMPLIMENT BY WAY OF NOVELTY.—Why is the Hebrew Persuasion the best of all persuasions? Because it is a persuasion that admits of no gammon.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



Y DEAR PUNCH,

"Of a truth, I must congratulate MR. PHELPS upon his Shakspeare Gallery. In saying this, however, I do not refer to any Shakspeare pictures he may have in his possession. The gallery I allude to is the gallery of his theatre, which I saw crammed the other evening to see him play *Macbeth*. That crowd of eager faces all intent upon the scene is a sight that any Shakspeare-lover must be pleased to see: and

if I were MR. PHELPS I would not care much for mere pictures, while I had such a living gallery to look at.

"The playgoers of Pentonville are in this respect peculiar, that they go to see the play, and not to flirt and chatter. Between the acts, I grant you, there is plenty of conversation, and at times a cheerful out-cry to recognise a friend. But the moment the bell rings you hear the cry of 'Silence!' 'Or-der!' and then every tongue is hushed, and every cough is smothered till the curtain drops. The gallery becomes a model of 'still life,' and the falling of a pin would doubtless be resented as an outrage by the pit. Although the entrance-fees are only sixpence and a shilling, the frequenters of these seats pay thorough reverence to SHAKSPEARE, and listen to his words with the attention they deserve. And surely few can fail to be the better for such hearing, and to bear in memory some few of the thousand noble thoughts he has expressed. In these sensation-craving times, when murders by moonlight in the midst of splendid scenery, and ships on fire, and slave sales, and great headers are so sought after, I rejoice to find a theatre where SHAKSPEARE is still popular, and is loved and revered for his own intrinsic sake, and not by reason of the adjuncts which the paint-pot can supply.

"*Macbeth* at Sadler's Wells is decidedly worth going to, if only for the sake of seeing how attractive the play is in itself, without the gorgeous up-getting supplied at the Princess's a season or two since. There is just a trifle too much thunder in the murder scene, and the peals are caused so obviously by rolling cannon-balls about upon the floor just over-head that they do not much enhance the horrors of the scene. The rain comes down too in such torrents that I really almost feared that the New River had burst in, and the speech of *Lady Macbeth*, while her good husband was 'about it,' was half-drowned in the uproar of the artificial flood. The close of the act, however, was exceedingly well done: *Macbeth's* scene with his wife full of horror and remorse, rendered without rant; and the clamour and confusion, with which the act concludes, done with a good eye to picturesque effect.

"I have seen better casts at Sadler's Wells for this great play. MISS GLYN and MR. MARSTON were actors to be missed; and their places just at present are but ill supplied. In the sleep-walking scene MISS ATKINSON spoke too low to be well audible, and she has besides not force enough worthily to carry out the grandeur of the part. MR. EDMUND PHELPS is pains-taking, and certainly improves; but he has very much to learn ere he can hope to do full justice to *Macduff*. I very well remember how his father played the character on the night when MR. MACREADY retired from the stage; and how, when hearing of the loss of 'all his pretty ones at one fell swoop,' he gave his sorrow words with such a quivering lip and choked and tearful utterance that there was scarcely left a dry eye in the house. MR. MACREADY had his faults: he 'pumped' too much, cried some; he 'mouthed' too much, said others; but I for one shall ever reverence his memory. Whatever his short-comings, he was a man who did good service to the drama in his day. MR. PHELPS as his successor continues his good work; and, although at times too ponderous and dragging in his speech (in soliloquy especially is this defect observable), he is really now the only English actor (your pardon, MR. KEAN; no, I have not forgotten you) who can fitly play a SHAKSPEARE tragic part.

"The pantomime at Sadler's Wells of *Cherry and Fair Star* is not much to my taste, though I am bound to say the audience in general seemed pleased by it. But it has a burlesque opening, which I think is a mistake; and this is more punny than funny, and drags somewhat slowly through its surplussage of small talk. 'Action, action, action!' is as requisite in burlesque as DEMOSTHENES considered it was needful in a speech. Besides, the story (what there is of it) is not remarkable for clearness; the harlequinade has no hot poker, and a paucity of tricks. The only entire change is that of an excursion-train for Brighton being turned into a 'pleasure' boat, with everybody ill in it; and this I rather fancy I have somewhere seen before. Generally at Sadler's Wells one finds a good old-fashioned pantomime, full of comic business, bustle, and big heads. This year the exception is not a very wise one; and though the audience now do their best to laugh at the bad puns, I rather think they would more relish butter-slides and red-hot poker, and other fine old pantomimic ways of tickling the house.

"I have not yet seen the *Lily of Killarney*, as our old friend the *Colleen Bawn* is

operatically called; and so I will not venture, as a bolder critic might, to draw upon my fancy, assisted by mere hearsay, to put forth my sweeping praise or condemnation of the work, and minutely to detail its every beauty and defect. As MR. HARRISON is certainly a bigger man than MR. BOUCICAULT, I should imagine the great 'header' must be even more 'tremendous' than it was at the Adelphi; and, whatever be the added charms of the new music, any lover of old melody would surely never miss the chance of hearing MISS LOUISA ELLY O'CONNOR PYNE sing in her sweet voice that charming air, the *Cruisee's* *Lane*.

"*Old Phil's Birthday* is a piece well worth seeing at the Strand, if only because it shows that MR. ROGERS can do better than play the mere buffoon. That his buffoonery is funny I most readily admit: his trumpet-sounding in *Aladdin*, and the pranks he played with MR. GREAT TRAGEDIAN CLARKE, in that absurdest of absurdities, the *Rival Othellos*, were really things to make one's side ache, absurdly out-burlesquing burlesque as they might be. Still, a touch of quiet humour is better than broad farce; and a bit of genuine pathos lives longer in the memory than many a horse-laugh.

"I hope before my next to give a look at the St. James's, which I hear is doing bravely under the new management, thanks to a neat play and pretty classical burlesque. I mean, too, if I can, to squeeze into the Lyceum, where I understand since Christmas people have been sitting with their children on their knees; so crammed has the house been to see the *Peep o' Day*, and catch a peep o' nights at MR. TELBIN's lovely scenery, and MISS LYDIA's lively legs and prettily smiling eyes and lips. As for Drury Lane, the pit entrance, I am told, is at present only passable by those who take their stand there at six o'clock, A.M.; such is the attraction of the pantomime plus MR. KEAN, whom I commend for his good sense in having hitherto shunned SHAKSPEARE, and stuck to plays like *Louis Once*, which are not beyond his grasp.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

I ONCE HAD A TAILOR.

(SONG OF A WALLFLOWER.)

AIR—"My Lodging is on the Cold Ground."

I ONCE had a Tailor; 'tis some time ago:
More years than I care to confess.
But then I delighted in personal show,
And paid some attention to dress.

My dress suit has lasted from that time to this;
For service it only hath seen
On occasions like visits of envoys from Bliss,
Not many, and distant between.

Its nap is as yet but a little effaced,
And that you want daylight to see;
But the coat of my youth is too small in the waist,
So the trousers and vest are, for me.

Costumes oft have changed since this old one was new;
But its style may revive in our day:
So I yet may appear in the fashion like you,
Once again, ere I cast it away.

The Claims of Kindred.

THE greatest rarities in the world are kind relatives. Truly kind relatives will never oppose your inclinations, but on the contrary, encourage you to follow them, and will take all unpleasant consequences of your doing so on themselves. They will lend you money to speculate with, and as often as you fail they will allow you to fall back upon them, and lend you more, and so on until they have no more to lend, and then they will lend you their names and their credit, and apologise to you for having done so little for you.—NEEDOWEEL *On Goodness*.

CASTOR ON THE COLONIES.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH thinks we should give up Canada, and let the Yankees have all they want of us. We are now convinced of the transmigration of souls. MR. SMITH, in a former state of existence, was evidently a beaver.



A HUNTING APPOINTMENT.—VIVE LE SPORT AGAIN!

Distinguished Foreigner (who does not comprehend why a frost should stop Hounds). "AHA! NO HONT ZIS MORNING—MON DIEU!—ZEN ZARE IS NO DOG'S MEET TO-DAY!"

PYTHON PARTURIENS.

*"The Python at the Zoological Gardens is now incubating more than 100 eggs."—
Journals, passim.*

SPREAD straw, tie up the knockers on your pockets,
Zoologists, this great egg-sample blithe on,
Let Fellows who come in endorse their tickets,
"With kind inquiries after MRS. PYTHON."

Strange birds and beasts within these Gardens' bound,
In their confinement daily may be seen:
Even mare's-nests perchance might here be found
By one who carefully should sweep the green.

(Or if the Gardens no such nests afford,
The House of the Society, I'll swear
Will yield you plenty, if you'll search the Board,
What time the Council may be sitting there.)

A viper here once laid an egg, 'tis said,
And duly from it reared a viper small;
But now we boast a Pythoness, instead,
Who lays a hundred eggs and sits on all!

We'll trump the "Sure as there's snakes in Virginny,"
With which the Yankee nails a "tall" remark,
(As you might trump a dollar with a guinea)
By "Sure as there are snakes in Regent's Park!"

A hundred eggs! In each a baby Python!
Delightful moment, when a GRAY or OWEN,
This large though scaly family broods blithe on,
And marks, week after week, his charges growing,

And still unwinding, *à la* WILKIE COLLINS,
Such closely-woven tails, one feels perplex

To make cut head from tail, yet *volens volens*,
Waits the "continuation in our next."

Or shall I say, like an Attorney's bill,
"In bouts of linked sweetness long drawn out,"
As that Attorney strong to squeeze at will,
With coils as slippery as their gripe is stout?

Rare privilege to lend such aid as OWEN'S
To Mrs. P. in her maternal toil!
To have the ordering of Small Pythons' goings,
And teach their young ideas how to coil!

Our Python class at length from school uncurled,
Youth's gay slough cast for manhood's darker skin,
To see them introduced into the world,
As vicious as the wildest of their kin—

Till, from this single pair of Python kind,
Boas shall be as thick as bores are now;
And snakes to hookahs not as now confined,
Shall swing, delightful fruit, from every bough

Adieu, proud mother, be thine hopes fulfilled,
To help thee hatch, some sunshine may we see;
Phœbus Apollo's shafts the Python killed,
The want of them seems likelier to kill thee.

Done on both Sides.

THE attempt by the new Imperial Finance Minister to keep up French *rentes* by rigging the market having failed, the would-be borrowers on the Bourse, and the would-be lenders on our own Stock Exchange are equally be-fould,—whether you pronounce the word, "be-fouled," or "be-fooled."

Mrs. Dea and Mrs. Dizzy, "QUITE CHARMED AT YOUR BRILLIANT SUCCESSSES!—OH DEAR YES! SO TRULY GRATIFYING TO ALL PARTIES!"
Lord Pam "MUCH OBLIGED, I'M SURE (Asks) THEY DON'T COME IN AGAIN DO THEY?"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 22, 1862.



TOO CIVIL BY HALF.

Mrs. DERRY AND Mrs. DIZZY. "QUITE CHARMED AT YOUR BRILLIANT SUCCESSSES!—OH DEAR YES! SO TRULY GRATIFYING TO ALL PARTIES!"
TOLD PAUL. "MUCH OBLIGED, IN SURE!" (SINGING). THEY DON'T COME IN AGAIN, BUT I KNOW WHY.

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THE POLICE AND THE CRUSHERS.



PUNCH.—"Eureka! See what I've found—in a Police Report, under the head of 'Hammersmith,' of a case in which a rag-and-bone-man was pulled up by the police for wheeling a barrow on the pavement at Kensington, and pleaded that it was an old-fashioned child's four-wheeled chaise:—

"MR. DAYMAN looked at the Act of Parliament, and said the words were 'any carriage,' and therefore he held that a perambulator would come within the meaning of the Act. It was, however, a matter for police interference. They must exercise their discretion, and if they thought perambulators were not to be meddled with, he could not interfere. He fined him 5s. and 2s. costs."

"So the police have the power of interfering with perambulators, if they please to use it. Now that they know they possess that salutary power, I trust they will exercise the same. The defendant in the case wherein

that point was ruled by Mr. DAYMAN, urged that in the High-street, Notting-hill 'the public had to walk in the road in consequence of the perambulators on the pavement.' Will SIR RICHARD MAYNE suffer that? Then rag-and-bone-men and costermongers will be very unfairly treated. A barrow of greens or rags and bones, wheeled by a man through a crowd, is much less of a nuisance than a perambulator with an infant in it, pushed along by a servant girl. The man is thinking of his greens or other contents of his barrow; the girl of some soldier, or policeman, or the baker's man; or more commonly still her thoughts are fixed on vacancy and her two eyes on opposite quarters of the heavens. The former sings out 'By leaf!' and steers clear of you; the other gives you no warning, and crushes your toes. You will rejoice with me to find that there exists a Corn Law to afford them protection against those Juggernaut-cars in which the little idols of their dotting Mammas are accustomed to be dragged over our bunions; and if you will just send SIR RICHARD MAYNE a pressing invitation to enforce it with the utmost rigour, you will much oblige your old friend,

"PANTALON."

"Feast of St. Valentine (Calf's Heart for dinner), 1862."

A SATIRE IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE *Saturday Review* contains an article on "Flogging at Public Schools," founded on a case the statement of which includes, or at least implies, what, we trust, is a very serious mistake. Let the tale be told in the *Saturday Review's* own language, which, like some that now and then occurs in police reports and assize-intelligence, may perhaps be quoted for explanatory purposes without offence.

After a classical allusion to the custom practised by certain persons in Ancient Rome, of exposing in the forum, for a particular purpose, "the traces of the patrician scourge," the *Saturday Review* proceeds in the following strain:—

"A MR. GEORGE JACKSON, who, in the persons of two hopeful sons, has suffered a similar indignity, and has similar scars to show, is following the plebeian precedent. The New Police Act, indeed, more prudish than the laws of NUMA, precludes him from exhibiting, in the Royal Exchange or at Charing Cross, the cuticle of his offspring furrowed by the cruel twig. He is restricted by the less dramatic habits of modern days, and the exigencies of modern clothing, and can only display their bleeding forms in print."

Although, as touching that same display, the laws of NUMA may be less prudish than the New Police Act, they are perhaps considerably more prudish than the foregoing remarks, if prudish is exactly the right epithet to apply to any excess of delicacy relative to a very peculiar exhibition. Prudery is hardly the word which most men would use to qualify the extreme sense of the objectionable in that respect. That is an excess of refinement which gentlemen do not generally consider old-maidish and express themselves as if they did. A licence, however, very much the opposite of such prudery, is manifest in the subjoined as well as the preceding jeers elaborated at the expense of MR. JACKSON and his sons. The *Saturday Review* continues, ridiculing that gentleman:—

"In other words he has published and circulated a pamphlet, detailing, in the form of a somewhat lengthy correspondence, how his two boys, aged eighteen and

nineteen, went from Uppingham School to see their grandmamma for the Easter holidays—how the charms of her society tempted them rashly to delay their return till the last allowable train—how an imperfect initiation into the mysteries of Bradshaw caused them to miss that train—and how, in spite of paternal protests and grandmaternal tears, the fatal miscalculation was expiated on the block. MR. JACKSON, feeling his own nerves tingle vicariously at the castigation, first inflicts a voluminous correspondence upon the Draconic schoolmaster—and then, having withdrawn his boys from the school, inflicts the same sad and verbose epistles on the Bismarck or Lombard—and finally, in the form of a pamphlet, upon each of the governors of the school, without apparently obtaining the satisfaction he desires."

In the same vein of mockery devoid of prudery, the *Saturday Review* pursues the young JACKSONS, also; thus:—

"The doom has been executed and cannot be recalled. Those youthful martyrs to grandmaternal fascinations cannot have restored to them the abraded cuticle they have lost. That bloodstained morning can never be washed out of their memory. And it may be doubted whether this is a sort of martyrdom of which increased publicity will mitigate the suffering. At least these high-spirited young men must be much less thin skinned morally than they appear to have been physically, if they enjoy the privilege which parental fecklessness has secured for them of making their first public entry into English society in the character of grandmamma's flogged pets."

Stinging words. They are, however, perhaps, a little too like the venomous taunts of a rabid woman. Savage words to apply to young lads.

The *Saturday Review* goes on to scoff at the lads in the aggravating female style because they were "flogged for inability to tear" themselves "from the side of their grandmamma," and have incurred "an accumulation of comical ignominy compared to which, in the opinion of most young men, the punctures of the buds of birch would smart but little." Its attack upon them concludes with the following observations, very much indeed the reverse of prudish:—

"'Pleasant but wrong,' is recorded by the proverb to have been the remark of the chimney-sweep when he kissed his grandmamma; but he did not embody the ejaculation in a pamphlet. Whatever the feelings of the half-healed sufferers may have been when next they took an uneasy seat by the side of their too seductive ancestors, they had better have prevailed upon their literary parent to keep their sorrows and their consolations to himself. Certain it is, they must make the most of her now, for if they go either into the Army or to a University, they will in a few months forget her very name."

The last clause of the above paragraph is simply an invitation of any regiment or college to which the young JACKSONS may go to banter, insult, and torment them out of their lives. The *Saturday Review* might as well content itself with attacking established reputations: and spare the prospects of young men just entering life.

The great mistake, however, made—as we hope—by the *Saturday Review* is especially evident in that part of the extract just quoted which represents the JACKSONS, respectively eighteen and nineteen years old, as having been flogged after the manner of children. According to the *Saturday Review*, moreover, the flogging of adult youths in that infamous manner is an ordinary practice at Uppingham School. Here, surely, the *Saturday Review* is in error. The fact must be that the young men, if flogged at all, are flogged after the manner of men. Otherwise Uppingham School would be a place which prudery would object to mention, and any schoolmaster exercising the birch at that establishment would be a person whom we should unwillingly name.

Strangely enough the *Saturday Review* follows up its sarcasms on the youths of eighteen and nineteen by expressing disapproval of that discipline, with whose shameful circumstances, and the essentially odious condition involved in them, it had been dallying and sporting in jocosities which any prudery or sort of nicety would shrink from.

VICTIMS OF PROGRESS.

THE *Times*, in an awakening leader on the sleepy subject of Education, observes, with reference to the sacrifice of vested interests to the public good, that:—

"Every graveyard in this Metropolis is a vested interest in the dead disregarded for the sake of the living. That two millions might breathe a purer atmosphere, we reduced the fees of two or three hundred clergymen."

Other nuisances have been abated to the detriment of interests vested in them, besides intramural graveyards. Reform in Doctors' Commons, for example, destroyed the business of certain proctors. But in this case did we not hear something of some small amount of compensation allowed those learned persons for the removal of the offence which they had enjoyed the prescription of feeding on? Clergymen are not vermin of less consequence than proctors. We should perhaps breathe our purer atmosphere with greater complacency if we had purified it at our own expense and not out of the pockets of a few unfortunate parsons.

Important Fact for Orange Lodges.

THE annual consumption of oranges in England is, so it appears, not less than 650,000,000 a year. We only allude to this valuable statistical fact, that it may be recorded in the next edition of *Perr's Diary*.



ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT. "Why don't you come to drill, man?"

ONE OF THE WRONG SORT. "Haw, fact is I'm generally engaged—some evening party or dinner party every night, you know; but I shall come in Lent, you know, when that sort of thing is all over."

A COMPANION TO THE PEERAGE.

AMONG recent announcements of medical books, the following will, perhaps, have excited curiosity amongst the habitual students of DOD and DEBRET:—

"THE BLOOD OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

"ON PURE BLOOD; its Origin, Diseases of the Alimentary Canal, Stomach, Intestines, Chronic Diarrhoea (even of many years standing), Spinal Complaint, and Asthma; their successful treatment. Digestion, its Derangements and Remedy. Skin Diseases, &c. In this work is original thought."

From the above title and list of contents we should be disposed to conclude that the author of *The Blood of the Aristocracy* means to say that the circulating fluid of the superior classes is exceptionally pure, and very generally contaminated with morbid agents. It would appear that aristocratic blood for the most part contains the seeds of eruptive complaints, of diseases of the nervous system and respiratory and digestive organs, inasmuch that chronic diarrhoea, especially, runs in the blood. Gout, everybody knows, is comprehended under the natural law of entail, and often descends in association with high honours and broad lands; though it does not go all to the eldest son.

Does the blood of the aristocracy, examined under the microscope, exhibit finer globules than that of the common people; and does chemical analysis detect in it any peculiar principle of honour, which might be named Stirpine or the principle of Race, or Stemmatine, or, more familiarly, Pedigrine; or, more familiarly still, Nobbine, or Swelline?

Transfusion of blood is practised in cases of dangerous exhaustion from hæmorrhage. Suppose LORD REGINALD FITZURSE at death's door, in consequence of bleeding in his country's cause from a wound received on the field of glory. LIEUTENANT LARKINS, whose father was a linendraper, volunteers to supply the deficiency in his lordship's circulating medium. Will the vital fluid of LARKINS kill FITZURSE, as that of an ox or other lower animal would? Will it make FITZURSE a Snob?

The origin of pure blood, the blood of the aristocracy, whole and

untainted, as it flowed in the veins of the primary aristocrat, would be an interesting subject of inquiry, if there were any scientific reason for believing that personage to have been a king of men, who are supposed to have chipped the flints in the drift, and not that more modern patriarch, who, till lately, has had the credit of having been "the first that ever bore arms."

UTILISATION OF ROSEWATER.

I'LL treasure some soapsuds else destined to sink,
And mix with the River which Londoners drink,
And keep it in store to refresh Dixies' Land,
Or the Blackamoor's Air,
Which is ground everywhere,
In the Strand!

Then come, if thou wilt, dingy PIPPO, and grind,
From the pathways of study distracting my mind;
And an engine shall wash thee with dew from the rose.
But thou'lt smile in the rain,
Which will cleanse thee, and pain
Not thy nose.

How to Train up a Child.

THE best plan of training a child is to allow him to put on a railway-guard's uniform, to jump up behind the engine, do stoker's work, slam the doors, call out the names of the stations, and to start the train by blowing the whistle, taking good care that he pays well for the latter. Such training may lead him eventually to a commission of lunacy, but that is no fault of his tutors, more especially as the charge is even a quicker method than the railway of allowing the young man to run through his property.

WHAT is both Food for the Body and Food for the Mind?—BACON.

AN APPARITION ACCOUNTED FOR.

ACCORDING to *Galignani*, the BISHOP OF TARBES has just issued a pastoral affirming the reality of an apparition, similar to the reported one of La Salette, and alleged to have occurred to a young girl named BERNADETTE SUBIROUS, February, 1858, in a grotto at a place in the Hautes Pyrénées named Lourdes. In this document the faithful are authorised to believe the apparition as certain, and the "worship of Our Lady of the Grotto of Lourdes" also "is henceforth authorised throughout the extent of the diocese."

Thereon a Paris journal remarks:—

"Is it not clear that BERNADETTE is of the darkest ignorance, and that she has never known, or has conscientiously forgotten, her catechism? She does not say, in fact, that she has seen the Virgin. She says that she saw the Immaculate Conception. This is of no slight gravity, and the Bishop of Tarbes would perhaps have done well to have paid more attention to the circumstance, for it shows that BERNADETTE looks on the Immaculate Conception as a lady loving to adorn herself with a blue girdle, and having a fancy for yellow roses, otherwise we should be obliged to believe that the Virgin had really appeared to BERNADETTE, and had taken advantage of the simplicity of the child to give her the falsest ideas of the Immaculate Conception."

A young lady whose own conceptions are so dull and hazy as those of BERNADETTE, was in her right place when she beheld an apparition in the Grotto of Lourdes. The Bishop of Tarbes must be as *lourd* as the visionary herself, to publish such humbug as the story he vouches in his pastoral, expecting it to be swallowed, unless the people in his diocese are mostly imbecile. That the girl saw a figure, elegantly attired, which she took for that of a holy personage, is very probable, and it is also likely that she heard the words Immaculate Conception, which she supposed to be synonymous with Nôtre Dame. Apparitions such as she beheld are wont, seemingly, to occur principally about the Alps and Pyrenees, and other mountainous regions. In these districts also a peculiar affection is prevalent and endemic; that of Cretinism.

A Fact not Generally Known.

So systematic is the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in all her arrangements, that she has the fire even in her celebrated Parlour "banked up" regularly every day.

A RARE CHANCE FOR THE ORGAN-GRINDERS.



What a pretty state of things the Northerners are coming to, at least if we may credit that highly trustworthy authority, the *New York Herald*. Money is becoming so scarce now in the States that music for the soldiers can no longer be afforded, and so it has been actually proposed by war-economists to disband and do away with the brass bands of the army. Against this prudent step, however, the *Herald* thus indignantly and manfully protests:—

"All history proves that music is as indispensable to warfare as

money; and money has been called the sinews of war. Music is the soul of Mars. In old times Jouru sent Jorjho on a bust with his horns. The Greeks and Romans invented brass bands by clashing their shields together as they went into battle. The old English yeomen were equally skilful with the bugle and the bow, and hence a 'blower' and 'one who draws the long bow' have become synonymous terms. The Crusaders had their troubadours. The cavaliers and roundheads fought out the respective merits of monarchy, democracy, and short and long metres. The 'Marseillaise' is the big columbiad of France. Tom DIBDIN is the fighting admiral of the English Navy. 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' has put many a feather into our national cap. "Good martial national music is one of the great advantages we have over the rebels. They have only bands of guerrillas and bridge burners, and are as destitute of musical notes as they are rich in shipplasters. They have not even one good national tune, if we except the 'Rogue's March,' for 'Dizie' belongs exclusively to our DAN BRYANT. 'Hail Columbia,' 'Yankee Doodle,' the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and airs of that sort, they left behind them with the other good things of the Union; and, in spite of every effort, England cannot be persuaded to lend them a little 'Ride Britannia.' Having thus no music in their souls, they are, as SHAKESPEARE says, only fit for treason, rebellion, stratagems, masked batteries, spoils, and knaveries. Now, are we going to relinquish our musical advantage, and lower ourselves to the key of the rebels? Is the Harp of Erin to be hung upon the willows? Is the Teutonic element to indulge only in swellager, and give up its cornets-a-piston? Far from it. We might better give up Washington."

Whether "Yankee Doodle" be a "good national tune," or likely to afford much martial inspiration, is a question upon which we must decline just now to arbitrate. While Brother JONATHAN continues in so tetchy a condition, it is better for us neutrals to abstain from mooted matters upon which he may be sensitive; and, for ought we know, the noble air of "Yankee Doodle" may be accounted in his ears a far sublimer composition than HANDEL, MENDELSSOHN, or BEETHOVEN ever have produced. Leaving the point open then for future contemplation, let us see what is the course suggested by the *Herald* in case the Federal army be deprived by the economists of the aid of its brass bands:—

"Suppose, then, that we purchase a steam instrument—a steam-moth calliope—and do the music for the army by machinery and wholesale? Or if it be objected that it would be difficult to average the melody so that each regiment in line should share it equally, suppose we have a large donkey organ, of the kind used by vagrant crows, attached to each division? These wind instruments might perform during parades when political colonels and brigadiers make tune-combe creations; and, for hand to hand fights, skirmishes, and scimitageos, hand or double-barrelled organs might be useful."

Thar, b'hoys! isn't that a rare suggestion for you! Don't you feel your buzzums busting with gratitude to worthy MISTER JAMES GORDON BENNETT, the noble-minded editor of the *New York Herald*, for putting forward in his columns so tarntation good a hint? Maccaro-ni! Wouldn't it be grand to march to battle to the grinding of a barrel-organ, and hire a donkey one to bray defiance to your foemen, and make the boldest of them tremble to hear the dreadful blast! Apple-squash and airtuquakes! You ought to raise a statue to your benefactor BENNETT, and crown it with the laurels that you win in your campaign.

Well, certainly, if Mr. BENNETT's hint be acted on, it will bring us strong temptation to break through our neutrality, and to supply the Federals with some of these new musical munitions for the war. We should only be too happy to ship them a good cargo of our surplus organ-grinders, and would be content to bargain that they never be sent back to us. At a moderate calculation there must be now in London at least ten thousand of these players whom we very well might spare; and we should have the satisfaction of knowing that their exportation would "do the States some service," while it certainly would prove of marked advantage to ourselves.

A REGULAR FRENCH BRICK.

HERE is one of the best things that *Punch* has heard for many a day, and, as good things ever find a place in *Punch*, its insertion in these columns becomes a matter of course:—

"ENGLISH SUBJECTS ABROAD.—Any person who requires evidence of the solicitude with which England watches over and protects her subjects, even the meanest of them, in whatever part of the world they may be, will find it in the following occurrence:—At the last assizes of the Bouches-du-Rhône two English sailors were tried for murder. The Court appointed M. BOUTEILLE as advocate to defend them, and they were acquitted. The English Consul at Marseilles hastened to Aix to thank the advocate, and offer him his fee, which he declined to accept, and the Consul left with the two sailors, whom he sent to England. Shortly afterwards, M. BOUTEILLE received a case containing the collection of English laws, in five volumes, richly bound, and bearing QUEEN VICTORIA'S SIGNS, and the inscription:—'The English government to M. MARTIAL BOUTEILLE, advocate at Aix, in recognition of the talent, zeal, and disinterestedness, with which he defended its subjects.'"*Messager de Provence.*

Bravo! M. BOUTEILLE! (And bravo! too, LORD PALMERSTON!) Here's your health, Monsieur. *Punch* looks towards you, Sir. You're a jolly good fellow; in fact, a regular Brick. *Une brigade régulière—quoi! qu'est que c'est que ça?* Eh, don't you twig, old cock? Well, *Punch* will not attempt to offer a translation of what is untranslatable. But rest assured, Monsieur, that *Punch* has given you the title that all Englishmen are proudest of, and which a Frenchman should think himself most lucky to obtain. But you are really worthy of the honour, good Monsieur. It is by such Bricks as you are that the gulf of national prejudice may most surely be bridged over, and the Anglo-French Alliance may be most securely built. Bricks like you are the foundation of national good-feeling, and when cemented by the sympathies of grateful fellow-countrymen form the firmest groundwork for a most enduring peace. Such acts as yours, Monsieur, and such a recognition of them, do more to bring together the hearts of two great countries than any amount of bunkum oratory and frothy champagne fraternisations.

The foreigner who lends a hand to help a British sailor in distress is deserving of the thanks of every British subject. Our Government has given you its gratitude, Monsieur, and now, the mouthpiece of the nation—WE, *PUNCH*, speak the nation's thanks.

Once more then, your health, Sir: in a bumper of good duty-reduced GLADSTONE-brought-in Burgundy; the best liquid for moistening the Anglo-French cement. You are a brick, M. BOUTEILLE. And if you are a *Bouteille*, you are one of right good stuff. *Potaturns to gratissime saluto,*

PUNCH.

PROVERBS À LA DUNDREARY.

And dedicated, with every respect for that Nobleman's stupendous stupidity, to MR. SOTHEBY, T. R. H.

THERE are as many early birds as were ever caught in the Sea. Too many broths spoil the child.

Cut your mutton according to your dinner-cloth.

When Love flies out of the window, it's useless shutting the stable door.

Nine tailors make a man look alive. I believe you.

Spare the rod, and you'll have no fish for dinner.

When things won't mend, it's best to wash your dirty linen at home.

Fine feathers butter no parsnips.

Adversity makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but it's absurd kicking against them.

There's a silver lining to every cloud—no, no (*stuttering, hesitating, correcting himself, and attempting all the while to sneeze*), it isn't that—it's a coat—of course it is!—there's a silver lining to every coat, to be sure,—that's it! How foolish to suppose it was a cloud! Who ever saw a cloud with a silver lining? Ha! ha! By Jove, it might as well have gold facings, a velvet collar, and a star on its breast!

One man may steal a hedge, whilst another mustn't even as much as look a gift-horse in the mouth!

A Brandy-Smasher for Teetotalers.

DRINKING is fearfully on the increase in America. Our latest telegraphic intelligence from the Broadway informs us secretly that there is not a Loafer there now but who has regularly his *Quarters*.



OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Grapes (helping himself to another glass of that fine old Madeira). "HAH! WE LIVE IN STRANGE TIMES—WHAT THE DOOCE CAN PEOPLE WANT WITH DRINKING FOUNTAINS?"

THE WHOLE DUTY OF PROPERTY.

We are told that "Property has its duties as well as its rights." Amongst its various duties, we suppose, may be safely enumerated the legacy-duty, the succession-duty, to say nothing of innumerable Custom-house duties, if Property prefers importing its own wines, &c. Another duty is one that your relatives think it incumbent upon them to take of trying to prove you to be a lunatic, if they fancy you are spending more money than in prudence you ought to do, and so are cutting down the value of your Property. We don't know so much about "its rights," excepting the right that Property always has of serving on a Jury when summoned, and of giving as many dinners and evening parties, conversations, and pic-nics as it pleases, all of which sundry rights, we conclude, may be fairly classed under the inviting category of the "rites" of hospitality. Another of "its rights," however, and it is a strong and enviable one, is, so often as Property gives offence to, or will not comply with the exacting requests of one inferior in station to himself, to be called "a bloated aristocrat." For ourselves, we must say, if we had any choice in the matter, that we would sooner any day be "a bloated aristocrat" than "a bloated democrat," as we have generally found the latter to be the most intolerable, and least tolerating, aristocrat in the world.

Judicious and Tender Reproof.

Ingenious Child (crying). "Oh! papa, I've hurt my 'ead."

Clever Papa. "I see you have, my dear, you've knocked an A off it."

WHAT ARE THE BISHOPS ABOUT?

CLERGYMEN in general are wont to be extremely active in sending round the hat; but in Ireland there appear to be exceptions to the rule, at least if one may judge so by a letter put forth lately by a Dublin paper:—

"Will the inhabitants of Dublin believe what I am about to state? Yesterday a person having a foreign aspect called on me to inquire who had charge of the ruins of St. Andrew's Church, as he wished to hire our Protestant place of worship for a Circus (!); and excused himself by saying he observed it in the same condition when here twelve months ago. Is it not disgraceful sufficient to see such a ruin in our city, without the monstrous insult of a stranger, induced by its lengthened neglect, to proffer money for its use for such a purpose? I would earnestly call the attention of the committee of management and our parishioners to this circumstance, to save us for the future from such humiliating proposals."

A church in ruins for a twelvemonth! What a splendid theme for clerical petitioners to beg upon! How is it that the parsons have neglected to lay hold of it? Had it been that funds were needed for a church in Otaheite, Timbuctoo, or Madagascar, we doubt not Exeter Hall would long ere this have called a meeting, and have poured forth floods of eloquence to demonstrate the pressing nature of the claim. But Dublin—pooh! the Dublinites may take care of themselves. Let their churches go to ruin, and their parsons go in rags. Ireland of course is much too near at home to be seen by Exeter Hall, with its far-sighted philanthropy.

And so, in a country where the Catholics abound, the Protestants are suffered to see their church in ruins. How the POPE'S Brass Band must joy to sound a note of exultation at the fact! For who can well expect to see conversions to a faith that thus allows its temples to fall into decay? It has long been a stigma upon Protestants in general, that while they beautify their houses they leave their churches bare. But worse still is the odium reflected on the body by the fact of churches left to fall about its ears. Whether or no, the "Committee of Management" be faulty in the case of St. Andrew's, *Punch* knows not. But whoever be to blame, *Punch*, as a true Protestant, must here record his protest against another twelvemonths being let to pass, without steps being taken to prevent the chance of offers to make a foreign circus of a British church.

ADVICE TO THE CHARLESSES OF CHARLESTOWN.—Why don't you engage DEERFOOT to run the blockade for you, for he has the reputation of being able to run anything?

A SUBLIME SULTAN.

HIS Majesty the EMPEROR of MOROCCO is raising a loan in London, by virtue of a treaty concluded with Her Majesty the QUEEN, through his Majesty's Plenipotentiary, commissioned by a warrant which bears the EMPEROR's royal signet, and begins thus:—

"In the name of God, the merciful and clement! There is no strength or power but in God, the most high and mighty! Be it known by this our letter, elevated and protected by God, and luminous as the sun and moon, that we have, by the help of God, granted to our employed, the Honourable HAJI ABDEERAHMAN-EL-AJER, full power and authority to conclude with the Minister, MR. JOHN HAY DRUMMOND HAY, the convention, and to treat with the merchant, LEWIS ROSE, regarding the arrangements relative to the loan of \$2,000,000 to be advanced by the British capitalists."

The foregoing anticlimax beats "In the name of the Prophet—figs!" A Yankee, however, who worships the dollar, would not perhaps see the drop. The instrument above quoted reads like the edict of some such a sovereign as CHRONONHOTONTOLOGOS. It is worded in bombast which must be ascribed to some absurd minister, or would indicate the EMPEROR of MOROCCO to be a most leatherheaded monarch. Fancy a rational creature calling his letter "luminous as the sun and moon." Impossible! As LORD DUNDREARY would say—"The EMPWA of Mowocco must be a lunatic."

Approaching Union.

WE understand that LORD BAYSWATER is shortly to be united to the lovely MISS KENSINGTON, whose enormous wealth will be made a public exhibition of shortly after the two have been made one. All good wishes follow this happy union, which we confess, has been too long deferred. As much as £35,000 will be spent, we understand, in bringing the two together. This is great extravagance at their first starting in life, but we trust that the fair couple, in spite of it, will be able eventually to make both ends meet.

COMMON JUSTICE.

THE Government intend to provide the means for making the new road to the International Exhibition, out of the duties on Coal. Surely they must *now* give his baronetcy to "COLE, C.B."

KLEPTOMANIA.—Aristocratic priggism.



"Oh, it's all very well to laugh! but it was too bad of Little Binks to come in his Canadian Dress and Snow-shoes to our Fancy Ball."

SOMETHING LIKE LAND REFORM.

THE following Correspondence has passed between LORDS PUNCH and WESTBURY upon the subject of the Reform in Conveyancing:—

"MY DEAR WESTBURY,

"Fleet Street, Feb. 18.

"I HAVE read your Speech, and it is a very good one. I do not think so well of your Bill, because it is not a regular Root-and-Brancher. I suppose, however, that it is the strongest which you think the Titled Obstructives and the Certificated Attorneys will allow to pass. So you may as well go on with it.

"But if it be defeated, something else must be done for the unhappy Land.

"Just look at the following draft of a Bill which I have prepared. If you think it will do, I shall lay it on the table in the event of your Bill being rejected.

"As for CRANNY's two, and CHELMSFORD's two, and any others that may be poked before us, be good enough, as Major-domo, to tell the laundress to light our smoking-room fire with them.

"Ever yours,

"PUNCH."

"The LORD WESTBURY."

Bill (referred to in the above letter) for putting all the Real Property of the country on a safe basis, so that buying and selling may be easy.

Whereas the present system of Conveyancing is kept up for the sake of enriching a pack of Lawyers.

And Whereas it is time that the aforesaid system of plunder should cease.

Be it Enacted, &c.

That on the 30th April next, every piece of written parchment in the United Kingdom be consumed by fire.

That the Possessors of Property on that day be declared by Parliament to have a perfectly good Title to the property they Possess, except as next mentioned.

That any person who claims anybody else's property shall give notice to that effect before the 1st June, and that his right shall be tried

before LORD PUNCH, who will sit in Ire if any sham claim be brought forward, and will give his judgment right slap off.

That by way of slightly discouraging any sham claims or unjust defences, it be understood that when LORD PUNCH shall have decided against any person, the Counsel who argued the loser's case shall be disbarred, the Attorney flogged, and the Party transported.

That as fast as LORD PUNCH decides a case, the Title to the Property in question shall be considered as finally settled.

That all Property shall be catalogued, with the owner's name, by the active and intelligent gentlemen who are now cooking the International Catalogue, and that this second edition of Domesday Book shall be printed at Mr. Punch's office, and sold at the rate of Fifty Guineas per copy, and that every attorney, counsel, and landowner in the kingdom shall be bound to take a copy, under penalty of the confiscation of his certificate, wig, or property respectively.

That this Act shall apply to Everywhere.

That LORD PUNCH shall apply his *bâton* to Everybody who raises any difficulty or cavil in the premisses.

REPLY.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"Court of Chancery, Feb. 20.

"I AM glad you liked my speech. I myself think that it was a good one. I should have liked to put in a little more pepper for the Pumps, but there is nothing like civility. If they defeat my Bill, I pledge myself to support yours, which I can only say is Beautiful, and that I would be Punch if I were not

"His faithfully,

"The LORD PUNCH."

"WESTBURY."

Literary Intelligence.

If the Chief Rabbi had an "*Index Expurgatorius*" as well as the POPE, we naturally conclude that such works as the following would be included amongst its prohibitions:—HOGG, BACON, and FENWICK DE PORQUET.

IMAGINARY BIRTHPLACE OF DEERFOOT?—Cape Race.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ally pretended to believe that one of the greatest and keenest lawyers in England did not know as much about Feoffment as MR. PAUL CHEQUERBERT himself would have been able to state at his examination in the Head Attorney's own hall in Wickness Lane. It would have been as reasonable to allege that because FARADAY would probably tell the young ladies and gentlemen that the earth is round, he does not know that it is flattened at the poles. The attack is valuable, as showing the spirit in which attorneyism is eager to deal with Conveyancing Reform, but is it not a short-sighted policy on the part of the small lawyers? Surely it is better to try and multiply jobs, as the making conveyancing reasonably cheap will do, than to cling to the old system, which enriches a few aristocratic pets like MR. TULKINGHORN, but which prevents thousands of clients from having anything to do with the purchase of land.

LORD WESTBURY proposes, as hath been intimated, a Three-Fold Registration. The attorneys say that if they had three ears they'd hear him, but the longitude rather than the number of their ears is illustrated in their resistance to his Bill. He wishes to establish:—

1. A Registry of out-and-out Good Titles.
2. A Registry of Titles that will be out-and-out good if they are let alone long enough.
3. A Registry of Mortgages and Incumbrances, the Duplicates, as it were, which show that hard-up Territorial Aristocrats have been to their Uncle.

The mode in which the Registration is to be effected is mere matter of detail, as the man in the farce says of the question whether the Bill he has accepted so readily will be paid or not. Then,

All deeds are to be printed,

LORD WESTBURY, with a fine sense of human nature, observing that this will marvellously abbreviate them, for though an attorney may not hesitate to hand over pound after pound of waste-paper covenants and provisos and rubbish to a tallow-faced law-stationer to engross, even attorneyism would recoil from the idea of printing and editing such Bosh. The Compositor has been found to shorten Chancery pleadings in a wonderful manner. Next,—

Deeds may be as short as they used to be in the good old times, which the lovers of precedent are bound to admire. There lies before MR. PUNCH at this moment a dingy little deed of the time of RICHARD THE THIRD (who was killed in Pomfret Castle, MR. COX, and who afterwards gained the name of CŒUR DE LION, because his wife PHILIPPA sucked the poison from a wound he received at Naseby), and this—of which he can read one word only, namely, *and*—contains nineteen lines and conveys ninety acres of first-rate Gloucestershire land. Let us, LORD DERBY, go back to the customs of the good days—what would your respected ancestress, JOAN DE ALDITHLEY, have said to a marriage settlement on twenty-nine skins—do you not think that high-spirited young lady would have made that number thirty, by adding the wretched attorney's to the lot?

But there is nothing compulsory in the matter. If a man has the sense to let his title be examined by first class authority, and certified to be good, he may, but if he has ugly holes in his parchments, or benevolently prefers to go on making the fortunes of the TULKINGHORNS, there is no enactment to prohibit his wisdom or folly from having full play.

And that is LORD WESTBURY'S Bill, for the which MR. PUNCH, in the interest of Common Sense and Common Honesty, begs to thank him. Whether the attorneys will let their obedient servants, the Territorial Aristocracy, pass the Bill, remains to be seen. LORD ST. LEONARDS sees objections, LORD CRANWORTH cannot understand the measure, LORD CHELMSFORD wants to send it, with two Bills of his own and two of LORD CRANWORTH'S, to a Select Committee, and we all know what that means. But the Lords have, in the language of ALEXANDER POPE, (the same as POPE ALEXANDER, you know, MR. COX) "heard BETHELL'S sermon," and MR. PUNCH, again, and with equally exquisite fitness, quoting the same poet, will add,—

"Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,
Let us be fixed, and our own masters still."

FEBRUARY 17, Monday.

"REGISTER! register! register!" cried the late SIR ROBERT to the territorial aristocracy. So crieth the late SIR RICHARD, now LORD WESTBURY, to the land owners, and those who wish to be declared such. To-night his Lordship introduced the Conveyancing Reform Bill. Having to expound the necessity for the Bill, and its character, to an audience of coronets, the Chancellor had to be very lucid indeed, and to explain himself in the broad fashion in which PROFESSOR FARADAY lectures the Juveniles in Albemarle Street. In consequence, the attorney-mind has been promptly down upon him, and a Head Attorney, who should, considering his position, have a little larger intellect, has actually

Some letters of COUNT CAVOUR'S have lately been surreptitiously published. The object is a French one, and it is to help RATAZZI as against RICASSOLI. In these letters CAVOUR states that LORD CLARENDON gave him strong assurances that England would take an active part for Italy. LORD CLARENDON stated to-night that he did nothing of the kind. If the two noblemen talked bad French, we might arrive at a solution which would leave blame only upon their respective instructors in the French tongue, but this could not be the case, and we can only suppose that CLARENDON talked with his cigar in his mouth, and CAVOUR interpreted the puffs his own way.

SIR GEORGE GREY informed us that the Bishops have invented a plan for improving Church Discipline, but that he had not had time to read it, and therefore could not say whether it would do. MR. COWPER declined letting carriages on to the gravel walk from Bayswater, through the Gardens, to the Iron Gates, but promised his Bill for the new road directly. He kept his word.

MR. BRIGHT and LORD PALMERSTON then had their first fight on the American question. MR. BRIGHT had no complaint against the Foreign Office, but was exceedingly wrath at the demonstration with which our demand for MASON and SLIDELL had been accompanied. He likened PAM to one who should send a polite note to another, "at the same time sending a man of portentous strength, handling a gigantic club, and making every kind of Ferocious Gesticulation." He said that the Americans intended from the first to do what was right, and that our Government knew it, and ought not to have armed. To the which PAM responded that he not only knew nothing of the kind, but that every act of the American Government and the American people proved the contrary, that he had simply done his duty in showing that we meant to stand no nonsense, and that he attributed the result to our having made that demonstration. MR. BRIGHT was therefore Shut Up, and divers war and navy estimates were voted.

Tuesday. Exhausted by the intellectual exertion of the preceding evening, the Lords sat but an hour and a-half. They listened to EARL RUSSELL'S explanation that one SHAVER, a Briton, who had been temporarily locked up by MR. SEWARD, had not much of a case for compensation. SHAVER'S memorial is therefore a *tabula Rasa*. Then came the CHANCELLOR'S explanation that somehow the unfortunate lower officials of the late Insolvent Court had been reduced to great distress by a wrong interpretation of the New Act, and that he did not see how the poor fellows were to be helped. The case is an excessively hard one, and if these officials had been in loftier station, some means of doing them justice would have been discovered long ago. MR. PUNCH strongly advises their being assisted in some way, even out of the Sutors' Fund. Finally, it appears that at Manchester, Leeds, and elsewhere, some self-sufficient Idiots meet, call themselves Committees on Foreign Affairs, and sit up all night, the members alternately relieving one another of course, and watching over the world in general. This would be harmless, if their wives did not mind it, and if the foolish persons did not trouble the public with their absurdities. But two of these Committees have sent documents to the Lords, stating that the Americans were quite right in the Trent business, and setting out other *maigneries*, which they desired LORD DERBY to lay before the Peers. He said that he had told the memorialists that they were donkeys, but they begged him, nevertheless to present their petitions, which he did.

Proceed we to the Commons, where the imposing ceremony of which our Cox had given notice was solemnly performed.

Cox. Does LORD PALMERSTON mean to bring in a Reform Bill?—Pam. No.

The House laughed. The *Star* says that it is "the fashion to laugh at Mr. Cox," and as the House of Commons is of course dressed to the last political *Le Follet*, the result was inevitable.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS means to bring in a Bill for making short work with soldiers who shoot their officers. MR. SCULLY brought in a Bill, in which there is really some sense, to enable land-owners in Ireland to raise money on debentures charged on the land. MR. HENRY HERBERT does not think that Irish proprietors need more assistance to raise money. MR. ADFIELD said that legislature was "running wild" on land subjects, but he did not propose to 'ang hanybody this evening. The member of whom Sheffield need *not* be ashamed, brought in a Bill for suppressing the Fraudulent Imitation of Trade-Marks, a system whereby a foreigner is deluded into buying, for instance, a wretched Brummagem steel article under the idea that it is made by TURTON, or some equally celebrated manufacturer. Government also take up the subject, and it ought to be an Egg which the Pythoness of Parliament will not Adde.

With a gratification not usually experienced by Mr. Punch when boiling down the Parliamentary basket of spinach into the delicate dish he sets before the QUEEN and the public, he records that MR. CHILDERS called attention to the exploit of the gallant BURKE and WELLS and their companions, who crossed the Australian continent, and, as MR. C. FORTESCUE said, performed heroic acts which practically added territories to the British Crown, and provided a space for new colonies. These brave men underwent a slow martyrdom, compared to which the deeds of the soldier, with his blood on fire, and his courage cheered by the companionship of his comrades and the excitement of battle, are small matters. Australia can never forget their names, nor should England.

Wednesday. MR. ADFIELD, who is a grievance-monger, brought on for Second Reading a Bill for ending an awful grievance—the law that persons admitted to corporate offices must declare that they will not use their official power towards the ruin of the Church of England. MR. NEWDEGATE seemed to think such a declaration a mighty bulwark of the Church. SIR GEORGE GREY smiled somewhat contemptuously on the bigotry on each side, and the second reading was carried by 63 to 54. Then we had the Wife's Sister business all over again—sorrowing widower, beloved aunt, *Leviticus*, *Hamlet*, woman's sentiments, bereaved children, destruction of conjugal confidence, habits of Jews, Tacitus, the House of Lords, restrictions on marriage, the late BISHOP OF DURHAM, colonial practices, prohibited degrees, and all the rest of it. The best point made was, that the law of England declares your sister-in-law to be a Relation, if you want to marry her, but no relation if you want to leave her a legacy, but a Stranger in Blood, and therefore charged by the law with a heavy legacy duty. The Second Reading was carried by 144 to 133.

Thursday being the anniversary of the Coronation of KING EDWARD THE SIXTH, or for some other reason, the Lords did no business.

The Commons read a Second Time, by 142 to 39, a Bill for dealing with the disused St. Giles's Burial Ground. The Pancras Vestry had been making a row against the Bill, which nearly convinced Mr. Punch that it was a proper Bill, and the conviction was completed by a few words from MR. MASSEY. MR. C. FORTESCUE announced that the glorious story about the gold in British Columbia had not been exaggerated—the gold lies about in heaps—but the difficulty is getting to the place, which lies a long way from the Fraser River. FRASER'S Magazines are a want in the colony. Wicked Gloucester and wicked Wakefield, so long hung up, *pro criminibus*, are again to be trusted with elections; and it is wittily suggested, that the electors will demand two years' interest on the bribes which have been withheld from them. SIR ROBERT PEEL brought in a Bill for Registration of Births and Deaths in Ireland. The police are to work it; but even PEEL and the Peelers are afraid to attempt a registration of Irish marriages. MR. HENNESSEY said the most ferocious thing against his countrymen that we have ever heard. He declared that SIR R. PEEL was unpopular in Ireland chiefly because he had taken the head of the Constabulary with him on his late tour. If this be true, Irishmen must be either idiots or savages; but we prefer believing that MR. HENNESSEY is a gentleman with a salutory mind, but one that leaps to wrong conclusions.

Friday. There is to be a grand Volunteer Review at Brighton on Easter Monday, and by way of preventing any jealousies as to the command on that occasion (for Volunteer officers, though the ladies very properly regard them as Angels, are really but Men), Government have asked LORD CLYDE, who is a Volunteer and something else, to be the Commander. JONES THE AVENGER, otherwise and favourably known as LORD RANELAGH, has hastened to signify his entire approval of the selection, which EARL DE GREY announced this evening.

SIR GEORGE GREY did not see any reason for amending the Cab Laws. He is quite right. We only wish that he had been at the Zoological Gardens a Sunday or so back, and had seen the long line of cabs waiting to receive those who had been to leave their cards on the Pythoness. He would have been struck with the delicate attention which the gallant cabmen were preparing for their lady employers. Foot-tins could not be procured, but it was a cold day, and inside every cab (its windows carefully closed) sat the driver, smoking with all his

might at a black pipe of tobacco, so strong that the promenade beside the line was a Valley of Incense. While such chivalry is displayed, who desires a change?

MR. MAGUIRE and SIR ROBERT PEEL had another duel, under pretence of discussing the question whether distress exists in Ireland. Various Irish Members eagerly became seconds. The House seemed to think that there was distress, but that it arose from natural causes, and that there was far more in England, where it is not the custom to come begging to Parliament upon every possible occasion.

LORD PALMERSTON made a little speech which will be read all over Europe, to the delight of sundry parties. He said that in almost every part of Italy, and especially in Rome, there had been a strong manifestation of desire that Rome should be the capital of Italy, and that the temporal power of the POPE should cease. The QUEEN'S Government, he added, had taken no part in regard to that feeling. Perhaps not; but we should like to hear CARDINAL ANTONELLI on the question whether such a statement by the Premier of England was altogether an insignificant aid to the consolidation of European opinion on the subject. Of course PAM meant nothing of the kind, and of course NAPOLEON THE THIRD and PUS THE LAST will comprehend this. MR. PUNCH would deeply regret any misunderstanding.

MR. COWPER said that he could do nothing to abate the nuisance called Leicester Square, and then brought in his Bill for the New Road. The Members did not seem interested in the matter, and actually divided in insufficient force to make a House, the two sides making but 29. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE had been emitting some good jokes against the Bill, and as the assembly broke up, remarked, "Well, by Jove, if the Minister can't cut a road, the House can cut a-way."

"THESE YOUNG FOLKS."

"There is, we believe, every probability of a Royal Matrimonial Alliance, more important than even that of the PRINCESS ALICE, being announced at no distant date. The PRINCE OF WALES is likely, we understand, to make choice of a Danish Princess; and his Royal Highness will probably have his first interview with his intended—who is said to be possessed of great personal attractions—in the course of his present tour."

To the above interesting paragraph, in the columns of a well-informed contemporary, Mr. Punch will only append the remark that he has very good maps, but cannot make out that Denmark is exactly in the road to Jerusalem, and that it has been authoritatively stated, probably without the least reason, that the Prince will return through the Tuileries. Perhaps, however, this may bear upon the fact. Mr. Punch has written to LORD COWLEY, in the words of *Polonius* :—

"Inquire me now what Danekers are in Paris."

"Place aux Dames!"

THE French are always exclaiming with the utmost heartiness, "Place aux Dames!" Not less heartily do we join in the exclamation. But how comes it then, we wish to know, that whereas they, in addressing an audience, always say, "*Messieurs et Mesdames*," we, with a gallantry that not even the greatest snob ever deviates from, make a point invariably of saying, "*Ladies and Gentlemen*?" The truth is, the French are exceedingly clever at theorising, but the English, far cleverer than they (*hem!*), always beat them most handsomely in carrying their theories into practice.

WINE FROM THE WOOD.

FROM statistical returns it appears that all the exports from Mexico, except one, have considerably increased of late years. That one, which on the contrary shows a great falling off, is Logwood. A simultaneous decrease has taken place in the consumption of Port wine.

All Ultramontanes' Day.

THE POPE has invited all his Bishops throughout the world to attend at a canonisation to take place at Rome in May; when the prelates may take an opportunity of assenting to the last new dogma of the inviolability of the temporal sovereignty. May!—that may be too late. The Roman difficulty may be solved by that time. His Holiness should issue cards for the first of April.

"AS MAD AS A MARCH HARE."

WE have often heard a person accused of the above malady, whatever it may be, and we suppose that such a form of lunacy takes place when a harum-scarum young fellow runs through his property "like mad," and his reason, as well as his property, thereby becomes *four-footed*!—(Good gracious!)



HARRY TAKES HIS COUSINS TO SEE THE HOUNDS MEET.

Enter MAMMA AND AUNT ELLEN.

Mamma (to Old Woman). "PRAY, HAVE YOU MET TWO LADIES AND A GENTLEMAN?"

Old Woman. "WELL, I MET THREE PEOPLE—BUT, LA! THERE, I CAN'T TELL LADIES FROM GENTLEMEN NOW-A-DAYS—WHEN I WAS A GAL, &c. &c."

"A WARNING TO WESTBURY."

PAUSE, pause, my LORD WESTBURY, 'ere you are lost—
Think twice 'ere you press your Bill,
To clip the wings of Land-transfer's cost,
And disable conveyancers' skill.

A Bill, which if passed, will take title to Land
From that region of fruitful doubt,
Where under the nursing attorney's hand,
Quirk-crops and quibble-crops golden stand,
And with flails of conveyancing counsel bland
Are in nourishing fees thrashed out.

A Bill our legal fleecers to fleece,
And flay off their parchment skins;
That to limbo consigns ancient Lease and Release,
Bids Satisfied Terms depart in peace,
To Fines and Recoveries brings sad surcease,
And of Trusts and Covenants nips the increase.
And "queries" and "searches" thins!

What were his fate, who a hornet's swarm
Should assail, without brimstone's aid?
Or his, who should thrust his unguarded arm
In a knot of rattle-snakes, coiling warm,
To yours, who, defiantly, sound the alarm
To the lawyers' black brigade?

'Tis war to the knife, and no quarter given,
Till either the other kills:
The North and the South have savagely striven,
But mild is the malice with which they're riven,

Compared to the hate that the feud will leaven
'Twixt yours and the lawyer's Bills.

"And who is it," they'll ask, "who dares encroach
On our snug ring-fenced fee farm?
No stranger—but one at whose welcome approach,
As he rolled to our gates in his Chancery-Coach,
Fattest calves we've slain, set best liquor abroach—
'Tis he who would work us harm!"

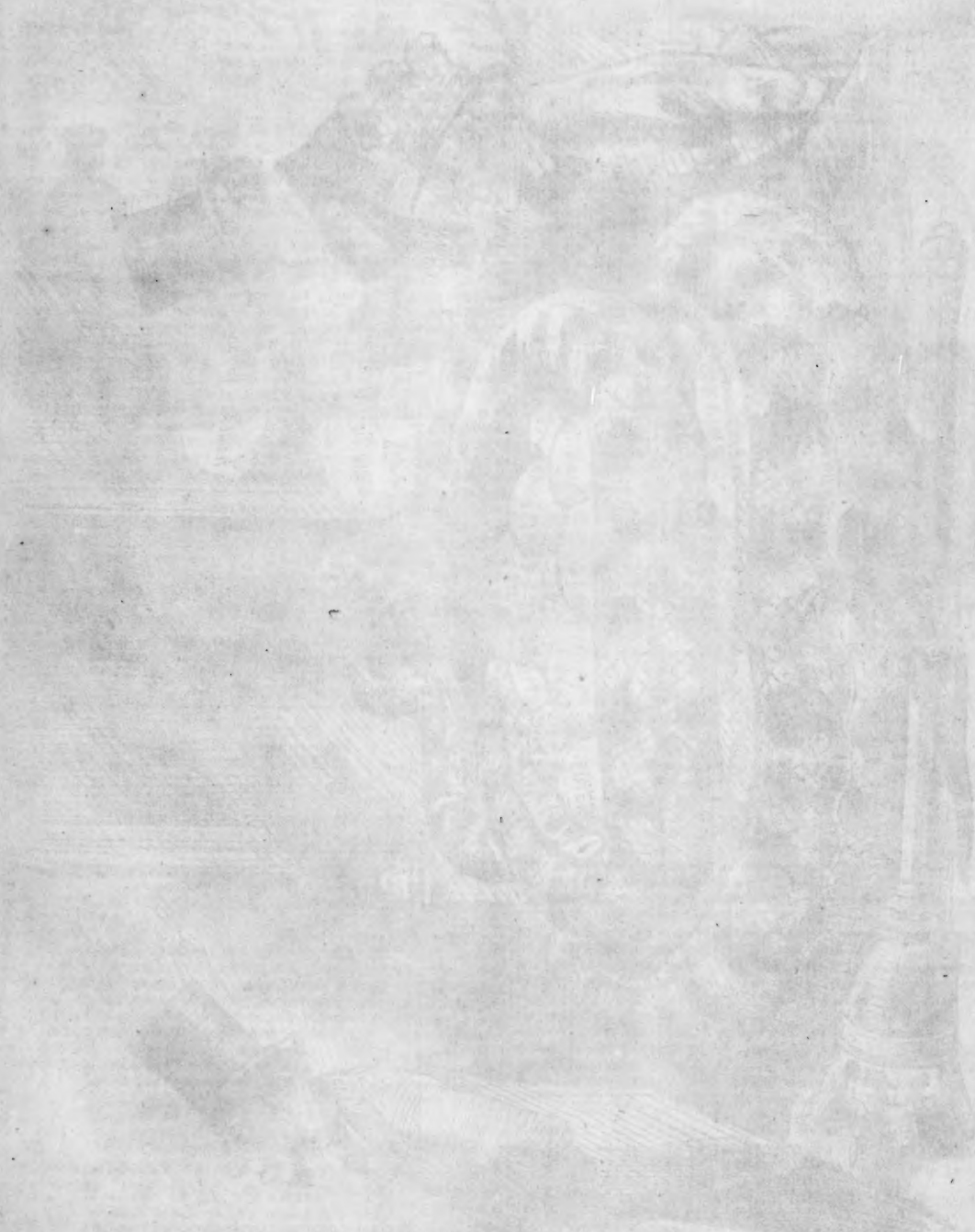
The sweetest wine—'tis a fact well known—
Doth to sourest vinegar turn:
The hatreds of lovers proverbial have grown;
Of all rows, a husband's with bone of his bone—
Of all wars, those with folks of one blood with our own—
Are still those that most fiercely burn.

Then think what a strife this Bill will breed,
'Twixt you and the Limbs of the Law!
You a priest of their own most orthodox creed,
Who've practised their myst'ry—word and deed—
You, whose bag they have filled, and whose clerk they have
feed,
You, who know their each fence, and each flaw!

"He who gives us this fall is one, whom our trips
We taught—how to grip and to guard:
We pickled the rods and we plaited the whips,
And furnished the knotty points to the tips
Which he plies on legal small ribs and hips—
We are hoised by our own petard!"

Oh, lawyers' revenge is a terrible thing!
So let WESTBURY have a care!





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

I know not yet when or how they'll bring
Their "*odium consideum*" vitriol sting,
From their vials of wrath on your wig to fling—
But I know that the vials are there!

In my mind's eye prophetic I see a sight,
That doth more my soul appal
That e'en BISHOP HATTO's terrible plight,
When the rats assailed him from left and from right,
By tens, scores, hundreds and thousands—till flight
Was out of the question, they plugged him so tight,
And eat him, robes, mitre and all!

To the woolstack I see my LORD WESTBURY stuck,
Like a drowning man clasped to a board,
Vain all his attempts to dodge or to duck
From the LEGAL RATS that leap round, in a ruck,
At his robes and the body beneath them to pluck,
Till they've served him exactly as schoolboys serve "tuck,"
And no vestige is left of my Lord!

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



ANDROMEDA, my dear *Punch*, as every schoolboy knows, has in that well-thumbed little volume, the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, the epithets applied to her of "*pulchra*" and "*formosa*;" and I think these adjectives may fittingly be given to the *Andromeda* now acting at the St. James's theatre. Besides her personal attractions, Miss HERBERT has, moreover, the somewhat rarer gift of knowing how to walk and talk somewhat like a lady, even when assuming a part in a burlesque; and does not think it needful to lay aside all grace, in order to bring out the humour of her part. Whether her example be infectious, I know not; but it is certain that the piece in which she is now acting is played without a trace of coarseness or vulgarity, and freedom from these blots is not so common as it should be in the acting of burlesques. Ears and eyes the most fastidious and delicately sensitive may find

an hour or so's amusement in *Perseus and Andromeda*, without the slightest risk of their annoyance by the faintest shadow of offence.

For this commendable result not the actors merely, but the author must be thanked; and I here record my gratitude to MR. WILLIAM BROUGH for the neat and pretty piece his fancy has suggested, and the tasteful way in which he has worked his subject out. Steering clear of stale and stupid nigger songs, which surely have by this time been parodied to death, he has introduced some pleasant operatic music; and though somewhat more prolific in puns than I could wish, he has not sacrificed, as some do, the clearness of his story by too exclusive care to the smartness of his small talk. Then, again, great pains have been given by the management to getting up the piece; and although no puns are published in the playbill as to who devised the dresses, what great genius made the properties, and who fitted up the gas, the mounting is throughout both pretty and appropriate, and nothing is left wanting to win deserved success. Though not, perhaps, so striking as the last scene in *Endymion*, the final group is very charmingly arranged; while, for suddenness of change and picturesqueness of effect, the petrification of Greek soldiers by the bowing of Medusa's head, has rarely in my memory been equalled in burlesque.

KING FRANK MATTHEWS POLYDICTES is a most amusing monarch, and the solemnity with which he sings his "*Great Sensation*" bass to MR. CHARLES PHIBBS's "*I'd Choose to be a Daisy*" tenor, is a thing to make one split. Scarce less entertaining is his tender and then terrible demeanour to poor *Daisy*, whose sharp words Mrs. MATTHEWS delivers with great point. Somehow these old stagers make a joke go farther than most young ones now know how to do. And somehow,

some old farces are more sure to make one laugh than in general the new ones are. I saw that capital one, the *Boarding School*, a few days before Christmas, and again the other night, and I was as much amused the last time as I was the first. Trashy as in some respects assuredly it is, it always seems to me a piece that actors must enjoy and act with real relish, because they feel assured it will be relished by the house. What goes on at a girl's school any man must like to know; and to see a lot of school-girls at their lessons or their romps must surely be amusing to eyes of either sex. And when Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS assumes the post of teacher, and has such pretty pupils as Miss HERBERT and KATE TERREY, a peep into her school-room is surely worth one's while.

The new drama here, *Self-Made*, I have not yet found time to see. That at the Princess's is also "taken from the French," and it were no great loss to us if they had kept it to themselves. To personify the Angel of Death upon the stage may be pleasing to a French taste, but is revolting to an English one; and a play where this is done, no matter how well mounted, I hope will never become popular upon our purer stage. I am not thin-skinned, and not affected easily by seeing sudden deaths in melodrama, or gruesome ghastly ghosts. But to personate an angel is to my mind most objectionable, and becomes almost profanity when the object is to serve a low dramatic purpose, and excite a grim sensation by some highly spiced effects. There are angels in a play by SHAKESPEARE, it is true; but they are presented merely in a vision, and are not brought forward to chatter and make jokes. Death is a thing too sacred to be dealt with on the stage in gross material shape. It outrages the holiest feelings in our nature to see such subjects coarsely handled, and merely introduced to give a spurious effect. Such things are not fit to be presented *coram populo*, even though it may be done with the profoundest reverence, and not, as in this French play, in a manner low and coarse. To see the Destroying Angel decked in protean disguises: coming on in one scene as a pertish lawyer's clerk, and in the next as a smart quick-tongued beauty in a ball-room, anon dressed in squalid rags as an old hag in a duel-scene, and next assuming wedding raiment and a bridesmaid's wreath; to witness this excites no reverence, and savours of profanity, and can but tend to make people disgusted with the stage.

The management of the Princess's is in general so careful in selection of its pieces, and so sedulously anxious to avoid giving offence, that I cannot but regard the production of this French play as an accidental slip. For the credit of the theatre, I most sincerely hope to see no more such accidents; while for the credit of the audience I trust that the applause which I heard the other evening may be accorded simply to the really good up-getting, and not to the bad piece. It is a pity, to my thinking, to see so much good scenery wasted on a drama of such extreme bad taste; and it is only kindness to speak harshly of such errors as the *Angel of Midnight*, so as, if it may be, to prevent the repetition of what must serve to bring discredit on a theatre, and lower the high standing of the English stage.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

HOAX ON THE SERIOUS PAPERS.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER has not hitherto been very popular in the Hall which is synonymous with his diocese, but if a newspaper paragraph may be trusted, the name of HENRY PHILPOTTS will be received there at some of the approaching May meetings with immense applause. For the REVEREND JULIAN YOUNG, of Torquay, a short time since, got £15 15s. for the Torbay Infirmary, by reading at the request of the Managers of that Charity, the play of *Hamlet* at the Mechanics' Institute. It is stated that the BISHOP OF EXETER has therefore prohibited Mr. YOUNG from preaching in his diocese. This is too good news for MAWORM, STIGGINS, CHADBAND AND CO., to be true. THE BISHOP OF EXETER has himself read *Hamlet*, so as to know in what respect it differs from *Tom and Jerry*, and is aware that SHAKESPEARE was a respectable writer. The truth is probably just the reverse of what is stated. The Bishop, most likely, went to hear MR. YOUNG read SHAKESPEARE, and was so pleased with his delivery of the text that he has preferred him to a good living, so as to enable him to exemplify *Hamlet's* advice on the subject of elocution in the pulpit.

Good at Fielding—and at Hitting.

IN the immortal conversation, in *Joseph Andrews*, between *Parson Adams* and the grumbling and vengeful *Peter Pounce*, everybody must remember this bit:—

"You will pardon me, Sir," returned the Parson, "I have read of the *Gynasophists*."

"A plague of your *Jehosophats*," cried *PETER*. "The greatest fault in our Constitution is the provision made for the poor—except that made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate," &c.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY is a well-read man. Did the above scrap come into his head when he was meekly listening to MR. ROEBUCK?



"Hullo, Why it's—no—yes—so it is, I declare, the Monday and Wednesday Organ.—The fellow's inside Spending his unhallowed gains in Beer. Shall I accidentally upset it, and terminate its existence? Damage it at any rate. Here goes!"

[Policeman comes round the corner, and the opportunity is lost for ever.]

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN."—Chinese Proverb.

TWO Italian boys, BOLTARELLI and TUSA, were brought up at Westminster the other day charged with begging. One of them carried an accordion, the other a hurdygurdy; but neither instrument would play. The worthy Magistrate committed one boy for seven days, and remanded the other.

No doubt they deserved to be punished for begging, but really, the Magistrate might have considered, in mitigation of punishment, the extenuating circumstance that the instruments of torture they carried were dummies—that they wouldn't "play"—to use the euphemism of the reporter—though you might as well apply the word "play" to the rack or the "Scavenger's Daughter." Much as we object to beggars, we should be content to compound for any amount of Italian cadgers, provided they were confined to their organs of speech, and spared us the grinding tyranny of those other organs they use so mercilessly.

It is the duty of the Magistrates, we maintain, in all cases in which these Italian vagrants are brought up, to let it be clearly understood that the gist of their offence lies less in their plying for alms, than in their doing so by means which cause acute suffering to busy or sensitive brains. It would be of useful example, we venture to submit, if the magistracy were to show marked lenity to all Italians begging with dumb organs, as BOLTARELLI and TUSA with their voiceless accordion and hurdygurdy. We should be inclined to put such a case very much on a par with that of a highwayman robbing with an unloaded pistol, or a "cracksman" going about his deeds of darkness with an unloaded life-preserver.

The Future of Yankeeedom.

EARL RUSSELL remarked some time ago that the Northern States were contending for Empire. They may ultimately realise Empire in a sense which they do not yet contemplate. Some of us will perhaps live to see an Emperor of the Yankees. Shouldn't his name be BOGUS THE FIRST?

A NONCOMPOFE.

THE POPE keeps answering every reasonable requisition with *Non possumus*. Would not his Holiness with greater correctness reply, *Non compotes sumus*—*mentis* understood?

AN INFANT'S WINE BILL.

A COMIC action came on the other day in the Court of Common Pleas. This was *ROSE and Another v. HOOR*, brought to recover £204 11s. 6d., a balance of £776 for wines and spirits supplied between the 15th July, 1859, and the 21st June, 1861, by the plaintiffs, liquor-merchants in Oxford Street, to the defendant, a young man who has lately come into property. MR. SERJEANT PARRY and MR. WOOD appeared for the plaintiffs, whose interests may be represented as it were in the WOOD, though PARRY, one would think, might have been more appropriately retained for the defence. The defendant's counsel were MR. HUDDLESTON and GARTH, of whom it may be sufficient to remark, that if the former of those gentlemen, instead of being HUDDLESTON, had been FUDDELESTON, MR. GARTH would have had a senior nominally better qualified to lead him in defending an action for a heavy tipple-bill.

According to the report of this interesting case:—

"A good deal of discussion took place between counsel, and it was stated that there was a plea of infancy upon the record, and therefore the question whether this quantity of wine was necessary for an infant might arise."

MR. JUSTICE BYLES directed this question to be referred. Of course. No British Judge would venture hastily to pronounce what quantity of wine might be necessary for an infant. If the child is the father of the man, the quantity of wine which the child should drink must bear some relation to that which the man will be able to stand. That man, for instance, may be a Judge. In that case he will walk steady and keep a clear head with twice as much liquor inside of him as would make an ordinary person drunk and incapable. The infant destined to the ermine will accordingly be able to suck in a considerably greater allowance of wine than most other infants, and remain sober as a Judge. There is no knowing what infants will turn out, and therefore no saying exactly how much drink may be necessary for any particular one. The Band of Hope would decide that no amount of wine is necessary for any infant; but whilst this must be regarded as a wild

opinion, moderate men will admit that £776 worth of intoxicating fluid in two years is rather too much for any infant but an infant BACCHUS.

Rome and Dahomey.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY has been invited by the British Government to discontinue his "grand custom" of annually celebrating human sacrifices. His Majesty declines to accede to the demands of modern progress and civilisation. He will no more consent to give up his "grand custom" than the POPE will agree to resign his claim to govern a people who disowns him. The KING OF DAHOMEY makes the immolation of his subjects a matter of religion, and his answer to the envoys who have besought him to give it up amounts to *Non possumus*.

A NEW STAMP ACT.

THE Bill to amend the law relating to the fraudulent marking of merchandise should contain a clause providing that the employer of a false trade-mark should himself be marked with a true brand, as deserters are with the letter D, and bear about him the indelible impression of a broad R.

HEIGHO! BACCHE!

CONSIDERING (as L. N. would say) that the greatest and grandest fuss at the International Exhibition has been made about the Drinks for the public, it is not surprising that the first contribution should be from LIBERIA, i. e., in honour of BACCHUS—*alias* LIBER.

[COX, M.P., called and saw this in type, and we had so much trouble in making him understand that BACCHUS was called LIBER à *liberando*, and that LIBERIA had a similar origin, that we had a good mind not to print the above, only the paragraph just fits this corner of the page. He wanted us to print it *Liberier*, and put the joke in italics.]

THE PENNY-A-LINER'S CYCLOPÆDIA,

AND PARAGRAPH-MAKER'S COMPANION.

UNDER the above title, it is the intention of *Mr. Punch* to issue, at such dates as may suit himself, a work which, in the present age of easy writing and hard reading, seems to him to be equally required by the professors of both arts.

He proposes that the work shall appear in double columns, and that on the left shall be given to that class of composition which is known as Newspaper English, while on the right he will give the interpretation into the QUEEN'S English.

Subscribers' names may be sent to 85, Fleet Street, and no further notice will be taken of them.

SPECIMEN.

Penny-a-Lining.

English.

A person rejoicing in the cognomen of SMITH.

MR. SMITH.

Who lives not a thousand miles from Brixton.

Living at Brixton.

Great excitement was occasioned throughout the entire district of Marylebone by a report that—

I was told at the public-house that—

Employment will be given to gentlemen of the long robe.

The parties go to law.

The gallant, gay *Lothario* had passed his grand climacteric.

The seducer was 64.

The devouring element extended its ravages to the adjacent edifice.

The next house was burnt.

The forthcoming racing meeting is a most engrossing topic of conversation among the racing fraternity.

The turf rogues are betting on next week's races.

The audience manifested their appreciation of the effort made for their entertainment by frequent and hearty plaudits.

There was much applause.

The commodious erection for the accommodation of the vaccine attendants at the market was yesterday inaugurated.

The new cow-shed was opened.

The performance of the National Anthem brought a delightful evening to an appropriate termination.

The concert ended with *God Save the Queen*.

The worthy Magistrate, who seemed horrorstruck at the revolting details which were presented to his attention, addressed the prisoner in the most impressive manner.

MR. *ÆACUS* said that JONES was a disgusting fellow, and that a month in gaol would do him good.

Finally the electric wire flashed the welcome message that we had not to chronicle an addition to the records of railway casualties.

We got a telegram that the train was in, safe.

One of those gratifying *ré-unions* which tend so happily to diversify the relations between employers and employed, was witnessed on Tuesday, when the well known hostelry at Highgate, under the charge of "mine host," MR. BURLY, opened its hospitable doors, &c.

On Tuesday JOBBINGS AND SONS, of Fleet Street, gave their workmen a good dinner at the King's Head, Highgate.

MR. TWEEDLE eliminated fresh beauties from this song.

I mean praise, and suppose eliminated to mean brought out.

A project, originating in the inventive talent of MR. WILLIAM SMOOKS, of Poplar, has been ventilated, and may tend to the facilitating the traffic of that busy vicinity.

SMOOKS, of Poplar, wants the road widened.

When at that moment, horrible to relate,—

Then—

The traveller who passed through the pleasant scenery of Bobbington on Wednesday last, and heard a merry peal burst from its ivy-mantled and heaven-directing spire, was informed that an heir to the house of BLOBS had that day arrived to rejoice his parents and their well-wishers.

Bobbington bells were rung on Wednesday, because MRS. BLOBS had had a boy.

Penny-a-Lining.

English.

But from the comparatively unimportant nature of the injuries which the unfortunate individual has sustained, his intelligent medical attendant offers assurances that the results will not be permanent.

As he has only got some scratches, the doctor says he will be at work again in a week.

This youthful cantatrice interpreted the melody of the great German *maestro* in a manner which won her golden opinions from those who had the gratification of hearing her.

MISS BRICK sang BEETHOVEN'S song very well, and was applauded.

MR. D. BILITY in some degree failed to vindicate before a metropolitan audience the unqualified eulogies which have attended his provincial career.

MR. D. BILITY has been much puffed in the country, but will not do for London.

THE CLIENTS OF ST. ANN.

WE earnestly beseech all those of our readers who have more money than they know what to do with, to subscribe as much as ever they can afford to a Charitable Institution which seems to have been bountifully provided on purpose to mitigate the operation of the Income-Tax. This is the "Royal Asylum of St. Ann's Society, affording home, clothing, maintenance, and education to orphan and other necessitous children of parents once in prosperity, of any nation." Now that taxation renders it very hard for commercial men, and almost impossible for professional men, to provide for misfortune, the number of children under the care of the Society amounts to 300. They are mostly the children of parents once in affluent circumstances—of officers in the Royal Navy—of officers in the Army—of clergymen, physicians, surgeons, and solicitors. Others are the children of once prosperous merchants, farmers, or tradesmen." Of the majority of such persons the incomes die with them; those of all except the soldiers and sailors, and some of the parsons, are very liable to cease, and then there is only the workhouse for themselves, and for their children there would be nothing but the national school, if it were not for St. Ann's Society.

This Asylum is almost entirely without endowment—supported, as *Mrs. Malaprop* would say, by spontaneous combustion. Its debt has been reduced from £3,000 to £350. In order to wipe off its remaining score, and extend its benefits—for what are 300 children to the number of those who are qualified to share them?—its committee are in hopes that the opulent subscribers of *Mr. Punch* will also subscribe to the institution under their management, and induce many other millionnaires to follow their example, observing that the Secretary of the Royal Asylum of St. Ann's Society is Edward Frederick Leeks, Esq., F.L.S., Solicitor, 2, Walbrook, E.C., to whom "all communications may be addressed."

People who send the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER conscience-money for Income-Tax unpaid, that is of course people with permanent incomes, who feel that they ought to have paid more in proportion than people earning their bread, had much better send the difference to MR. LECKS, on account of St. Ann's Society.

MILTON ILLUSTRATED.

THE POPE has received from Lyons the not unacceptable sum of 300,000 francs, which had been collected there under the title of St. Peter's Pence. The above collection is considerably more than a third greater than the sums collected in the same town for the famishing operatives. A correspondent, who has assumed for the occasion the signature of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, writes to say that PIUS, when he pocketed the munificent offering, was both charmed and chagrined: charmed, to have at his disposal so comfortable a sum of money, and chagrined at the thought of depriving of it such a large number of poor, who had so much a better right to it. In short, our correspondent says that the POPE, on the occasion alluded to, was a charming living illustration of the two beautiful, though opposite, poems—the *Allegro*, and the *Penseroso*.

LE VÉRITABLE "OPÉRA COMIQUE."

WE read that HERK WAGNER is about to compose a comic opera—music, and words. We agree with our facetious contemporary, the *Musical World*, that we never heard an opera of WAGNER's yet that was not more, or less, comic. In fact, so intensely comic is he, that he might, with perfect harmony of justice, be called the original "JOLLY WAG(ge)NER!" As this gentleman's music is said to belong to "The Future,"—and certainly as a Present it is not worth having—we suppose he generally gets it executed by the celebrated Band of "Hope!"



YOUNG ENGLAND.

Henry. "I SAY, CHARLEY, WHERE DO YOU DINE TO-NIGHT?"

Charley. "AW, DINE WITH YOUR BROTHER!"

Henry. "DOOSE YOU DO—WORST WINE I EVER DRUNK IN MY LIFE!"

Charley. "BY JOVE, THEN, YOU NEVER DINED WITH MY GOVERNOR!"

THE HOOKS AND EYES OF CHARITY.

CHARITY covers a multitude of other people's rents, but somehow finds it difficult to conceal those little fissures of her own, for which she is so heavily rated. The mantle is comfortable and neat, but it takes a handsome penny to fasten it. What with secretaries, pens, pads, and rubber, collectors, board-rooms, board-men, coals and scuttles, printers, charwomen, testimonials, toast-masters, vocalists, wax and tallow chandlers, &c. &c. &c. Charity is sorely pressed to make both ends meet—and much as we feel for widows and orphans, we often think that her hands are so full of domestic troubles, that we can scarcely marvel if she not only begins, but finishes her eleemosynary mission at home. To get fire out of a flint you must hit it hard, and to elicit donations your appeal must be striking. At first sight there appears but little difference between a mendicant who, to excite commiseration, mournfully embraces a pair of borrowed babies, and an Institution which nurses a skinny schoolmaster with spindle shanks, and a puffy barrister with water on the brain, to induce testamentary relief; but there is a distinction, and a wide distinction, wide enough to accommodate hundreds who every day fall into the gap, with their eyes serenely closed.

SWIFT, in his humane proposition to relieve the destitution of his country by making a banquet of its juvenile population, showed great but pardonable ignorance. The philanthropist in fact swallowed up the philosopher. He saw a mass of misery, and he felt nervously anxious to dispose of it, as an alderman would a dish of whitebait. JUDY, his cook, could have taught him better. Did she sweep out the refuse of the culinary stores, or did she carefully collect the adipose remnants, and by a process of alchemy well known to her order, transmute them into refined gold? Is not the aristocratic Eau de Cologne of JEAN MARIA FARINA more than suspected of a plebeian origin; and are there not legendary bonds of affection between coal tar and our most exquisite dyes? Are not old horse-nails of priceless value for gun

metal? Who, then, will profanely declare that penury has not its mission, and that destitution is a bore—an excrescence—an impracticable *crux*—when by judicious management it can be made to brighten a secretary's smile, or soften a treasurer's gratifying squeeze?

But cavillers will say, is the mantle made for the fastenings, or the fastenings for the mantle? How do we know? What man contemplating the topsy-turviness of things upon this dim spot called Earth, would unhesitatingly affirm that hats were made for heads, and not heads for hats. Unlucky JOE, of Tylney Hall, was firmly of opinion that had he been apprenticed to a hatter, people would have been without a capital ornament. Probably mantles *are* made for hooks and eyes—at all events, if there is any doubt about it, let us be charitable and not put the easy-cushioned almoner on short commons, simply because a posse of sharp-set travellers are clamoring and kicking at the refectory doors.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eatin' College Pudding.

BY A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN TOLD HE SHALL COME INTO THE DINING-ROOM BY-AND-BY.

BOO-HOO! boo-hoo!

There are but Two,

And WILLY likes 'em, so does SUE.

Boo-hoo!

A MORE DIFFICULT TASK.

MR. MILNES may carry his Bill for enabling a man to marry his Wife's Sister. But when shall we see a Bill passed for enabling a man to exist in the same house with his wife's Mother?

CHEAPEST ADVERTISEMENT.—A Profound Secret confided to your Wife.



CARRY (on receipt of his proper fare, 6d.). "Pity it ain't a bad 'un, and then the Job'd a been complete."

DISCOURAGEMENT FOR DUELLISTS.

MY DEAR LORD PALMERSTON,

You would oblige me very much by taking the necessary measures to frustrate the attempt which some blockheads of influential position are now making to revive the custom of duelling.

But for your judicious bottle-holding we might have just had a gentleman, a statesman, and one of your own principal colleagues, shot by a member of the POPE'S Brass Band, for calling things and persons by their right names. Or the gentleman, the statesman, the British minister, might have had the misfortune to shoot the representative of absolute Popery; and, such is the respect of the law for even the least valuable form of human life, have consequently been involved in the dreadful anxiety of a trial for murder, and even have incurred the penalty of that crime.

An officer in a crack Dragoon regiment has lately been undergoing a trial by Court Martial, on a nominal charge which is really neither more nor less than an indictment for not having fought a duel. The proceedings in this case have been nearly as long as those in the WINDHAM affair—and let me suggest that a commission de *lunatico inquirendo* might, with great justice, be issued both on the prosecutors and the tribunal, and the corps in question, which appears to be not only a "crack," but also a crazy regiment.

A fool has just been shot through the head by another fool near Strasbourg; as you saw in the *Courrier du Bas Rhin*. The shot hit him over the left eye; "he uttered a piercing cry and fell dead." But for yourself, some English solitude might have resounded the other day with a similar cry—or with an Irish howl.

Circumstances which, of late years, have evoked a martial spirit, have also in some degree simultaneously evoked or developed the old evil spirit of ferocious gentlemanlike ruffianism. This is trying hard to have its way; it would if it could, it will if it can, and it will place the best and wisest fellow at the mercy of any reckless fool, blackguard, and bully, who may choose to insult him and put him under the necessity of defending his honour at the peril of his existence.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE OF TO-MORROW.

THE ROMAN DIFFICULTY.

WE expect very soon to read in the morning journals the following extracts from the *Moniteur*, among—

REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.

PARIS. This Day.

Discussions, arrested by interpellations of which the continuance is admissible in the presence of legislative necessities, have precipitated the solution of the Roman question.

The logic of facts demands the adoption of measures which will have for their object the consolidation of the Kingdom of Italy on a basis of security to the Holy See.

The populations of the Roman States will be invited to declare by universal suffrage their choice between permanence under their existing government, and incorporation with the Italian Kingdom.

Should their vote be the preference of continued subjection to existing authority, which claims to dominate them under divine sanctions by a paternal volition, negotiations will be at once initiated for defining the respective limits of Italy and the papedom.

If they shall elect solidarity with the Italian people, stipulations will be effected for the formation of arrangements which will assure the independence of the Holy See, and the stability of the Chair of Peter.

In either case the French troops will immediately evacuate Rome.

The accomplishment of these decisions will terminate a situation which could not be prolonged without the negation of just demands, and the disturbance of consciences, continually giving rise to grave complications, of which it would be difficult to find a pacific solution.

"Playing with Fire."

WITH £600,000,000 worth of property at stake in London, it does seem to us that our present insufficient organisation of the Fire Brigade system is (to borrow the title of MR. JOHN BROUGHAM'S comedy) literally *Playing with Fire*.

Juries have only to refuse to convict duellists indicted for murder, in order to empower your crack dragoon officers, and your Irish brigadiers, to restore the code of false chivalry, and enable every fireater amongst them to present a pistol at the head of the worthiest person, and demand his honour or his life. The formation of a public opinion in favour of duelling ought to be checked at once.

I wish you would tell your ATTORNEY-GENERAL to bring in a Bill, rendering the mere act of fighting, or aiding and abetting in, a duel, a crime punishable by penal servitude, and subjecting any person, sending, conveying, or accepting, a challenge to a heavy fine, and imprisonment with hard labour of long continuance, in the House of Correction.

If you have this law made, the result of it will be that gentlemen betrayed into the use of unjustifiable words will be enabled to apologise for them with unquestionable credit, whilst snobs who refuse to retract insolent language will be expelled from Society.

May it please your Lordship to think over the above project of a law to prevent duelling, respectfully proposed to your consideration by your Lordship's almost constant supporter,

BLACK.

Sentiment; or, Lines Written in a Reformatory.

BILL e's in Quodd and e don't care;

i oh! i oh!

BILL's in the Jugg, got six months there:

i oh! i oh!

Whilst this ere lock on my art i'll wear,

Witch, wen e ad is ed cropt bare,

I got from the Barber as Cut is Air.

i oh! i oh! i oh!

A FRIGGISH TITLE.

THE POPE has been accused more than once of encouraging brigandage. So popular is this belief at Rome that the French soldiers speak of him, now, with the most familiar contempt, as "*Ce sacré brigand de Pape!*"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FEBRUARY 25. Monday.

There being already Five Conveyancing Bills before the PEERS, LORD ST. LEONARDS introduced Two more. As Seven is the number of perfection, we may now hope for a rational system, and as those who live on hope die fasting—the proverb is something musty.

But the fun was in the Commons. DANIEL O'DONAGHUE, member for Tipperary, also called the O'DONAGHUE, because (as we trust) there are no more of the species, made himself ridiculous, some little time ago, by spoutification in Dublin against the QUEEN. SIR ROBERT PEEL took an opportunity, in a recent debate, to scarify the said O'D. and his friends, describing them as Mannikin Traitors, and devoid of respectability. The species of which the O'D. is a type cannot speak, as is well known, to the negroes and other

naturalists, but can fight. So the O'D., in order to show that he was not a Mannikin Traitor, and was highly respectable, sought to murder SIR ROBERT PEEL, and sent to him MAJOR GAVIN, who being Member for Limerick, celebrated for gloves, was a fitting person to throw down the glove to PEEL. But *vigilant nostris semper in ade Lar*, and the PREMIER, whose sleep is more wakeful than most folks' staring, foresaw the coming row, wrote to PEEL to refer the accomplice to him, and the astounded GAVIN was handed over accordingly to PAM. The PREMIER scoffed at the idea of a duel, and coolly informed the Meajor that the matter would be brought before the House, whose privilege of speech had been violated. To-night PAM mentioned the business, and of course there was an end of it, save that the O'DONAGHUE, for once inspired with eloquence, like the horse of ACHILLES, did manage to say one thing that *Mr. Punch* heartily endorses, although it had nothing whatever to do with the occasion on which it was delivered. He said,—

"I am perfectly well aware that the ancient mode of arbitrament has fallen into disuse; but if it has, those unseemly manners that rendered it almost necessary have also disappeared. (*Cheers*.)"

Now, judicial severity when an offender is denounced does not come into the category of "unseemly manners," and the QUEEN'S Secretary for Ireland was bound to use the most effective language in condemning a would-be rebel. But the above speech is, abstractedly, a sensible one, and gives us hope that the being who could make it will one day improve himself, as MR. DARWIN might say, into positive Rationality.

A very important discussion on the Navy Estimates occupied the House till midnight. LORD CLARENCE PAGET says that our Fleet is in splendid condition. He had better keep it so, for M. DE BOISSY, in the French Senate, declares that England ought to be invaded by France, and he has a great mind to do it himself. To be sure the French Senate laughed at him, but he may attack us for all that.

Tuesday. The EARL OF DERBY usually shows himself a Keen Party; but *aliquando Homerus*. It is customary with divers writers, whose minds are more emotional than accurate, to pounce upon any newspaper paragraph or letter that alleges a grievance, to pour out a flood of indignation thereon, and to be unkindly laughed at when, after a few days, the real facts come out. To wait for inquiry would spoil the gush of vituperation. But people who call themselves Statesmen should know better. LORD DERBY, who can read Italian, saw in a Neapolitan paper a statement that a proclamation of a most savage character had been put forth in Naples, and so to-night he gave notice of a question on the subject, and on Thursday he fired away good stores of indignation against a Government that could issue such a brutal menace. EARL RUSSELL requested time to inquire. Having inquired, he was able to state on Friday that such a proclamation had been put forth by an inferior officer, and that the instant his superiors knew of it, they had cancelled it. The explanation was perfectly satisfactory, and LORD DERBY might have waited for it, and saved a speech. But it may be observed that the DUKE OF ARGYLL, with that excess of zeal peculiar to subordinates, and not much admired by the late M. DE TALLEYRAND, took upon himself to dash out with the

information that the paper was a mere copy of an old paper of 1810, and that it was too absurd to suppose it referred to the present time. For the which Zeal you may be sure the LORD OF DERBY did not forget, when the explanation came, to give the Duke a pleasing little box on his dual ear.

The Bore are making desperate efforts to protect themselves against the natural hostility of the House. To-night MR. BENTINCK of Norfolk tried to carry a motion for discouraging the Count Out, by printing the name of the Member who does that service to humanity. No, no, thank you, BENTINCK, said the House emphatically, that is, by 219 to 43.

MR. LINDSAY elicited a promise from SIR GEORGE LEWIS to endeavour to improve the Transport Service, and MR. DANBY SEYMOUR of Poole (N.B. copy the address) proposed a resolution in favour of Consolidating the Ecclesiastical Law. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER resisted this, but pledged the Government to partial action upon the subject.

Government then indulged themselves in the luxury of a little defeat. MR. COWPER was compelled to withdraw his Bill for cutting a road through Kensington Gardens. The Nymphs thereof, who had very properly begun to be ululant, may now use their pocket-handkerchiefs.

Wednesday. MR. ADFIELD'S Bill, for taking away from Visiting Justices the power of whipping criminals, came on for Second Reading. It was opposed, except as to one portion, by SIR GEORGE GREY. The accomplished ADFIELD made a singularly wise observation, as might be expected. He said that whipping was a punishment inflicted on the children of the poor, and not on the children of the rich. This will be news to the poor people who send their sons to Eton and Harrow. MR. PUNCH begs distinctly to state that he has an undying enmity to the system of corporal punishments, save under certain exceptional circumstances, but he disclaims the alliance of reformers who talk nonsense. MR. ADFIELD as to withdraw the intended Act.

Our COX made a little speech on a Bill for improving our Metropolitan Local Management, and urged the desirability of still further lowering the qualification for Vestryman. Our COX thinks that a man's being rated is enough to constitute him a parochial Senator. Considering what qualifications our COX has found sufficient to obtain the votes of 4556 electors in a Parliamentary contest, it is not remarkable that he should think anybody good enough to be a Vestryman.

Government then indulged themselves in the luxury of another little defeat. The taste for luxury grows with indulgence. The Bill making it unlawful for a candidate to convey voters to the poll was thrown out by 160 to 130.

MR. ADFIELD gained a little victory. His Bill for abolishing the declaration by corporate officials that they will not destroy the Church of England was carried by 140 to 127. The declaration is as ridiculous as its abolition is unimportant. All such declarations, from the Coronation Oath downwards, are now expounded by the light of common sense and conscience. But it is as well to get rid of absurdities, and so the mover "shall be Jack again"—or rather HADFIELD, until his next offence against SIR ABSOLUTE PUNCH.

Thursday. One of the Seven Bills (a production of LORD ST. LEONARDS') having been read a Second Time, one of MR. ZADKIEL-URIEL-RAPHAEL-CUMMING. PUNCH'S Prophecies was fulfilled. The CHANCELLOR brought in, as predicted by MR. PUNCH, a Bill for Amending the Law of Lunacy.

- 1st, MR. SAMUEL WARREN and gentlemen of his station are no longer to have their souls vexed with Lunacy investigations, as such matters are to be handed over to the consideration of the sterner Judges of the Land.
- 2ndly, The alleged lunacy is to be examined at the beginning of the inquiry instead of the end thereof, according to the present lunatic practice.
- 3rdly, The doctors are not to be sent for, except when other evidence as to facts cannot be had, and then they are to swear as to what they know, instead of delivering highly improving and scientific lectures on the theory of insanity.
- 4thly, Instead of inquiring into an alleged lunatic's whole history, and asking whether when he was a little boy he did not prefer dirt pies to jam

tarts, and when a young man he did not speak respectfully of *Proverbial Philosophy*, the investigation is to extend over Two years only—the two years preceding the inquiry.

These propositions were favourably received by the Law Lords. Reference was of course made to the Windham Case, touching which LORD ST. LEONARDS sweetly remarked, in defence of the proceedings therein, that "It was a matter of perfect indifference to the Court whether MR. WINDHAM were ruined or not; all that could be regarded was the due administration of justice." A nobler and more philosophic observation was made by Mr. PUNCH, who observed that, perhaps, Lunacy Reform was the Final Cause of Windham.

Wicked Gloucester, having been once more permitted to elect Members, showed its gratitude by giving the Liberals a sensation which they have not had for a long time, namely, that of victory. An Honourable BERNARD and Mr. J. J. POWELL were returned, after a good battle. Wicked Wakefield, however, did not follow the liberal example, but elected SIR J. D. HAY, a Conservative. The North Riding and Canterbury have now each to choose a man, so our elegant new Don has already to receive garlands and scribbled inscriptions. Let us take this opportunity of thanking its author for his indispensable Parliamentary Annual, the only *annuaire* in which is the name we beg to supply.

Punch, Viscount.

(All England.)

(Eld. son of JOHN BULL, esq. of Byewhere, and Britannia, d. of BLUE NEPTUNE, esq. of Submarine Castle. B. in London, m. Judy d. and heiress of Street Corners, esq. of London. Self-educated. Double first class, and all the medals everywhere. LL.D., D.C.L., D.D., and F.A.S. L.G. for his services in the Crimean War. K.T. for ditty in *Winking Obeys*. G.C.B. for promoting baths and wash-houses. A Liberal Conservative Radical. Will do exactly what he likes, because he knows that must be the best thing in the world to

do." Voted against Humbug ever since his first election in 1841. 85, Fleet Street, E.C. Windsor Castle, and all the Clubs.

There, CAPTAIN DON, put that into your next edition, and your book will be quite perfect.

MR. COWPER announced that the beautiful new bridge at Westminster would be opened in May, and that the Bridge Street houses were being pulled down as fast as Government could get hold of them. A long squabble followed as to when the Education Question should come up, MR. WALPOLE intending a field-night thereupon. Then came Navy Estimates. And then a Bill which demands respectful mention, and which every one will desire to see passed as rapidly as possible. An immense number of Commissions require the Royal Signature. The hand that relieved the QUEEN from this drudgery can relieve her no longer, and it is proposed to render the sign-manual unnecessary.

Friday, EARL RUSSELL said that MR. SEWARD did not mean to sink any more stone fleets—at present. The Earl has formally signified to LORD LYONS, that though the Blockade is frequently broken, there is no present intention to consider it as ineffective. Perhaps, when the Ninety Days that are to extinguish the Southern Confederacy have run out, we shall hear more on this subject. Just now, the White game looks better than it has done since the chess-board was opened.

More preliminary Education squabbling in the Commons, and Quarter Day seems to be the date on which parties will come to close quarters. MR. MILNER GIBSON stated that we were not engaged in any negotiations with America for laying down a new Atlantic Cable, but that BROTHER JONATHAN had expressed a wish that such a thing should be done. Our friend the *Star*, in turning the project, says that England and America feel towards each other as did the *Cornwall Brothers*, only they want the Electric Telegraph to complete their union. This would make them more like the *Bamsee Twins*. But if we are the *Franklin*, who is the *Chatham*? Surely not. And which of us is he to kill? If you please, we should much prefer being the survivors and avenger.

STAGNATION AT WINCHESTER.



Winchester, in the language of its ancient British inhabitants, was called the White City, because it stood on the chalk. White is the emblem of purity; and so pure is Winchester still, physically, as well as politically, that its Town Council the other day agreed by a majority of 17 to 7, to resist inquiry into the probable cost of the sewerage

of the town, which at present has none, of course because it does not want any.

A memorial praying for the inquiry thus rejected, had been signed by 519 persons, including the Dean and the Archdeacon of Winchester, the Warden, and the Head Master of the College, the canons of the Cathedral, twelve physicians and surgeons, thirty-six clergymen, and one dissenting minister—only one dissenting minister to so many dissenters! This document was brought before the Council by MR. WOOLDRIDGE representing, apparently, the intelligence and respectability of Winchester, in whose name he moved for inquiry. They would not have it. The cost of the proposed investigation had been estimated at £50. DR. CRAWFORD and the DEAN undertook to pay for the survey, should the Council refuse to act upon it. All in vain. The idea of draining Winchester, as if Winchester needed drainage, was not to be entertained. One old alderman—according to the *Hampshire Independent*—

"Rose to present a memorial adopted at a meeting of the burgesses of St. Maurice, held at the Bell and Crown Inn, on the 6th of January, which deprecated an inquiry into the expense of underground sewers as unnecessary, as the health of the town was good, and more attention to service was all that was necessary. The worthy Alderman said the memorial had 300 names attached to it and he believed they were all burgesses. He, amidst great laughter and cheering, congratulated the gallant Colonel (FAVON) on having got up the names of 68 ladies to the drainage memorial. He could now get up a new volunteer company of ladies (great laughter). He did not know how he intended to clothe them, what their uniform was to be, but God bless those who had to drill them. (Loud laughter and cheers.)"

Another old Alderman was equally funny. He said that:—

"As Alderman of the Ward of St. John, he had a memorial agreed to at the Five Bells, and the purport of the resolution of the burgesses was the same as those presented from St. Maurice. He had now lived in Winchester for nearly fifty years, and till within the last seven years it was always considered to be a good old city, remarkable for its healthiness, and one to which medical men sent patients from all parts to regain their health. It seemed to him very remarkable that it should lately have come to be regarded as filthy and dirty, with a cloud of miasma hanging over it, which the sun never penetrated, and he could not help thinking if such descriptions as had recently been applied to it had been given some years ago, his friend below (MR. H. MOOR) would

have raved with indignation. And if they were to believe some of the statements which had appeared in the paper, not only had the town itself become bad, but the people in it, on any rate, only one drainage was good, and intelligent, and necessary, their opponents were very bad, and quite unfit to be admitted into their company. He would put it to them whether the bonds of truth had not been passed in this matter. For himself he believed that drainage would be very beneficial and a very great convenience to those who asked for it."

The "drainists" to wit. From the foregoing remarks it appears that drainage is looked upon as a sort of heresy at Winchester, inasmuch that its advocates are stigmatised as "drainists." The word occurs also in the speech of another sage Councillor who forcibly observed:—

"They ought to pass a very strong resolution on this matter."

So they did; and Winchester is the stronghold of anti-drainists: a very strong place, indeed. Phlipph! If it does not become also the stronghold of typhus and scarlatina, the Board of Health is a great mistake.

The speaker last quoted proceeded to say:—

"The majority of the burgesses were anti-drainists, and the majority of the Council were anti-drainists, therefore he called upon them to vote against the proposition of MR. WOOLDRIDGE, which was only to let in the end of the wedge; and they, after having spent £300 in inquiry, would say, this can be done for so much. Don't let this money be spent for nothing. Why did DR. CRAWFORD come to them? He knew why he came. It was because he wanted to get them into it, but he was not going to be diddled into drainage. He did not say that they might do a partial drainage for convenience, mind! not on account of health. He believed there was a part of the High Street which would be well to be done, and he had some houses in the Square where he should like something got rid of, but that might all be done by the Pavement Board."

The motion for inquiring into the possibility of draining Winchester, will perhaps to most minds less nearly resemble an attempt to get in the thin end of the wedge than an endeavour to introduce the thick end of the broom. We wish we could present the world with a portrait of the gentleman who was not going to be diddled into drainage, and who admits that a partial drainage might be done for convenience, mind, but not on account of health. Fancy might depict him in a fossilised state—a Megatherium, if that Great Beast were discoverable in the Winchester chalk formation. That chalk, if the Town Council of Winchester would allow itself to be diddled into drainage, might perhaps be considerably enriched by those treasures which now waste their sweetness on the Winton air, unless indeed that fragrance is rather pleasing than otherwise to "the majority of the burgesses" who are "anti-drainists."



DINER À LA Russe.

Host. "STAY, STEVENS—WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE SALMON? NOBODY HAS HAD ANY OF IT!"

Butler. "PRAY, SIR, WHAT ARE WE TO HAVE FOR SUPPER?"

HURROO FOR O'REILLY!

(An Exhortation by FATHER TOM.)

PLANT Erin's green flag on Saint Pether's own rock,
And up wid' the raal Milesian ould stock!
Droive PALMERSTON's minions from Oireland's fair shore,
And the POPE's bould brass band give one thrumpet the more!

If there's one that's a match for the Saxon so wily,
I'll go bail it's that broth of a boy, MYLES O'REILLY!
Spoleto's defender—that hero so bould,
Whose laurels are new, as his pedigree's ould!

From his father's demesnes,—where a beautiful babby
He played in the iligant halls of Knock-Abbey—
From the fields of his prowess on Italy's marches—
He brings you his valour, his voice, and his virtues.

Will Erin forget all he said and he done?
The Brigade that he dthrilled—and the pace that they run?
How like wather their blood for the POPE it was spilt,
Yet—thanks to the Saints—sorra' one of them kilt!

How long widout rations—not e'en a potato—
Three hundred to thousands, they held out Spoleto:
Wid' all the Sardinian big guns at 'em blazin',
And poundin' away, in a manner amazin'.

Such a chief as O'REILLY it's idle to seek—
Not LEONIDAS' self—that immortal ould Greek;
To whom Godless Colleges give the monopoly
Of glory 'ginst odds, in the straits of Thermopoly.

More by token LEONIDAS wasn't a Grecian,
But like MYLES O'REILLY, a raal ould Milesian:

And the best Maynooth scholars has settled that, on'y
For base Saxon thricks, he'd be known as "MOLONY."

O'REILLY's three hundred—it's proved clare as print—
From the boys of Thermopoly tuk their descent;
But more 'cute,—of the Greek, the three hundther all bled,
Whin not one of the Oirish got knocked on the head.

'Twas a miracle wrought by the Saints of the Church,
That 'ud ne'er see his Holiness left in the lurch.
So they upped every man the Sardinians floored,
As brave as a Lion, as bould as a Lord!

The could-hearted Saxon he scoffs at thim boys,
Calls their valour all bletherumskyte, brags and loyes;
But if Saxons saw miracles, how would they know 'em?
More by token, the Saints they would ne'er stoop to show 'em.

Then it's up wid' O'REILLY and down wid the scoffers!
You've read his addthress and you see what he offers—
To the Saxons a curse, to Sardinia a rope,
Respect to the Church, and more power to the POPE!

Oh, bad cess to the Saxon—his scoffs and his menaces!
And more stringth to O'DONOGHUE's hand and POPE HENESSY's!
The POPE wants more mimbers—we'll soon cure that want if
You'll act like good sons of that ill-used ould Pontiff.

The Saxons would broibe you wid wages and work:
To timpt you to college and school-house they lurk;
Of your grievances rob you, till none you've to show,
Any more than the sht ranger that thramples you low!

But prove to them Erin has made up her moind.
Those she hated when cruel, she'll hate now they're koind:
For CARLISLE a howl, for SIR ROBERT a rope—
Here's O'REILLY for Longford—and Long Live the POPE!



THE O'MANNIKIN.

POLICEMAN PAM. "DON'T LET HIM PUT YOU OUT.—I'LL QUIET HIM PRESENTLY."

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"Hi, Watler! Here, hullo! Here's a Python's Egg—no doubt about it!"

DEPOTS FOR DYSOMANIACS.

"MISTER PUNCH, ONERD SIR,

"HAS me and BILL SNOGGINS which he's a cabby by profession, and we calls him Lushy BILL, was a taken of a drain tury day at the Green Lying, which it's our usual ones o' caul, when BILL he appens to look in, and as good a tap o' beer as any one in London, and I don't care where the other is cos there's no mistake about it, leas'tways that's my opinion but in coorse you know tastes varies and it tise't hevery gent as likes is beer exack the same, Well Sir, as I were sayin, we see in the Times noosepaper a letter from a party as appear to live in Scotland, leas'tways he writes from edinbugg and this is what he writes to say: Whiz: that at a Ome for the Destitute in Edinbugg, there air besides discharged crimminals and others who has wondered from the Paths of Virtue (as he bewtiffy expresses of it).

"A large number of persons, nearly all women, placed under our charge by their friends on account of their intemperate habits. For the last ten years we have seldom had fewer than 100 persons under our roof, requiring moral restraint, with their own consent."

"He then purceeds to say that these here pussons is all Maniahs through their abits of inn temperance, which as SHAKESPEARE says their brains is stole by an anemone they puts into their mouths wherby they aint got no more Reason left them than a Lunatic and the only way to keep em sober is by locking of em up so that they can't get nothing as may make em drunk:—

"Dysomania, or the peculiar form of insanity brought on in many constitutions by long indulgence in intoxicating liquors, is now frequently spoken of among medical men as requiring a mode of treatment not hitherto adopted. While the duty of providing infirmaries for the sick and asylums for the insane has been universally recognised, it is remarkable that for this large class of patients, whose condition is equally urgent, no public provision of any kind has been made. Let no one be startled at the idea of habitually intemperate persons being ranked with the sick and insane. The opinion of the whole medical faculty is decided upon this subject, and the truth is at length being forced upon the community at large. If the love of intoxicating drink, especially ardent spirits, shall have obtained ascendancy over a man, it is well known that no consideration whatever will keep him from it. He becomes incapable of managing his own affairs, careless of the obligations of social life, and, in fact, as mad as, often more so than any inmates of a lunatic asylum. He may attempt his own life, he may put the lives of his family in daily jeopardy, and this for years; but the law does not recognise it as a case for compulsory seclusion. Philanthropy, even, has not as yet stepped forward to offer a refuge. Strange to say, he is allowed to run his course, just as if to destroy himself, to bring his family to destitution, to leave his wife a burden upon the parish, and to train up his children thieves, beggars, or worse, were a matter of stern necessity and by no means to be interfered with."

"And he sees that as their numbers is now annually hincressings there ort to be a Noosepital or Lunatic Asylum erected for these maniax to keep em from Arms way which he theerfor makes a Caul on

file and tropical indiwiddles to elp in building of a Ouse of Refrugo for sich lunatics which its purposed to erect it in Edinbugg he says for the feemales as may appen to turn reglar Tispymaniacs cos in coorse you see the Ladies, bless em! ort to be elped first:—

"The time cannot be far distant when at least mischievous drunkards—confirmed dysomaniaes—will be brought under the cognisance of the law. But surely something may be done for this wretched class of persons while in the earlier stages of the disease, and while they are themselves so conscious of their danger, as to be ready to submit to any remedy!

"Some few private asylums exist where individuals are boarded at considerable cost, under more or less surveillance; but no public institution offering due security. The directors of the House of Refuge proposed a few years ago to establish an asylum of the kind, within the boundary walls of the Queensberry House premises, for women in respectable circumstances (such an establishment for men ought to be placed in the country), and opened a subscription for that purpose. The scheme was approved at a public meeting; but the committee have not succeeded in raising the sum required to enable them to commence operations. In the meantime our limited accommodation compels us to refuse numerous most distressing applications. It is proposed to call the new building (which would be cut off from the House of Refuge, and have an entrance of its own) the Queensberry Lodgings. It will be simply a retreat, uniting safe custody, the best daily medical aid, kind treatment, and cheerful employment, where the intemperate member of a household may be placed (with her own consent) for the purpose of reformation, or even simple security. The large experience of the directors and officers of the House of Refuge in this class of cases extending over so long a period enables them to proceed with confidence in the proposed undertaking. What they require is only money to build and furnish. Once erected, the institution will be wholly self-sustaining. The sum in hand is somewhat more than £1,600. A few hundreds more would justify them in commencing operations. I earnestly hope that the scheme will commend itself to the notice of philanthropic individuals who have both the will and the means to promote such an object."

"When I come to read this ear BILL says to me says he, i wonders what the oove means by his 'public provision,' cos if he meen to say that these here Tispymaniacs air to be kep purwided with provisions at a Public wherby he'll ave enuff to do to find the cash to keep em, cos if so be as hevery Kave what as a liking see for Lush is to be kep allays well purwided with purvisions and not have nothink fur to fork out fur his knif, and fork I rayther thinks as Tispymania'll be rayther at a premmium and coves as dont like workin will make themselves all maniax just to get purvisions found them gratis free for nothing. This ere's a Cornsumation most dewoutly to be wished, leas'tways by BILL and me and doutless many huthers, and so I opes as this ere gent will ave success in his new scheme which I spax as his new building will ave to be a Big un if he mean to take in hall the happlicants in Edinbugg, cos I've heard say as the Scotch in nition fond of whiskey, and I dare say as there lots on em who'd soon turn tisy maniacs if they was offered board and lodging gratis for so doing."

"Yours most obejunt

"TOMAS POTTS."

"Shumaker 7 Dials. N.B. Repares neatly haxcepted, ring the second Bell."

"* We rather fear our correspondent and his bibulous acquaintance had sat some time at the "Green Lying" before they read the "Noosepaper." It appears to us a rather beery supposition to think that "public provision" means provisions at a pot-house; and as it is expressly stated that at the Queensberry Lodgings the inmates will be furnished with "cheerful employment," we think the inference is clear that they will have in some way to work for their own livelihood, a fact which would in our opinion very much increase the claim of any Charity for Drunkards on the purse of the philanthropist.—ED. PUGH."

A PLEASANT VIEW OF THE POPE.

WHATEVER may be said of the POPE's political principles and practice, his Holiness's Government has behaved in a very liberal manner with regard to the Great Exhibition. It has, so a credible letter from Rome says, admitted all foreign artists or artificers established there to the advantages offered to native Romans, inasmuch that "they will have their works conveyed to London at the expense of the Roman Government, exhibited, and, if unsold, brought back to the residence or studio of the exhibitor without costing him a bajocco." Handsome is that handsome does; and there is a light in which we are happy to recognise in the Holy Father a good-looking old gentleman.

How ugly by the side of the POPE and ANTONELLI regarded in that light, appear the British Commissioners! The authority already quoted further states that "PRINCE TORLONIA has decided at the last moment not to send his splendid plate, because the Commissioners would not ensure its safe return, or the value, into his hands." The wonder is that PRINCE TORLONIA ever thought of sending his plate to be shown at Brompton at all. That is not the only wonder, because it is still more wonderful that the Commissioners should have dreamt of supposing that he would do anything of the kind without the most ample security for the loan of his property. Shabby! is the exclamation which an idea at once so extravagant and so parsimonious will generally evoke. We caricature the POPE and Cardinals on the Fifth of November; but in the handsomeness of handsome doing his Holiness and their Eminences will cut fine figures in the Exhibition of 1862, whilst the Commissioners will come out in the character of Guys.



UNSOPHISTICATED UNCLE. "Lupus Street, Lupus Street? Down Pimlico way, ain't it?"

NEPHEW (shuddering). "New-ar, my dear Sir—South Belgravia-h!"

SHAKSPEARIUS RESTAURATUS.

A MR. SAMUEL BAILEY has written a book *On the Received Text of Shakspeare's Dramatic Writings and its Improvement*. MR. BAILEY, like many other critics of logical and limited intellect, runs his little head against that stone of offence to the correct dulness of commentators, the "gross inconsistency," as he calls it, in the famous lines:—

"Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them."

Of this portion of the received text of SHAKSPEARE's dramatic writings, MR. BAILEY proposes an improvement, which he thus praises:—

"The emendation is not inferior in tone of thought or force of expression to what it displaces, or to the context in which it is inserted. It does not relax the tension of the soliloquy, notwithstanding its taking away what may be dear to the ear of many an admirer, the sounding phrase, a sea of troubles."

MR. BAILEY may call a sea of troubles a sounding phrase, but others who can distinguish sense from sound feel it to be a grand metaphor. How has "a sea of troubles" come to be a stock expression, MR. BAILEY, if it is only a sounding phrase? There is doubtless a bull in the figure of speech which makes a man think "to take arms against" an enemy so very impersonal as "a sea of troubles;" but would not a bull be very likely to be made by anybody talking to himself in that state of mind in which he would be when meditating the commission of suicide? SHAKSPEARE's text, as it stands above, evinces a natural confusion of fine ideas. As improved by MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS—no, by SAMUEL BAILEY, it stands thus:—

"Or, to take arms against the seat of troubles,
And, by a poniard, end them."

Quite correct. A great improvement on SHAKSPEARE, no doubt, in the opinion of every stolid pedant. The play of *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* left out is matched by the speech of *Hamlet* divested of *Hamlet's* poetry.

O SAM BAILEY!—unfortunate SAM BAILEY!

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS.

For Morning and Evening Wear.

DANCING is all important to a girl entering life. *Ce n'est que le premier pas (de danse) qui coûte!*

Give with discretion. It is not because it is less valuable than pure gold, that women have a strong dislike to imitation jewellery; but rather, because their highly sensitive nature abhors a sham.

At sixteen a woman prefers the best dancer in the room; at two-and-twenty, the best talker; at thirty the richest man.

"Love me, love my dog," is old, and exploded. Love me, love my milliner—is the modern version.

Accomplishments are more useful in married life, than domestic qualities. The wife who sings divinely feeds the pride of her husband; whereas she who is only a hand at a light crust, merely contributes to his comfort. There are wretches who ask why the hand that rattles off *The Shower of Pearls* should be a stranger to pastry. Conceive *Norma* dabbling with apple-dumplings!

The honeymoon is sober marriage tricked out in peacock feathers.

To slave, and toil, and fret, is wretched woman's lot. She is ever dressing, lurching, receiving visitors, paying visits; at ball, theatre, or rout—or, hapless creature, doomed to spend an evening with her husband.

A gentleman who is courting a lady, is paying his respectful addresses to her. Let the grocer's man fall in love with BETTY at the area-gate, and he merely "follows" her.

"Interesting events" are occasions when a nurse takes absolute possession of the house; and the husband sleeps on the sofa.

Babies are the tyrants of the world. The EMPEROR must tread softly: baby sleeps. MOZART must hush his nascent requiem: baby sleeps. PHIDIAS must drop his hammer and chisel; baby sleeps. DEMOSTHENES, be dumb—baby sleeps!

The woman who tickles a man's palate, has a stronger hold on him than the sentimental creature who merely touches his heart.

ENGLAND'S ILL-WISHERS.

AMONG REUTER's telegrams the other day, there came from Paris one, epitomising a speech in the Senate, which struck us with the force of a flash of lightning, and we wonder that it had not produced on the electric wire, through which it ran, the effect of fusion. According to that thundering telegram:—

"M. DE BOISSY regretted that France had assisted England in revenging herself on the Chinese. He was of opinion that the money expended in the Crimea and in Italy would have been better applied towards a descent upon England."

M. LE MARQUIS DE BOISSY is a violent Ultramontane, and his religion, or the passion of abject servility to the POPE which supplies the place of it, is the cause of his hatred to England. It is that which inspires him with the wish that we might be robbed and murdered. There are perhaps too many gentlemen of M. DE BOISSY's persuasion in the French Senate, and certainly there are too many in the British House of Commons, unless it may be said that their ravings in either assembly serve to disgust humanity with them and their cause. Should MAJOR MYLES O'REILLY be returned for Longford, we shall rejoice to see him exhibit an exceptional rationality.

Why do the Ultramontanes detest England so bitterly? England has not despoiled the POPE or persecuted his adherents in these times; has allowed them to talk as much nonsense and sedition as they chose, and in her foreign policy has carefully let the Holy Father alone. England does not even enforce the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and there is no other Act by which she can have given the POPE's people any offence. The offence, however, which that Act has given them is mortal, no doubt because it was a defeat which has greatly damaged Papal consequence and credit in Europe. Political wisecracks sneer at the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill and its authors, but Ultramontanes curse them.

A "SELECT" JOKE.

WE hear that the Grand New Joint Stock Library Company have at last selected their motto. It is *Sic transit gloria Mudi*.

PUNCH TO THE PITMEN.



oo, marters, as the play ses, len' us yar lugs, aw' se gan te hev a bit crack wi' ye. Aw glinted not lang sin at the *Athenaeum* newspaper an' ther aw seed it sed—

"Some time since we had occasion to spend many weeks in constant and familiar intercourse with the Northumbrian pitmen, and we were struck by their great moral and intellectual superiority over Staffordshire miners. The traditions of old border independence, directly antagonistic to that obsequiousness which is the worst relic of feudal manners in our Southern Counties, forbid them to address their social superiors with titles of respect. They never uncover to a gentleman or call him a squire."

"Sir," and they speak of the wealthiest magnates amongst the commoners of the two counties without the prefix, 'Mister' or 'Squire.' But we found them intelligent, loyal, generous, and sensitive. Repeatedly we partook of their 'good cheer,' their dark bread and tea, their cheese and ale, and the only occasion of our giving transient offence to any one of them was when we offered to pay our host for our share of a meal which we had consumed together on terms of equality."

"Hand away, hinnies, this shows yor the cheps o' the reet spert, an' know better than myek money wiv yor hospitality. A drink o' yell's a sma' thing, an' a bit breed an' cheese dizint cost much; but gie'd wiv a kind hand, it winnot be forgot. Lucka here noo, this ritin chep minds hoo ye treated him, an' smash man Geordy, he ses the good wurd for thou noo i prent. But lawk a daisy, hinny, here's a bonny tale he's tolled aboot yor awd freend *Poonch*—"

"We spoke with them on a variety of subjects, and found them well-informed on matters within their range of daily observation, and alive to the progress of remote affairs. More than once an honest fellow, clenching his fist and sending out a flash of indignation from beneath contracted eyebrows, asked, in deep pit-dialect, 'Bot what does *Poonch* mean by telling all the waird that we're noo better than savages?' There are some who will smile, and some who will be pained at learning that Northumbrian miners resent the *Punch* caricatures which have caused so much amusement. Of course we always endeavored to pacify our sensitive friends by explaining that *Punch* illustrated life in Staffordshire, not in the Northumbrian mining districts. But usually this explanation was regarded as nothing more than a kindly attempt to heal the wounds of their self-love. 'Ay, thee bestest vara smooth,' observed one old lady (a fine specimen of a pit-village dame) in answer to the suggestion: 'but thee can't frae the Sooth, and a' they that coom frae the Sooth are vara smooth.'—'Hist, lad,' interjected in deep guttural notes the woman's son, 'whan thee gapest back to London, jostle mak' thee *Poonch*-writin' lads coom frae the Sooth, an' tak a lodgin' in Newcastle or Gateshead, an' let em like thee, coom oot an' ses us. We shall be vara guid frim than.'"

"Weel maw canny cheps, aw'd coom mysel' wi' plisure, an' tak maw breed an' cheese among thee for a bit: for there's nowt i the world aw'd like better than te hev a crack wi' ye. But smash man, aw'se fear'd the Sooth canna spare us varry weel, noo Parliament's sittin, and them members has a rare gift o' the gob. Begoks! there's see many ninnies noo in Lunnon for *Mister Poonch* te leuk after, that lawks, the toon wad gan clean daft, if he wor te leave t' the noo. But mebbies aw'll meet some on ye next summer an we'll hae a gill thegither at the Greet Exhibishun, an' then aw'll explain tiv e that what this ritin chep's sed aboot *Poonch*'s varry true, an' lawks, hinnies, it wasn't the Newcastle lads, it was them hulkin lubbarts o' Staffordshire aw was myekin fun on. Noo there's black sheep iv ivery flock thou knows, an' when *Poonch* cooms across a bubbly greet cockeyed fule, whe'd speak ruff to a parson, or heave a half-brick at a stranger instead o' bein' civil, Smash man! but *Poonch*'s fingers itch te skelp the creeler's jaws, an' sae *Poonch* hands the blagard's likeness doon, that a' his freends may knaw't an' hand him i' contempt."

"The *Athenaeum* is not a paper over gien to praise, an' aw hae faith that what it ses aboot yor way o' life's true: an' aw'm main glad te hear that i the parts aboot Newcastle—"

"Bull-baiting has been discontinued. Cockfighting is no longer the regular holiday pastime of the miners. Ferocious dogfights and badger-baiting are now only the secret amusements of a fast diminishing minority. Fatal prize-fights or chance pugilistic encounters, which once were the regular events of every hopping and open-air jollification are now of rare occurrence."

"An aw'm pleased te find that the cheps aboot Newcastle divent

spend a' ther money in swillin an' stuffin, an hes other pets te plesse them forbye the pie-dish an' the yell-pot:—

"The fondness of the Northumbrian miner for such live pets as canaries and kind creatures whose charms are altogether independent of brute force and animal ferocity, is one of the many fine traits that give the lie to his careless traducers. A sander through a pit-village will be enough to convince the curious how general and strongly marked is this amiable feature of black-country life. Window after window he will see blocked up with birdcages and pots of flowering geraniums, and through the open doors he will see other pets—not huge bull-dogs, but the more delicate of domestic animals, keeping up cheerful life round the hearthstone which, in Northumbria, always glows with a bright fire when the wind blows cold."

"When he speaks o' dogs aw think he mun hae hird o' famous dog Cappy:—

"His tall pitcher handled, his colour jet black,
Just a fut and a half from the kerb o' his back;
Just a fut and a half from shoveller to paw,
And his lugs like two stockings hung over his jaw.
Weel dune Cappy."

"He goes on to say forbye, that the pitmen are more gied te prectain guie music than any other class o' workmen, an' that a many districts—

"Each large colliery village has its own band, and the musical contests between the bands of adjacent villages are periodic festivities, looked forward to with much interest, and criticised with as much zest as the performances of metropolitan operas are welcomed and discussed by more refined amateurs."

"Hand away, hinnies, aw ery agyen! Waur the bool maw canny lads. If Music's the fad o' love, or not, aw's sure aw divent knaw; but it's better te spend an oos or two wi' sic fluid, than i' stuffin yor gus wiv eatin ower much puddin. Stick te keepin up yor bands, an' not te keepin bull dogs, an' te trainin plants instead o' trainin for prize fites, an' ye winnot be fund fawt wi' by yor awd freend *Poonch*. Ye'll never be flaid o' him gien thee a whang wi' the cudgel iv his neif, but ye'll be likelier te hear him gree wi' the' in singin the awd sang:—

"Huz Colliers for a' they can say,
Hes byeth heeds an' hearts that are sound:
An' if we're bot tyen i' wor way,
There's a few better cheps above ground."

"An' so ne mair at present fra' yor rumgunshows awd freend

"*POONCH*."

COPYRIGHT IN THE COUNTENANCE.

The Lord Chief Baron the other day, summing up in *MAYALL v. HIGBY*, thus laid down the law:—

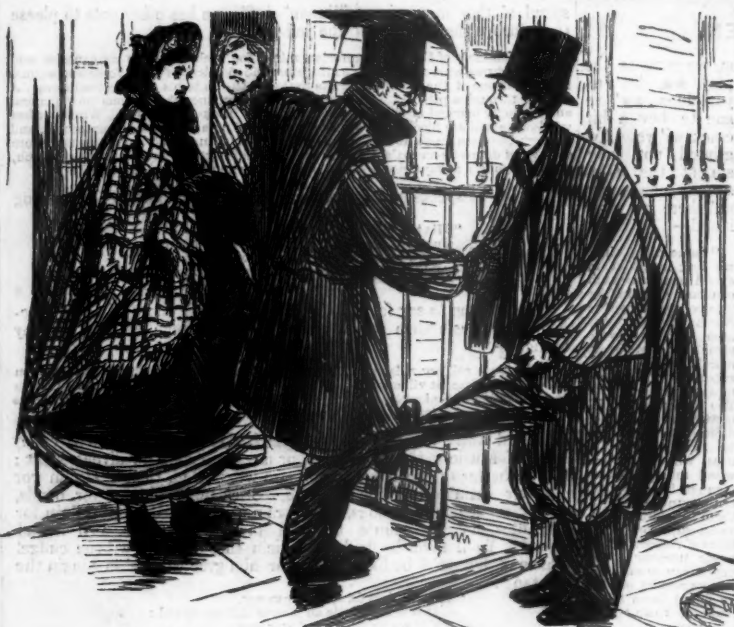
"It had been said that a man had a sort of copyright in his own face, and that if he had his picture taken it could not be published without his consent; but he doubted if a person who could take the likeness of another, in the jury-box or witness-box for instance, would not be at perfect liberty to publish it if he thought it worth while."

A man would have a copyright of his own face, and might be entitled to an injunction against anybody for infringing it, if anybody could do so. But there seems no method by which it would be possible for one man to pirate another man's face, and publish it. A book accurately pirated is the same as the original, but no copy of a face can be equal to the face itself. A frontispiece may be pirated, but a frontispiece is not a face, except in the dialect of pugilism. The thief who steals your works can mutilate them and hurt you, but no rogue can rob you of your face and cut off your nose, by cutting off that of the face which he has stolen. If a man is not the author of his own face, how can he claim any copyright in it? It is true he may make a face, but there is no law to hinder anybody else from making another like it, or else one clown in a pantomime might sue another sany for copying his grimaces and grinning like himself. If, on the other hand, a man composes his countenance, that circumstance alone does not give or tend to give him any copyright therein, unless he composes it in order to have a likeness of it taken, and gets that from the artist who produces it, and in whom alone is originally vested all possible copyright in faces. A caricaturist can take off a man's face against his will without being liable to indictment for so doing, nor would any assault be committed in damaging anyone's face, except in damaging the face with which he was born, although a person damaging another's face anyhow might be liable for damages.

Grounds for Tenderness.

THE EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES may be occasionally a little wild and eccentric in many of her pranks, such as beating servants, horsemanship menials, shooting cats, and the like; but still we should not be too hard upon her. If her Majesty is a little flighty, now, and then in her head, we should make every generous allowance for one who is still labouring under the loss of her crown. Where is the head, pray, royal or otherwise, that would be exactly sound, having lost its crown?

"ROMANTIC GENEROSITY."—MR. NEWBY has given a young lady four three-volume romance half-a-dozen copies and a half share in the profits!



A CORDIAL FORM OF INVITATION.

SECRETLY-ADORED ONE'S PAPA. "Well, my dear Young Friend, I suppose you won't come in and eat your Sunday Dinner with us, hay? So I'll wish you good bye—many thanks for coming so far."

VIVE LA GAËTA!

WE notice that some English ladies of high distinction, sympathising with the EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES, have presented her with a testimonial in the form of a turret-shaped diadem, that was intended to be "emblematical of Gaeta." We should have thought ourselves that something adapted for masculine use would have been more acceptable to her deposed Majesty. A diadem is an ornament that ladies generally wear, and it is well-known that MARIE SOPHIE AMELIE is above such petty effeminate weaknesses. Now if our aristocratic sisters had presented the manly wife of FRANCIS THE SECOND with a brace of gold pistols, or a silver cigar-case, or a jewelled dog-collar, or a diamond hilted riding-whip, or a beautifully-enriched poniard, we could have understood the meaning of the offering. There would have been point and purpose in the testimonial. There would have been both utility and ornament combined. But where is the object of giving a diadem to one who has lost her crown. It looks as though there was a rim of mockery round the gift. However, we are pleased beyond expression to find, so universal has the practice of charity become, so extended is the range of benevolence in the present day towards the very meanest things, that there are actually human beings who can find sympathy and heart-tribute for a Bourbon! It will be FRANCIS' turn next, of course—and we do not even despair of the KING OF DAHOMEY being some day presented with a testimonial. Cruelties like theirs really shouldn't go unrewarded.

AN OILY CANDIDATE FOR ROYALTY.

A MR. BERTRON, who resides in the Département of the Seine (or Insane, rather, as the reader will presently exclaim), has put himself forward in opposition to the ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, as a candidate for the throne of MONTÉZUMA. In his electioneering address, which he has just published to the "Mexicans," he says naively enough:—

"I have been told that you absolutely want a King. If you do, take me. [That's cool!] I am not of royal race. I am only a *propriétaire* of Soaux [there seems a slight contradiction here, for we do not see how the *Sot* and the *Sau* can be possibly combined in the same department], and extract Oil from the Filth of Paris."

The only things we know "extracted from the filth of Paris" are French novels and romances. That oil could be got out of the gutter is certainly to us a completely new extract from the "Mysteries of Paris." We suspect that Mr. BERTRON is himself only a romance-

THE LOVE OF COMPARISON.

THE Americans are seemingly fond of comparisons. We are told by the *Times* correspondent, that it is no wonder they should be so. He asks:—

"Why should they not measure by the standard of the Old World, from which they came, all the men and deeds of that New World, which, as yet, has created no standard of its own?"

We will not talk of standards, but just now they haven't even a flag of their own. The one they once had is now rent in two. The "*Star-spangled Banner*" is shorn at present of many of its stars and spangles. JONATHAN should look to our *Union Jack*. Leave off fighting, make it up, and try to have a *Union*."

However, JONATHAN is welcome to measure himself by our standard as much as he pleases, but so long as he does not behave better than he has lately done, we must beg that he will not think of reducing us to his.

The Right Place for the Right Man.

SUPPOSING it were necessary to remove DR. JENNER from Trafalgar Square at all, we think some more appropriate locality might have been selected to have carried his bronzen remains to. If we had been consulted on the subject, we should have given it as our advice that for the discoverer of vaccination the best place in the world would have been Cowes.

"A COUNTER-REVOLUTION."—We should say that "the Early Closing Movement," which is now so generally followed, was originally carried by a Counter-Revolution.

writer in disguise, of the very poorest and lowest-school, and one that is certainly not worth a SUE. When he talks of extracting "oil from the filth of Paris," he evidently means "the midnight oil." It is only a figurative way of saying, that he sits up all night to write his plays and romances.

MR. BERTRON must have a formidable rival in M. LOUIS VEUILLOT. The latter has been all his lifetime extracting a variety of things "from the filth of Paris." Lately he has even contrived to extract a perfume from it. It is called *Le Parfum de Rome*, and is a very sweet thing of its kind. The only fault that we find with it, is that M. VEUILLOT has not altogether succeeded in disguising the source of its origin. The *genius loci* is a trifle too apparent. Too strong a stopper cannot be applied to this Perfume.

MR. BERTRON signs himself "Humanitary Candidate." He forgets to tell us whether he purposes making a personal canvas or not, of Mexico. He is having a handsome card printed to the following effect:—

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED

FOR

M. ADOLPHE BERTRON,

HUMANITARY CANDIDATE FOR

THE THRONE OF MEXICO.

Not knowing the precise adult population, MR. BERTRON has had two million copies of the above struck off, so as to enable him to commence electioneering operations immediately. They are to be distributed all over the country from the car of a balloon. At present, the oily humanitarian is busily engaged in mastering the rudiments of the Mexican language. We have reasons for believing that the ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN will demand a poll. It is expected that the election will be a very warm one, more especially if it is mixed up with any of the fighting that is going on there. MR. BERTRON has resolved not to solicit the suffrages of the rebels.

A WOMAN should never be taken unawares. Venus was never surprised—making out the washing-bill.



RETURNED ARTIST (after a year or two's study in Paris). "What enormous Hats you fellows wear in England, now!"

THE WAY TO DO IT.

WE can make an obelisk, because we have got patterns to go by; if we had not, the best thing that we could do to commemorate by a monument any hero, statesman, or other public benefactor, would be to stick up a sufficiently large post to him, and call it after him. The post might be kept well tarred, so as to preserve it, and the name of the person in whose honour it was erected could be painted upon it, and repainted every now and then to keep it fresh in our remembrance. But, as aforesaid, we can make an obelisk; and more than that, we can cast a tubular bridge. Precedent requires an obelisk to be a monolith, if it is made of stone; but must it necessarily consist of that material? Why should we not cast one in iron or bronze—found an obelisk ten times bigger than any other in the world, and show the nations what we can do in our own line, when we turn our hands to it as men of metal?

APROPOS OF THE LITTLE ROW IN GREECE.

"WHEN Greek meets Greek then does not come the tug of war."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 3. *Monday.* LORD CRANWORTH, whose motto is *Post nubila Phœbus*, came out like Apollo from behind his cloud, and proceeded to throw such light as he could upon the subject of Conveyancing Reform. PHŒBUS CRANWORTH had *his* plan, which is to enable every person who has the fee simple in land to get a declaration of his title to such fee simple by paying a simple fee to the Court of Chancery. He then shone out a second time, with a Bill for the Security of Purchasers, by which, on the principle on which a Magistrate marks (not half often enough) a cabman's conviction on the back of his licence, it is enacted that any dealing with the property shall be noted on the aforesaid Chancery declaration. Then came LORD CHELMSFORD with *his* plan, which is to create a Landed Estates Court, to consist of eminent conveyancers, and he also proposes a Registration, which of course he thinks is a better one than that of LORD WESTBURY. The CHANCELLOR did not coincide in that opinion, and castigated the two ex-Chancellors for endeavouring to undermine *his* Bills while they pulled their own. LORD KINGSDOWN made, as usual, a sensible remark, condemning the system that paid a conveyancer, not for the artistic skill he was called upon to exhibit, but by the length of the deeds which he perpetrated. Finally, Six out of the Seven Bills on this subject were referred to a Select Committee. LORD PUNCH feels that one of these days it will fall to his lot to settle this question, and he intends upon that occasion to follow the precedent of the good and great Pantagruel, when he ended the controversy between the two Lords, whose quarrel had occupied "a rabble of old lawyers for six and forty weeks." And he doubts not that the result of the decision will be similar, and that "the counsellors and all the learned doctors in the law will be so ravished with admiration at the more than human wisdom of Pantagruel-Punch, as to fall into a trance and sudden ecstasy and to remain so for three hours, until revived with vinegar and rosewater." However, let the Committee try its hand first.

In the Commons the Church-Rate fight was postponed until the 14th May, which is the anniversary of the Battle of Hexham, where, as MR. COX rightly supposes, Hexameters were first used as weapons of conflict. MR. LAYARD stated that the Moors at Tangiers had, on demand of the American Consul there, arrested two persons who had landed from the Southern pirate vessel the *Sumter*, and had let them go again; but the special object of the operation was not expounded.

French and feminine influences have upset the BARON RICASOLI, and SIGNOR L. FAZZI is the Italian Premier. So, of course, it is the business of journalists to show that the man who could not succeed in keeping his place was unfit for it. As *Punch*, like true THOMAS, suffers (unfortunately for a good many persons) under a total inability to say untrue things, he observes, on this passage of history, that BARON RICASOLI is a perfectly honourable, proud, stern, impolite nobleman, and just the personage to be insufferably objectionable in the circle whence he has been extruded. But he will be wanted again when the wind gets up.

Army matters were then discussed, and as Materfamilias may like to have a figure or two to poke in the face of Paterfamilias, when, duly instructed by his journal, he is pompous at breakfast about our "magnificent military establishments, my dear," that lady, whose arithmetic is so sound—witness the way she checks those little red books, and is down upon the dodgy tradesmen who make such accidental mistakes in their own favour—should know this. SIR GEORGE LEWIS, one of the QUEEN'S Ministers, is the authority. We spend Seventy Millions of Sovereigns every year. We pay Twenty-six of these Millions for interest on the National Debt—Bank of England, you know, M'm, Aunt's dividends, smart stockbrokers, and all that—and then, M'm, the Army, including the Militia, costs us Sixteen Millions, Two Hundred and Fifteen Thousand Sovereigns every year. Did you ever see a pretty penny, M'm, except the silver one which itty kiddlums wears on the blue ribbon round her fat neck. If not, perhaps you will look at the last-mentioned sum, and say whether you see the prettiness of *that* penny. The House of Commons sees it, and voted 145,450 men to spend a good deal of it in soldiering. And *Mr. Punch* is afraid that we can't do the work, and protect your teacups and geraniums from a hostile world, for a less figure. MR. WHITE proposed to knock off Ten Thousand men, but instead of causing a Retreat of the Ten Thousand, he had to retreat himself, in a very dilapidated condition, at the head of a select party of Eleven—who fled before an overwhelming force of 139.

A strong appeal was made in behalf of the Volunteers, for whom some Government aid was asked, in consideration of the heavy expenses they were obliged to incur. MR. BUCHANAN, of Glasgow, declared that unless Government did something speedily, there would be a large diminution of the Volunteer force. Governments have often made strange nautical blunders, but the worst they make is when, as too often is the case, they spoil a ship to save a haporth of tar.

Tuesday. EARL DERBY, in remarking on some legal redundancies in a law Bill, modestly described himself as "an unlearned person." A nobleman who can read Italian newspapers, and can translate Odes of HORACE into elegant English verse—he call himself unlearned! Eh, MR. COX? We were quite proud of our Learning, weren't us, the day we found out that the Bill of Rites was not the Act of Uniformity. But the unlearned DERBY made the lawyers cut away the superfluous bosh, which turned out to be "words of explanation," and of course darkened the business.

We don't spend all our money in soldiers, Mrs. Miterfamilias. Government gives about £800,000 a-year in aid of education; that is to say, a good deal less than a sixteenth part of the Army expenditure. And recently there has been an endeavour to render this expenditure more profitable. The Education Scheme is a teaser, M'm, for those well-informed young men who come to your dinner parties, and talk so fluently about everything, to the admiration of dear BLANCHE and LAURA. It is a subject that cannot be got up by a rapid glance at the speeches during one's after-breakfast weed. And you may have remarked, though you were too good-natured to notice it, how poor AUGUSTUS CACKLEBY, who tried a little confident talk on the matter, at dinner on Tuesday, was floored by that reverend and grim country parson, MR. GRUBBERY SHRUBBERY, who is compelled to comprehend the whole business, Gussy made a gallant bolt of it with that joke about Pupil-teachers and a young lady's Eyes, but the table adjudged him sat upon.

To-night, M'm, the BISHOP of OXFORD delivered a large speech upon the subject, and without boring you with details, or pretending to mean to coach MASTER AUGUSTUS for his next dinner, we may mention that the Bishop attacked the Reform which the Government have sought to bring about. The plain English of the matter is, that we have ludicrously neglected the Three R's in our laudable British zeal for a Fourth. We have not managed to insert much Reading, 'Riting, or 'Rithmetic into the children of the poor, but we—all denomi-nations—have worked hard at something which is called Religion, but which does not approach the noble thing which that word should mean. So, when the Schools are examined, we find the children extremely intimate with JEHOASAPHAT, but on distant terms with COCKER, MAYOR and CARSTAIRS. This awkwardness, and a variety of evils that help to produce it, Government tries to do away, and of course battle is given by persons who are—many of them—thoroughly in earnest in their belief that the old system works well. The Bishop made himself their mouthpiece, and was very eloquent, and not at all convincing. There is to be much debating over the matter, before the Amended Revised Code is finally accepted, but we think, M'm, that you will observe that the Reform is in the right direction, and a sensible woman, like yourself, cannot fail to perceive the necessity of carefulness in education—thank you, M'm, a little more sugar.

MR. COWPER stated that he had denied a site near St. Margaret's Church to some persons who wished to erect there a statue of the late JOSEPH LOCKE, the engineer. Considering that, as MR. CHARLES KNIGHT remarks in his invaluable *Cyclopædia*, "MR. LOCKE's name must hold a chief place in any record of the development of our Rail-way system during the last quarter of a century," it does not much matter whether an official refuses or denies any particular corner for a statue to such a man; but a more appropriate locality might easily be selected than the gardens in which COWPER's Winter Morning's Walk is taken. MR. LAYARD stated that a miscreant who had killed an English doctor at Pisa would be duly dealt with by the authorities, and that a Sardinian captain who had whipped a Maltese editor had been fined; in each case BARON RICASSOLI behaving as might be expected. The first offender ought to be promptly abbreviated, but we should like to know a little more about the second case, in which one DEBONO was the beaten party—all brutality is detestable, but some of the Maltese are brutal slandersers.

Then came a goodish bit of Anti-ultramontane spite. Maynooth had sent an address of condolence on the late national loss. MR. WHALLEY demanded whether SIR ROBERT PEEL had ascertained that this was not a forgery, as from Maynooth's notorious disloyalty (in proof of which MR. WHALLEY cited a song sung by the students), it was not probable that the College would express itself properly on such an occasion. SIR ROBERT merely vouched for the genuineness of the document, but MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, with no great felicity, attempted to rebuke the querist, and on a subsequent night had to correct nearly every one of his own allegations about MR. WHALLEY. But the latter should not air, upon needless occasions, the mantle which has descended to him from MR. SPOONER—the mottoes are annoying.

An interesting debate followed on the question whether BRITANNIA ought not to expect such of her colonies as have grown up, to defend themselves, instead of relying on her, and a resolution to the effect that at all events they ought to assist in their own external defence, was agreed to. MR. LOCKE KING then got Counted Out.

Wednesday was the anniversary day on which by order of GREGORY THE GREAT there used to be a sprinkling of ashes, as a commencement of Lent. The day was called the *Dies Cinerum*, or Ash-Wednesday. The ashes were abolished at the Reformation as being "a vain show,"

but surely the Legislature cannot think itself included in that definition. It abolishes itself, however, on Ash-Wednesday.

Thursday. The Bavarian Wink, which the Powers took so much trouble to stick into Greece, is in a splutter, and may probably go out with a bad odour. That is to say, many of OTTOMAN'S subjects and soldiers are in insurrection. If the two parties would extirpate each other, and PAN were not dead, it would be an elegant thing to restore the old temples and altars, and fit up Greece as Classical and Mythological Gardens for the recreation of mankind. And we would make the Curator, because he is the Greatest Heathen we know. Whom do we mean? Find out.

Army Estimates, and good debates thereon, in the course of which LORD PALMERSTON gave as detailed and practical an explanation of certain defects in the Armstrong gun, and their remedies, as SIR WILLIAM himself could have given, and if PAM had not a perpetual retainer from Us, and had not bound himself to write for no other journal, we should have thought that he composed the narrative which appeared in the *Times* about the demolition of the Fairbairn target at Shoeburyness. SIR GEORGE LEWIS was facetious about "large bores and small bores," and said that experiments with both were then going on, at which the Committee laughed. Later the Government were less facetious, receiving a defeat, by 81 to 53, and being compelled to knock £10,000 off the estimate for Sandhurst College, MR. SELWYX, Member for the Cambridge Colleges, leading the attack.

MR. COWPER asked for and got £2000 to make a temporary Road across Hyde Park. It is for Exhibition purposes, and the Van Demons are not to use it, but all vehicles carrying human beings to the Show may. The vote was carried by 78 to 28.

Friday. The Education Question was again raised in the Lords, this time by LORD LITTLETON, a thoughtful and scholarly noble who has given much attention to the subject. His was a very different oration from the showy, gushy harangue of the Bishop, and he dealt in no wholesale condemnation. He was answered by LORD GRANVILLE, and ultimately withdrew the resolutions he had proposed. The best and shortest answer to all objections to the Reform is in the facts that out of 15,952 existing schools only 6897 are aided, and that only a fourth of the children in these aided schools are really educated in return for £800,000. So reports the Canon of Bristol, who has been for 35 years an active educator.

The Longford election has been carried by MAJOR O'REILLY and the priests, with the aid of the gentler suasion of bludgeons, occasional remonstrances being made in the shape of charges by the dragoons. "It is very fit that the Committee hear a riot," and we presume the POPE's Major will be unseated—meantime SIR ROBERT PEEL undertakes to prosecute the rioters.

Then came a long debate on the question of the American Blockade, which MR. GREGORY, in an able speech, endeavoured to prove no blockade at all. He thought that if it had been one, we were one-sided in recognising it, but being both unjust and ineffective, the House ought to declare against it. Divers speakers exerted themselves, and the Solicitor-General, SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER, who has a special reputation for international law, had his first opportunity of coming out with his learning. He thought that we ought to remember the difficulties in which the United States Government had been placed, and argued that there was no valid reason for condemning the blockade. LORD ROBERT CREIL professed extreme admiration of the "splendid" speech of MR. GREGORY, and the eloquence and learning of SIR ROUNDSELL, and talked of the distress occasioned by the present state of things. ADMIRAL WALCOTT called the Stone Fleet a blot on the American escutcheon, and the debate ended. The English Commons evidently mean to wait, but not to be dumb waiters.

"HERE'S A COIL, MY MASTERS!"—*Shakespeare.*

THE Pythoness writes to us to complain of the impertinent intrusion of MR. SCLATER upon her privacy. She does not see, she says, why a poor serpent is not to be permitted to hatch her eggs in her own way, without NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA's thermometers being thrust in upon her maternal coils. No wonder, she says, that some warmth may be detected in her under such persecution. She feels it especially hard, when every lady in confinement is left to take her caudle in peace, that a poor Pythoness is not to be allowed her egg-hot without letters in the Newspapers. We have pleasure in giving expression to these feelings on the part of the interesting lady Python at the Regent's Park.

A Literal Correction.

WHEN PRINCE JEROME was charged with putting into the mouth of the people, on the return of NAPOLEON THE FIRST from Elba, the cry of "à bas les prêtres!" he declared that what he said, or meant, to say, was "à bas les traîtres!" PRINCE JEROME should really mind his "p's"—his case he is understood to take from the Tuileries, whatever appearances may say to the contrary.

MILITARY MAWWORMISM.



HEN you are at Rome, be a Roman, and when you are at Edinburgh do your best to be a Mawworm. This seems to be the notion of MAJOR GENERAL WALKER, the commander of the Forces of HER MAJESTY in Scotland: for at a religious meeting in Edinburgh the other day, he occupied the chair, and took occasion thus to open pious fire:—

"Before reading the first Psalm, GENERAL WALKER rose to make a statement expressive of regret at having allowed this name to appear recently as a patron of private theatricals among the military, as he had heard that this had been a stumbling block to many Christians."

In excuse for his backsliding the gallant Mawworm said that the theatricals were given for a charitable purpose (and doubtless charity will cover even the great sin of going to the play), and that he was not present at them, although assured that nothing in the least degree objectionable would be introduced, but for which assurance perhaps he might have gone. In further plea moreover he put forth his

opinion, that whereas it was profanity to see a play in public, theatricals in private it was no sin to see:—

"While he advisedly called a theatre a den of iniquity, he did not wish it to be supposed that he said the same of private theatricals."

So, according to this Mawworm, it is not the play itself but its being acted publicly that is so pernicious. When the tickets are sold privately there is no harm in the drama; but when vended by advertisement they are passports to the devil. For this logic the best comment is simply to ejaculate the fitting name of "WALKER!"

In his fit of pious fervour, MAJOR GENERAL MAWWORM very probably forgot the soldier in the saint, or he would not have called a theatre a "den of iniquity." The QUEEN, whose uniform he wears, has ever been a patron and frequenter of the playhouse; and, let the saints say what they will, HER MAJESTY has done good service to her country by so lending her best influence to purify its plays. Had she abstained from being present at well-conducted theatres, the effect of her discomfiment would have been to bring discredit and debasement on the stage. The influence of the playhouse on the people is undoubted, and the nation has in great measure, we think, to thank its Sovereign for the purity with which its plays are now performed. Who is this GENERAL MAWWORM that he should call a theatre a "den of iniquity," well knowing as he does that his QUEEN has been so often to it? By letting drop such mawkish cant to please a Mawworm meeting, he uses words unworthy of a loyal British subject; he disgraces his profession and insults his QUEEN.

A WOMAN'S eye-lashes are her triumphal arches, under which she enters the citadel of a man's heart.

LE LION DU QUARTIER LATIN.

A Song so styled, threatening the EMPEROR with the wrath of "the youth of the Schools," has lately been soon broadcast in the streets of the Quartier Latin.—Of this high-flying Lyric, Mr. Punch ventures a version of his own.

AIR—"Mimie Pamard."

Mr Lion! There's one time for roaring,
Another for holding the tongue.
At the Eagle yourselves set a-soaring
In vain paper-pellets are flung.
These workmen drugged dosy with flummery,—
These troops won with praises and pay,—
These trials so summary,
Dispensing with all legal mummery,—
Make your roar very much like a bray.

"The student," you say's, "the forlorn hope
That leads on the masses unquiet;"
But how, when the best have forsworn hope,
And the rest prefer slav'ry to riot?
When the power of the purse is surrendered,
And the power of the sword given away,
When the yoke's on the necks that you tendered,
And the habit's engendered
Of kissing the rod day by day?

My Lion, bethink you in season;
If France bow the heart and the head,
Is not this the most operant reason,
That riot reaction has bred?
Vain your song, though you sang like Amphion,
While Society, weary of shocks,
Your sublime aspirations looks shy on,
And flies from THE LION,
To put itself under THE FOX.

For your Lion's a terrible wild fowl
To be let to go loose in the streets.
If Fox do now and then bag a mild fowl,
What are vulpine to leonine feats?
Dull bourgeois who've seen constitutions
Worn out ere they well were tried on,
Sick of red, white, and blue Revolutions,
(The vile Lilliputians!)
Only say to the Lion—"Begone!"

In a fight between Lion and Eagle,—
Should it really come to a fray,—

Republican creature and Regal,

Are equally creatures of prey.

"A plague upon both of your houses,"

Says the bourgeois,—"I care not two pins—"

So you'll leave us at peace with our spouses;—

To the mutton that browses

What matter which sheep-eater wins?

Either rise, or your *bonnet-de-colon*,
Draw down, my young Lion, once more:
Get off the high rope that you've got on,
Or show you can read while you roar.
If you wish, as your couplets acknowledge,
To "eat Bonaparte," why then,
In Yankee phrase, no more "sock-dolage"—
My Cocks of the College!—
But "Up Boys and at him!" like men.

Till you do, you'll excuse me for thinking,—
Though the notion may seem unpolite
For a Lion who talks of blood-drinking,—
Your bark is much worse than your bite.
At least the Elect of December
Has shown himself game for a blow;
And the old "Whiff of Grape" you remember,
That swept round the chamber,
And Thermidor's Lions laid low!

THE SENSITIVENESS OF OSBORNE.

IN the debate on the Army Estimates, on the discussion that took place relating to the alteration of cavalry uniforms, BERNAL OSBORNE is reported to have said, "this is a matter which ought not to be joked away." It is a rich thing to hear the member for Liskeard complaining of "a matter being joked away." Of course, he never by any accident jokes himself. He is the very last man to do it. *Par exemple*, is he jealous of any one else joking? It may be that he is envious of WHALLEY, or THE O'DONOGHUE, and wishes to have the exclusive monopoly himself. In other respects, we must sympathise with the sensitiveness of our injured friend, BERNAL. He is quite right in complaining of the joking that takes place in the House. It is generally detestable; and, if it is painful to read, we can easily understand that it must be doubly painful to listen to. If he can only put a stop to the nuisance, all those who, like ourselves, are compelled to read the debates, will be everlastingly his debtors. To carry out so benevolent a purpose, let him be the first to show a good example, and for the future heroically refrain from joking himself. We defy you, BERNAL, to do it.



THE VULPECIDE—BASE INDEED!

Fox Hunter. "THERE, DO YOU SEE THAT FELLOW—WELL! TO MY CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE, HE HAS DESTROYED TWO FOXES—AND YET HE WALKS ABOUT WITH A HYMN BOOK UNDER HIS ARM!"

THE MAY MEETING AT ROME.

CARDINAL WISEMAN cannot understand why the EMPEROR NAPOLEON should prohibit the French bishops from attending the solemn canonisation of Japanese Martyrs to come off in May next, when the POPE has invited the prelates of France, and all the rest of the world who own his supremacy, to repair to Rome in order to assist at that imposing ceremony. To the Cardinal the Imperial *veto* is unintelligible. How strange that a WISEMAN should be so dull! His Eminence is his Innocence. Does he not see that HEROD, *alias* PONTIUS PILATE, *alias* JUDAS ISCARIOT, as some of the Ultramontane French clergy call their Sovereign, may entertain some apprehension that if the POPE were to succeed in getting all the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church congregated at Rome, his Holiness, whilst their hands were in at the canonisation, might induce them to join him in an *obiter decretum* establishing the last new dogma of the temporal sovereignty, and pronouncing all who dare gainsay it anathema? Cannot CARDINAL WISEMAN conceive NAPOLEON to be possibly of opinion that the best way of keeping the French Church Gallican is to keep the French bishops in Gaul?

The Holy Father will not evince infallible policy in canonising the Japan Martyrs whilst his own live subjects are kept under by liability to a cannonade. He will give thinking people occasion to observe that the martyrs contrived to propagate the faith unprotected by artillery and bayonets, and that their example seems to be much rather extolled than imitated by the author of their beatification, who, always complaining of the lacerations of his paternal heart, keeps, and long may he continue to keep, that injured vital organ in a whole skin.

A Remonstrance.

WE are requested by the RIGHT HON. B. D.—SR.—LI to state that he is not "the tyrant BEN" who was alluded to in a theatrical trial a few days ago. He may have ruled with a rod of brass, but never with a rod of iron. The TOOLE, from whom the statement in question proceeded, had never the honour of belonging to the Tory party.

CONSERVATIVES AND DERBYITES.

ADVICE TO ELECTORS.

CANTERBURY has returned a Conservative candidate, and it is of the utmost importance to the EX-KING OF NAPLES, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, the POPE, and CHIAVONE, the chief of the Bourbonist brigands, that the North Riding and Wycombe should follow Canterbury's example. It is sometimes asked, what is a Conservative? Many honest but ignorant electors imagine that a Conservative is what a Conservative always was—an upholder of all valuable old English institutions. A Conservative is no longer any such kind of person. A Conservative means a Derbyite, and what a Derbyite is was made manifest the other night by the EARL OF DERBY himself in the House of Lords, when he took occasion to put a question to EARL RUSSELL calculated to elicit an admission damaging to Italian unity; a question which if we had had to guess who put it, we should have named the venerable NORMANBY. A Conservative, so called, is a gentleman who wishes to reverse the foreign policy of this country, and reduce rebellious Italy under subjection to its BOMBALINO, and Dukelings, and Kaiser, and Holy Father. A real Conservative, in the obsolete sense of the word, is a supporter of LORD PALMERSTON and EARL RUSSELL, for whose removal from the Establishment in Downing Street, to be succeeded by DERBY and Co., so many pious Irishmen of THE O'DONOGHUE's persuasion, and so many Roman Catholic priests on the Continent, are praying and preaching, with a view to the humiliation of proud England. Let all electors who wish to contribute to this result rush to the poll, and record their votes for the Derbyite candidate who calls himself a Conservative.

Gradually Making Way.

THE SECRETARY FOR WAR has actually been making a joke. Our notions of time and space will soon be overturned, since here is Lewes actually going to Brighton!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 15, 1862.



THE GREAT FRENCH MEDIUM.

MEDIUM. "I CAN MOVE THAT ELDERS' PARTY AND HER CHAIR, WHENEVER AND WHEREVER I PLEASE!"

THE NEW YORK TIMES



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OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



DEAR PUNCH.—It is astonishing when once a play has hit the public taste, how it is relished in whatever shape it is presented. The everlasting *Colleen Bawn* has been 'revised' as a song, and played as a burlesque, and adapted as an opera, and in each form proves attractive. It only remains now to serve it up as a 'sensation' ballet, and let the business of the Cave Scene be transacted in a graceful *pas de deux* by Danny Mann and Eily; or else to represent it in the fashion of a hippodrama, and let the gallant *Myles-na-Coppaleen* take his header upon horseback, à la MARCUS CURTIUS his jump into the gulf. In this case the hunting chorus introduced by MR. BENEDICT might be made still more effective by being sung on horseback, and a real fox might break away in terror at the row. Everybody knows that when a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning, our hunting men are wonted to assemble in long red coats reaching to their heels, and to sing a stunning chorus with a whip-cracking accompaniment, precisely as they do in MR. BENEDICT's new opera, or as the *Jägers* in *Der Freischütz* do, as doubtless he has heard. And this hunting scene would certainly be far more like to life, were the singers all on horseback, as at Astley's they might be, and their prancing steeds all trained to beat time with their hoofs.

"By the newspapers I see that the *Lily of Killarney* is an opera far cleverer than WEBER could have written, even if ROSSINI had helped to guide his hand, and MEYERBEER or MOZART had been by to give a hint. No praise is esteemed too high for such a work; and nothing has been wanting by the management or audience to ensure for the *chef-d'œuvre* a most rapturous success. Eight pieces, with the overture, were re-demanded the first night; and if you fancy that the song-sellers had any hand in all this clapping, the critics doubtless are all ready to make an affidavit such could not have been the case. Poor MR. BENEDICT! How he has been buttered! What a nuisance it must be to any rightly thinking mind to find oneself the object of so much soft soap! Were he a humbug and impostor who gained his bread by puffery, the critics scarce could have belabored him much more than they have done. And being, as he is, a really good musician, and therefore fully competent to feel his own shortcomings and to judge of his own work, how it must have pained him to receive such fulsome praise, well-knowing that the public were too wise to be misled by it!

"Despite defects, however, which the critics have not hinted at (and of what value is criticism if it fails to point out errors which thereby may be stopped?) the *Lily of Killarney* is likely to attract: not so much perhaps because it has much pleasant music, as from the fact that doubtless most people who've seen the *Colleen Bawn* will like to take a look at their old pet in her new vocal dress. There is nothing very striking, or startling, in the opera: and one does not come away from it whistling the tunes. Sentimental butcher-boys will not find it quite so easy to lay hold of MR. BENEDICT as they do of MR. BALFE; and though '*Eily Macourneen*' is a fairly pretty air, it will not, thank goodness! be so popular with organ-men as the melodies which haunted us when first the famed *Bohemian Girl* was by BUNN THE GREAT produced. Still, the music is well written, and adapted to the drama which it has been the task of the librettist to adapt; and this perhaps is plainer English than saying that the music is marked by 'characteristic local colouring throughout,' which, as it is difficult to see the colour of what one only hears, I fear that people's ears in general will be too blind to perceive. Indeed it may be doubted if any one in England could have written better music than MR. BENEDICT has done, considering the subject on which he had to write. To compose 'sensation' music to accompany the Cave Scene would of course have not been difficult; but the chances are, sublimity would have suggested ridicule, and MR. BENEDICT was wise to pursue a calmer course. Danny Mann was compelled in a great measure to idealise, or there would have been no scope for a good singer in the part; and nobody who hears the fine *scena* thus suggested can feel regret that a mere boatman is made a sentimental tender-hearted ruffian, with an exquisite bass voice. His duet with *Hardress* is another charming piece, and still more tuneable and lovely is the ballad '*I'm alone*,' which MISS PYNE sings in a way to drive young ladies to despair. Every one is aware that MR. BENEDICT well knows the resources of the orchestra, so I need not say how cleverly his work is instrumented; and as the Covent

Garden Band is worth taking pains to write for, he has perhaps been more than usually careful with his score.

"For the manner of production of the work, I give full praise, and this alone will doubtless prove sufficient to secure it a good run, when, as it is sure to be, it is next season reproduced. MISS LOUISA EILY PYNE never can sing badly, though she might sing even better if she gave herself more rest. Doubtless her late illness was caused by lack of this, and her voice is now so valuable that the public must feel anxious to have her take more care of it. Next year I hope to hear more of her deputy MISS THIRLWALL, who is a painstaking and improving singer, although (as critics say) not 'gifted with an organ' so powerful in tone. MR. SANTLEY's *scena* is a thing that should be heard by all who have a taste for good music well sung; and as for MR. HARRISON, who as head man of the theatre, of course undertakes the 'header,' I think he well deserves full credit for the way in which he struggles with what must be a most ungrateful part. It is no joke to crack jokes that have been cracked by MR. BOUICCAULT, in a house so large that half their pith is lost in the expanse. What becomes of 'quiet humour' when speakers have almost to shout to make their talking audible; and who can find much drollery in a delicate 'aside,' when, to reach one's ear, it must be given forth with rotund mouth?

"As I have been lately entertaining country visitors, gifted with insatiable appetite for plays, I have, besides the *Lily*, seen the *Dublin Boy* and *Red Riding Hood*. As touching the Adelphi, if such boys as MRS. BOUICCAULT's now run about in Dublin, I'm sure it is no wonder that the girls should fall in love with them as soon as they grow up. In such a part the pathos seemed less natural than the fun, but few critics could speak harshly of such prettily pleading looks and sweetly sympathetic voice. As for the burlesque, it has much lovely Irish scenery, and many wretched English puns; but the story is so twisted that few young minds can follow it. However, it is sure to hold the stage till Easter; and so I need say no more about it for the present, except to throw out a mild hint that the man who has an eye, and likes to see a pretty face (and pretty lissome legs to boot), and who yet neglects to give a look at the Lyceum and MISS LYDIA RED RIDING HOOD, is a fool whom it were flattery to call a brainless ass.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

WE are glad to read that the POPE, out of the 300,000*fr.*, which were collected for him by the Peter's Pence Committee at Lyons, has returned 20,000*fr.* The refunded money was for the benefit of the Lyonnaise operatives now destitute of employment. It is true the Pope still retains the Lyons' share. A handsome balance of 280,000*fr.* is not a bad thing, in the hour of trouble, to have by one to draw consolation from. Some ill-natured people may say, with the distress existing in the town where the money was collected, that the POPE might have remitted more, but we mean to say that it only proves how keenly alive PRUS must be to the sufferings of his fellow creatures, when he sends so much as 20,000*fr.* It has always been a staunch principle with the Church, and one to which generally clergymen of all denominations adhere with the most tenacious fidelity, that there is to be, at the church doors, as at the theatres, "No Money Returned." It is the one theological point upon which all creeds agree. In spite of this, however, and in spite of his own pressing wants, for which he must require every penny that St. Peter can scrape together for him, he still has the magnanimity to part with the above princely sum. Nothing but conscience could have prompted this sacrificial parting, and it is, therefore, under the head of "Conscience Money" that we embalm the precious act. The surrender may be simply *le commencement de la fin*. Having restored the 20,000*fr.*, the POPE's next act of surrender may be that of his temporal power. So good a beginning should be followed up by even greater sacrifices. In the meantime, how agreeable to note down, amongst the marvels of this wonder-exciting age, that a Pope is not destitute of a Conscience!

"THE RIVER TO THE OCEAN OF HIS THOUGHTS."

AT the grand fancy ball given in Paris by the COUNTESS WALEWASKI we read that a certain COUNT LUDOLT (or some such name), went 'in the dress of a river-god.' We hardly know what the dress of a river-god may be, unless it is a bathing-dress, and that would hardly be the thing for a ball-room, even though it were *glacé* *d'été* the occasion. If the ball had been inside a theatre, of course we can understand the river-god would have retired into a *baaignoire* at once. Did he walk about with that traditionary urn tucked under his arm all the evening? We have heard of "dancing waters," but a dancing river is something quite new on the *tapis*, and we shouldn't think it would have the effect of much improving the latter. Probably, after all, this Count only assumed this dress of an aquatic god in order to be able to display what the French call his *rivieres de diamants*, which of course were all of the very first water. At what time, we wonder, did this river retire to its bed?



ARTIST. "My big Picture! I haven't painted in the two principal figures yet; because I can't find anybody pretty enough to sit for them. Ah! Miss Mary, if I could only induce you just to—"

MISS BRIDGET. "Oh! my Dear Mr. M'Gill we should both be only too delighted! When shall we come to your studio! How shall we dress? and what style of coiffure?"

[Now, what is a fellow to say in such a fix as this?]

OSBORNE ON ARMY CLOTHIERS.

Oh! poor BERNAL OSBORNE, oh!
Durst you touch the theme of clo'?
Government, you, goose of railers,
Twit with turning army tailors!
You of all men, to defame them,
"Monster MOSES AND SONS" name them!

PALMERSTON a monster MOSES?
What if we compare your noses?
'Mongst the Sons of MOSES who
Has a brother, if not you?
But, perhaps you mean, those others
Counterfeit your Sire and Brothers.

You then, BERNAL, may we term
Sleeping partner in the Firm?
Deem unworthy personation,
Drew forth your denunciation
Of the rival Shop?—and learn
That it's not "the same Concern?"

FEARFUL RETRIBUTION.

ON Thursday last we read that an order for release from custody was allowed by MR. COMMISSIONER EVANS to a Bankrupt, who was described as a "Manufacturer of Crinoline." This is a painful proof, in Bankruptcy, as well as in Morality, of what a perverse indulgence in confirmed bad habits will ultimately lead a man to. He cannot long escape his doom. He is sure to be caged at last. In other words, the Bankrupt above punished, on whose melancholy fate we will not be too severe, is, in consequence of his criminal propensities, a living-example, with the slight variation of one bar, of the old distich:—

"He rot steals vot isn't his'n,
Ven he's cotched, he goes to pris'n!"

THE HAPPIEST OF MEN!

WE copy the subjoined letter of introduction from the French papers. It certainly deserves being included among the choicest *belles-lettres* of France:—

"My Dear VICTOR-EMMANUEL,

"Receive DUMAS. He is my friend—as well as yours,

"GARIBALDI."

"(The above is an exact Copy.

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS.)"

Happy DUMAS! Not only does he associate with kings, but with great men like GARIBALDI. The latter takes an honest pride in calling him his "friend." It must be a proud title for the same man to be called "the author of *Monte Christo*, and the friend of GARIBALDI." However, such an accumulation of honours, under which any other pair of shoulders, less Atlas-like, would be weighed down to the earth, does not make ALEXANDRE in the least proud, and, in giving a friend a facsimile of the above letter, he takes particular care to testify, for fear of the world, or posterity, being deceived, that it is "an exact copy." And the world does now know, as posterity will, that DUMAS is GARIBALDI's friend, VICTOR-EMMANUEL's friend, everybody's friend, in short: of everybody, at least, who has read his charming books. He is, in truth, everybody's friend, even including the bailiffs, for they seem to run after him more than any one else. Indeed, the attentions of the latter almost take the form of persecutions. In spite of the *huissiers*, however, DUMAS is the happiest of men. Not a day passes, but some paper says something about him. He is uniformly successful in making people talk about him. It is true that it is not always praise that is bandied about in public in connection with his name; it is equally true that, when his character is canvassed in print, it is not always sugar that is sprinkled over it. But what of that? is he not perpetually talked about? and do we not know that to be perpetually talked about is considered in France the very greatest height of human happiness attainable in this world?

Yes, ALEXANDRE, thou art the happiest of men. The above letter is for thee a sure passport to Fame, and fortunately thy modesty does not prevent thee showing it. Great genius, we envy thee! Indeed, so great is our envy, that we feel prompted to borrow the words of DIOGENES, and, basking in the blaze of thy world-illuminating splendour, reverently to exclaim: "If we were not *Punch*, we would be ALEXANDRE!"

HESITATION IN A GENTLEMAN'S SPEECH.

THE proceedings in the Court Martial which has been held at Dublin on CAPTAIN ROBERTSON of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, on a charge which, in substance though not in terms, is that of not having promptly enough challenged a person who had insulted him to fight a duel, have been reported at full length in the *Morning Post*. The subjoined extract from that journal is an example of faithful reporting which we should like to see generally followed. A "Round Robin," having for its object the removal of CAPTAIN ROBERTSON, signed by the officers of the regiment, and addressed to the Colonel, is the document alluded to in the President's question, addressed to the witness, COLONEL BENTINCK himself:—

"By 'unanimous,' did you mean that LIEUTENANT RINTOUL ought to get the other officers to sign it, or did you mean that it would be no use unless they were unanimous?"

"WITNESS. I have only a faint recollection of speaking to LIEUTENANT RINTOUL on the subject, and to the best of my belief my idea at that time was that it ought to be—ah—ah—unanimous, in fact, that—ah—ah—every officer ought to sign it."

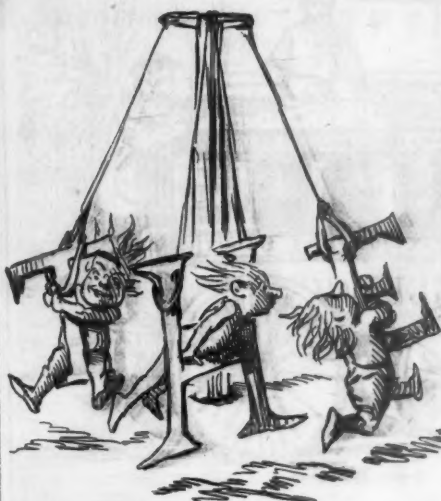
COLONEL BENTINCK's explanation of the word unanimous as applied to the signature of a document, reminds one of that which *Bardolph* volunteered to give of the word accommodate. "Unanimous, in fact, that—ah—ah—every officer ought to sign it" is a definition as lucid as the gallant Colonel could have pronounced if he had clothed it in the very words of *Falstaff's* red-nosed follower:—

"Unanimous? That is, when officers are, as they say, unanimous; or, when officers are,—being—whereby—they may be thought to be unanimous; which is an excellent thing."

What a pity it is that Parliamentary speeches cannot be taken down by a sort of phonography, so that they might be published in the papers, and read as they were actually spoken! If Honourable Members knew that their eloquence would be faithfully reproduced next morning for the amusement, perhaps, as much as for the instruction of the British public, they would soon unlearn their hums and haws and unnecessary aspirates, and would learn to sound the letter *h* in its place.

Dry debates and proceedings are enlivened for the reader by being reported with the literal fidelity above instanced, preserving the grotesque character of a reply which, pruned of redundances, might have been a straightforward answer to a simple question, and not at all diverting, but which, as it stands, comprises and combines the fun of *Bardolph* and *Lord Dundreary*.

WELL WORTH THE MONEY.



be the greater should it prove fruitless. But let them not despair. According to good authority the salt-spring they have reached possesses strong medicinal properties, and might do for a Spa, or else for a salt-works. Thus, though the sanitary reformers of Rugby are afraid they have sunk all the money in this well that they have spent in digging it, perhaps, like the sons of the old gentleman in the fable, they will find that whilst they have been disappointed of the treasure they dug for, they have discovered a richer. We like to console the disappointment of useful undertakings and encourage sanitary enterprise.

RUGBY Board of Health, wanting a water supply for the town, at the suggestion of MR. HAWKESLEY, bored down to the newred sandstone to get it. They got to the water-bearing strata of that formation, and also to an unsuspected deposit of rock-salt, by which the water is impregnated, and not only that, but is found to be getting saltier and saltier, containing, besides a large quantity of common salt, proportions of other salts such as are commonly found in mineral springs. However, if they dig on down to the permian stratum, geology says that they may perhaps get fresh water, but they will have to dig very deep, which will be a great bore, and the bore will

JOHN BULL'S PUZZLE.

I CAN'T make a statue, but that I don't mind;
'Tis a thing I can go on without;
And ornament, save with utility joined,
Is what I don't care much about.
But in bridges and railways my genius you see;
And I *can* make machines that make money for me.

But there's one thing I ought to be able to do,
And can't, I'm ashamed to confess;
A scheme of taxation construct, with a screw
On each payer that duly shall press.
No; I can't for my life make the Income-Tax fair,
Or a tax in its stead frame by compass and square.

A DUEL AMONGST THE POTTERBS.

ACCORDING to the *Express* :—

"MR. SMITH O'BRIEN has challenged SIR ROBERT PEEL to meet him in hostile combat in France or Belgium for his reflections on the 'cabbage-garden traitors.'"

Of course this statement is a hoax at MR. SMITH O'BRIEN'S expense. The descendant of BRIAN BOROO would not dream of playing second fiddle to the rival pretender to the throne of Ireland. One fool makes many; and THE O'DONOGHUE may have imitators; but SMITH O'BRIEN will not be one of them. He does not want to add to the greens which he has earned for laurels. If he did, he would at once invite SIR ROBERT PEEL to fight him in the Vegetable Kingdom itself. He is not so very great a fool as to stir the affair of the cabbage-garden any more, at any rate by going to Belgium to fight a duel, and getting his name, already compromised with respect to cabbages, into further ridiculous association with Brussels Sprouts.

WISEMAN OR WALKER?

In the Lenten Pastoral just issued by CARDINAL WISEMAN, a composition fuller of flowers of speech than a schoolboy's theme, there is one particular flourish that looks very much like the figure hyperbole. The Cardinal tells his flock that to the imperfect observances of individuals are added, on their behalf, at this season of mortification, the afflictions, prayers, and penances of "noble souls," "cloistered virgins," and "religious cenobites."

"But more than all, the uncomplaining moans of clergy and people crushed and despoiled, of homeless monks and roofless nuns cast out, expressly to perish—as a class that must be destroyed."

Name! name! your Eminence. What clergy and what people are crushed and despoiled? What homeless monks and roofless nuns are cast out, or rather, to put your question into intelligible English, what monks and what nuns are cast out of their homes and from under their roofs, expressly with the intent that they may perish, as a class that must be destroyed? Do you mean the people, or any of the people and clergy of Italy? Is it true that the inmates of suppressed convents and nunneries have been actually turned out of their houses without provision or compensation, and left to starve? If it is true, and you can prove that it is, you will deprive VICTOR-EMMANUEL of any moral support that he can derive from *Punch*. If it is not true, whom do you mean, and whom do you accuse? Mr. *Punch* pauses for a reply, and trusts, in the mean time, that *Fabiola* is your Eminence's last romance.

Yet one more question, by favour of your Eminence. What portion of the Roman Catholic clergy and people is that which utters uncomplaining moans? Is it the French ultramontane Bishops who call the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, HEROD, and JUDAS ISCARIOT, and PONTIUS PILATE; is it they and their spokesmen in the Senate? Is it the refractory Italian prelates and the Bourbonist brigands? If not, who are your uncomplaining moaners? Who? Why—bless us—how could we be so dull as not to twig your Eminence's allusion! Sure, and it's ARCHBISHOP CULLEN that your Eminence has in your eye, and ARCHBISHOP M'HALE, and the faithful Irish.

A Nuisance that Requires being Told to "Move On."

MR. WHALLEY is dearly fond of a noise, always beating that Maynooth gong of his, until he fairly deafens us, and frightens all the old women of the island out of their propriety. He evidently is not what Mr. *Jim Baggs*, in the *Wandering Minstrel*, calls "the W(H)ALLEY of peace and quietness."

PHILOSOPHY STOOPING TO PICK UP A PUN.

THERE never will be so brilliant a Session as the present. It has, in addition to other attractions, for which we are kindly indebted to MESSRS. PEEL, O'DONOGHUE, WHALLEY, OSBORNE, and a large talented comic company, been illumined with a witticism from the lips of the War Secretary. We should as soon have expected a joke to drop from the mouth of a cannon! Such a thing has never occurred before, and probably never will occur again. Here it is, in all its effulgence, undiminished of a single ray :—

"MR. G. C. LEWIS said the Hon. Gentleman wished to elicit his opinion as to the relative merits of a large bore and a small bore. (Laughter.) Experiments were still going on. (Renewed Laughter.)"

What a pity SIR GEORGE CORNWALL did not describe the nature of those experiments. Why did he not give us examples of "the large bore" and "the small bore?" It can only have been the *embarras du choix* that puzzled him. SIR GEORGE should have followed his success up, and have given us a description of the "smooth bore." If he had not been so nervous, and flurried with the applause, he would doubtless have pointed to the First Commissioner of Works as a very good specimen of the latter.

SIR GEORGE was complimented on all sides for his successful first attempt. Amongst others by—

"MR. GRIFFITH, who was glad he (the War Secretary) had been fortunate enough to elicit a joke from so dry a subject. (Laughter.)"

It strikes us vividly that GRIFFITH is looking out for an appointment. We wonder how the poor astonished philosopher felt at receiving an encouraging pat on the shoulder from the hands of a GRIFFITH! Wouldn't he have liked to have recalled his pretty little maiden witticism?

However, anxious to encourage rising merit, we shall be only too happy to engage SIR GEORGE as a constant contributor. If he can let us have a couple of gross of puns every week (only a trifle of pun-gency superior to the sample above quoted), we have no doubt we shall be able to come to terms. We can promise him that his salary shall be better than his present one, and moreover he will have a rare opportunity, one that does not often present itself, of making for himself a great reputation. It is a pity that nascent talent like his should be allowed to remain dormant.

HOW TO LAY A GOOD FIRE.—Contradict your Wife.



GEN. LEMAN. "I am not going to wade through that Mud."

CAD. "Bill, pull up a bit nearer to the rear side for a Swell as Cleans his own Boots."

GREAT BRITAIN IN BANKRUPTCY.

THAT highly estimable newspaper, the *New York Herald*, has been keeping up its character for truthful information by putting forth a statement that this country is now standing on the brink of national bankruptcy: citing as authority for making this assertion the paragraph that follows from our *Western Times*:—

"BANKRUPTCY.—The enormous length of the list of bankrupts trenching so much on our space, we omit it. The *Gazette of Bankruptcy* will afford a great treat to those fond of this sort of reading."

The *Gazette of Bankruptcy* is a most useful publication, and one that stands unequalled for sticking to plain facts. There is no romancing in the statements which it publishes, and every word in it can be supported by positive full proof. But, truthful as its statements indisputably are, the *Gazette of Bankruptcy* does not afford quite a true picture of our national condition to those who may be unacquainted with the state of English law. If the writer in the *New York Herald*, whose comments we subjoin, would take the trouble to consult his learned fellow-citizen MR. EDWIN JAMES, he might learn that by an Act which was passed in our last Session the distinction between trader and non-trader was abolished, and the Insolvent Debtors' Court and the insolvent jurisdiction of the County Courts were stopped. The effect of this has been that every small debtor who gets into a mess has his affairs adjudicated by the Court of Bankruptcy, and his name is prominently brought before the public, which under the old law would not have been the case. If the *New York Herald* writer would take in the *Gazette* whose words he uses for a text, he would see that fully nine-tenths of its list of bankrupts are made up of entries such as "JOHN STUBBS, chimney sweep" or "TIMOTHY SMITH, tinker," and the like names of small note, which a year ago could not have had the proud distinction of being publicly presented at the British (Bankrupts) Court.

But not having the advantage of subscribing to and reading the *Bankruptcy Gazette*, the *New York* writer, on the faith of the extract we have quoted, acquaints his readers with the following by this time world-known facts:—

"The truth is that England, financially and commercially, was never in a more rotten condition than she is at the present moment. Her people are staggering

under such a load of taxation that they are unable to support any further burdens. With her cotton mills closed or working on short time, her exports to this country reduced by one-half, famine decimating the Irish portion of her population, and starvation impending over her English operatives, she was in no condition to pick up the gauntlet had we chosen to fling it to her. She might, it is true, have damaged our navy, temporarily obstructed our commerce, and wrought us some injury on our seaboard; but the cost of all this, like 'the last straw that breaks the camel's back,' would have so ground down her people and bankrupted her resources that rebellion and revolution at home would have been the inevitable result."

How true is the "truth" which this ingenuous writer tells of us, the dullest of observers with half an eye may see. Of the "famine" now in Ireland all our newspapers are full, and the way in which the people there are daily being "decimated" the sad debates in Parliament abundantly attest. In England too "starvation" stares us in the face. Our work-houses are all as full as they can hold, and not the "operatives" only, but many who were lately the most splendid of our swells, may daily be seen clamouring for entrance at their gates. Our soup-kitchens are thronged with a crowd of hungry applicants, some of whom were a while since the greatest gourmands of the day. By the present dearth of food, the LORD MAYOR is reduced to a bread-and-water diet; while dozens of the Aldermen, and other lovers of good dinners, may daily be seen chalking "*We are Starving*" in the streets. Every one is looking for rebellion to break out, and some of our more sanguine revolutionary organs have fixed the fatal day for the beheading of LORD PALMERSTON, and for proclaiming a republic under MR. ROBESPIERRE BRIGHT. In fact, the *New York Herald* but very faintly pictures our miserable plight; and we only hope when next this frank and friendly paper talks of us, it will try to speak more nearly to the actual truth.

Bernal's First (this Season).

OSBORNE (our OSBORNE) upon being asked by a lady, "To what particular class of reptiles the Python belonged?" at once nobly confessed his ignorance; but quickly recovered himself in the lady's estimation by observing with his usual readiness, "that, from the number of eggs the one in the Zoological Gardens has laid, he should say it must be an *Adder*."



YOUNG AND BRAVE, BUT MERCENARY.

DENTIST. "Don't cry, my little friend. I didn't hurt your Sister very much—and besides, your Mamma has just given her half-a-crown."

BOY. "Boo-hoo! m-m-mayn't I have a tooth took out too?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 12. *Monday.* LORD CAMPBELL (as LORD STRATHEDEN has elected to be called) raised the Blockade question. He insists that we are not Neutral in the American quarrel, for that we recognise an ineffective Blockade, and that this is unfair to Richmond. New York may muddle up a quotation and say:—

"Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond, for the selfsame England
That lours at me looks sadly upon it."

LORD ABINGER made a statement which must enchant the Americans, both North and South. He had travelled in the States, and had formed a favourable opinion of both populations, and therefore he did not wish us to raise the Blockade, but thought that the time for recognising the South had come. The Foreign Secretary defended his conduct, urged that the Federals had certainly done their utmost to make the Blockade effectual, and that three thousand miles of coast are not easily guarded so closely as to make infringement impossible. But the vessels that have run the Blockade were few, and of no important character, and a better proof still was, that somehow the Southern Cotton did not get out, although England and France were eager for it. The Earl hoped that in three months, or sooner, we might see an end of the war, and that the Separation of North and South, whose old feelings it would be impossible to renew, might be accomplished peaceably. We hope so too; but the North, after a series of disasters and disgraces, is now coming down on the South, in such an overwhelming force, that we fear there for a time at least we shall have to say, *Va victis*.

MR. DISRAELI called on the PREMIER to state whether another edict which breathes out threatenings and slaughters against the Neapolitan brigands, and those who may assist them, were genuine. LORD PALMERSTON spoke of the document with disgust, and hoped to be able to learn that it had been disavowed and censured by the KING OF ITALY. Readers of journals will observe that just now it is the Conservative game to be very pathetic on behalf of the poor peasantry

FRANCE AND MUMBO JUMBO.

MUMBO JUMBO reigns in Rome,
Feared beyond the salt sea-foam,
By his subjects scorned at home:
They laugh at MUMBO JUMBO.

MUMBO JUMBO governs there,
Guarded in St. Peter's Chair,
Romans France compels to bear
The yoke of MUMBO JUMBO.

MUMBO JUMBO Frenchmen rules
By the help of priestly tools,
For in France too many fools
Believe in MUMBO JUMBO.

MUMBO JUMBO frightens France,
Or NAPOLEON would advance,
And withdraw his countenance
Away from MUMBO JUMBO.

MUMBO JUMBO then would flee,
Or in Rome but own a See,
Capital of Italy
Exempt from MUMBO JUMBO.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

WE read that there have not been less than three suicides this year at Homburg from gambling. We have heard of "the hazard of the die," but the above calamities would indicate that there was very little "hazard" indeed about it. Is it not rather "the certainty of the die?" So many end their days fatally, who lend themselves to the maddening pursuit, that we should be inclined to pronounce it "a dead certainty." Of all follies, gambling would seem, with painful truth, to be the most suicidal. Those German principalities, that support themselves by the produce of the gaming-table, may be said to exist principally by means of blood-money. FREDERICK LEMAITRE used to play in a popular melodrama, called *Vingt-cinq ans de la vie d'un Joueur*. Five-and-twenty years is a long period for the feverish existence of a gambler. If you were to limit it to as many days, we think it would be much nearer the mark. The play of the *Gamester* is never one that has a long run.

of the districts from which the despots have been ejected, and it is remarkable that when the liberators, very wickedly, take a leaf out of the cruel book of the old dynasty, our Opposition is affected even to tears, though in the old days, ten times as much atrocity was wrought without notice from the tender-hearted Tories. Now, the latter are quite right in protesting against cruelty, but they have been a good while in finding out that it hurts.

Army matters again, and Sandhurst College (which has been rather neatly termed a Horse Guards' Preserve) came up again. SIR G. LEWIS proposed to the House to reverse the decision against the enlargement of the College, and after a debate, carried his motion that the subject should be reconsidered on the following Thursday. It seems that the authorities of our Universities are desirous to assist in promoting military education, in connection with Sandhurst, and ere long the streets of Oxford and Cambridge will resound to the sonorous voices of the Dons, classically calling to the young soldiers *Grads militari incedere*, presenting a *Vexillum*, with the warning *Magnum perdere crimen est*, bawling to them *in orbem se tutari* to resist cavalry, and perhaps bestowing as reward a *corona castrensis*, or *vallaris*. If Albemarle Street can spare DR. WILLIAM SMITH for half an hour, that learned gentleman might advantageously dash off a classic manual for the soldier-scholar, so that the ingenuous youth could learn at once his drill and his dictionary.

Tuesday was chiefly remarkable for the beginning of a little duel between two of the most accomplished duellists in the legislature. It happened that the Second Reading of the CHANCELLOR'S Lunacy Bill came on, and that LORD CHELMSFORD thought proper to take sundry objections thereto. They were not wise objections, and one especial piece of nonsense was LORD CHELMSFORD'S fear lest the public examination of a lunatic might scandalise the modest and virtuous audience in court. In the first place, the Judge could and would stop or remove any unfortunate creature who might give vent to the utterances in question, and in the second place, on the principle *de minimis non*, it is a little ridiculous for the law to be considering the

feelings of the idle, dirty, lounging, gaping crowd that chokes up our courts of justice, instead of minding its own business, which is, *prima facie*, to wash itself. LORD SHAFTESBURY defended the Bill, and sensibly, except that he contended that it was no proof of folly to subscribe to a society for converting the Jews. Then came out LORD WESTBURY in defence of his Bill, and charged LORD CHELMSFORD, and his friends, with short memories, for objecting to the provision for trying lunatics by Judges, when the same provision was introduced into a Bill brought forward by SIR HUGH CAIRNS when LORD DERBY's law-officer. LORD DERBY instantly retorted that the charge was unfounded, and that the CHANCELLOR's Bill was peremptory, whereas SIR HUGH's was permissive only. There was some smart sparring, LORD WESTBURY accusing LORD DERBY of speaking on "imperfect information."

"Friends meet to part. Love laughs at faith.
True foes, once met, are joined till."

the next meeting of the upper division of the legislature. The Bill was read a Second Time.

At length the Chinese Rebels are to be prevented from destroying every place they can lay their hands on. They have ruined one of our Treaty Ports, Ningpo, though the cruel dastards could have been blown into Tartarus by a few volleys from our marines. But now that they threaten Shanghai, orders have been given, as MR. LAYARD stated to-night, that this place, which contains millions of British property, shall be protected. The strange inconsistency which drives off these scoundrels at one time, and at another permits every outrage, is only to be explained by the fact that China is a long way off, and therefore it is lucky that the new telegraph is likely to bring it a good deal nearer.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU is a conscientious man, and is touched by the fact that though Parliament pretends to look after the public money, it really does not. He is also a man of the world, and knowing that you might just as well expect Honourable Members' wives to give up crinoline (until ordered to do so by their milliners) as to expect Honourable Members to give up their time to watching the disposal of such money, he evasively proposes to appoint a Committee to do the duty supposed to be done by the House, and to revise the accounts and estimates. Needless to say that all the Men of Business were up in arms, SIR F. BARING, FRED. PEEL, GLADSTONE, all opposing the plan, or that it was rejected by 96 to 31. Nevertheless, despite the men of business, there was a good deal to be said in its favour, and one of these days it will be discovered that amid all the complex machinery for managing the national accounts, there is a Missing Link somewhere, and that JOHN BULL is done a good deal browner than is supposed.

Then began a solemn debate, originated by MR. HORSFALL, who is a Conservative mercantile Candidate, and who will have the support of the CORDEN and BRIGHT party—perhaps some other support, if MR. DISRAELI sees fit to extend it. The question is one of International Maritime Law. Privateering has been abolished—the abolition being confirmed by the Declaration of Paris in 1856, to which Seven European Powers are parties, but not America. The neutral flag covers an Enemy's goods, except contraband of war, and the Enemy's flag protects neutral goods, with the same exception. Now just remember this, COX, because it is a bore to have to be always explaining to you that a neutral bottom does not mean the bottom of the sea around neutral ground, and that a privateer does not mean the Private Tier of boxes. Now, observe. MR. HORSFALL, for Liverpool, and MESSRS. CORDEN and BRIGHT for others who recognise nothing except the interests of trade, desire to go further, and propose that private property of an enemy shall not be taken out of an enemy's ship. Do you see what this means? It means that BRITANNIA, who rules the waves, shall not rule them any more, and that it shall cease to be any concern of anybody's save the professional combatants, whether war goes on or does not. LORD PALMERSTON declared that the principle, if carried out, would deal a fatal blow to the naval power of England, and be an act of political suicide. So it was arranged to have a long debate on the subject, and the following Monday was fixed for that event, MR. CORDEN "having the floor."

Wednesday. The Wife's Sister was disposed of. The Widower is not to marry her. There was a short debate. MR. MONSELL stated his view of the marriage tie in the language of the poet,—

"Wedded love with loyal Christian lady is a mystery rare,
Body, heart, and soul in union make one loving pair."

but he didn't say whether "rare" meant "seldom found," or "exalted," nor did he explain the difference between a loving pair and a love-apple, though he talked some other nonsense, and instanced, as a possible result of an alteration of the present marriage laws, a case like that of the gentleman in Prussia, who sat down to play whist with his wife and two other ladies who had been his wives. As he was quoting hereby without any particular application, he should have cited from SIR BULWER LYTTON touching this interesting *partie carrée*,

"In the game called Woman
Diamonds are always Trumps for Hearts."

SIR WILLIAM JOLLIFFE gave support to the Bill, MR. GREGSON said

that a million had petitioned for it, and only 140,000 against it, and then the House threw it out by 116 to 148.

MR. BOUVIER brought in a Bill for relieving a clergyman, who should happen to turn Dissenter, from his canonical obligations. At present a Bishop can serve out such a schismatic rather severely. By all means relieve conscience from all carnal fetters, but we suspect that if a Bill could be passed for allowing Dissenting ministers to become clergymen somewhat more simply than now, the Church would gain a good many more recruits than it will lose by the above Bill. The fact is that Dissent is not genteel, and Churchism is, and when a man gets on in the world, and marries a lady, they find out that they owe it to their family to get among the superior classes. Can't the Bishops see this?

Thursday.—LORDS DERBY and WESTBURY went at it again, and after some very sharp exchanges on both sides, delivered with the utmost malice and suavity, LORD WESTBURY reproving the Lords for not being able to sit still while he was speaking, and LORD DERBY ironically observing that the CHANCELLOR could not speak from imperfect information, LORD WESTBURY felt compelled to allow that "a small ovation" was due to the Earl. This is the first turn-up that has occurred between the two most fearless fighters and hardest hitters in the House, and gives promise of much sport for the legislative fancy.

The Commons availed themselves of SIR G. C. LEWIS's polite invitation, and rescinded their vote against Sandhurst. MR. C. FORTESCUE explained that a system of local self-government is to be given to the New Zealanders, and MR. HENLEY, in speaking of education, ventilated an epigram of his own, describing the present system as "Cram and Sham," which was not so bad for our old friend Grumble and Stumble.

Friday. A short and decorous debate on the Revised Code. LORD ST. LEONARDS does not like the grouping of children by age, for examination, and the BISHOP of LONDON thinks that there should be two grants, one based on examination, the other on attendance. The Bishop said that he knew much of the state of public feeling, and believed it had undergone a great change, lately, in favour of the Revised Code, which, with some modifications, would be perfectly satisfactory. Such testimony is simply invaluable, and should settle the question for all clerical malcontents—of course it must be fought out with persons who make it a money discussion.

The Miscellaneous of Friday night did not comprise much interesting matter. MR. LAYARD declined to ask the Italian Government any more questions as to whether the EMPEROR of the FRENCH was trying to obtain Italian territory, as satisfactory assurance to the contrary had been already given. MR. LAYARD also had an opportunity of declaring his belief that Turkey was going on well, that the new SULTAN was a wise man, that the finances of the country might easily be placed in a sound condition, and that the Turks were honest men. "He had great hopes for Turkey." An excessively unsatisfactory statement was made by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the subject of the Consolidation of the Law, and we doubt whether three per cent. of our Acts will be wiped out, so as to qualify the Statute Book to be called the Three Per Cent. Legal Consols. LORD PALMERSTON regretted that the bigotry of the Spanish priests prevented any successful interference for certain Protestants who had been thrown into prison in Spain. We rather think, however, that these unfortunate individuals had really been breaking the laws of their country by reading the Bible to congregations, large or small, and though such a ground for imprisonment is shocking to us, we ought to place ourselves in the position of a nation, with a faith which a certain preaching is calculated to bring into contempt. The Bible describes Popery as a lie. Are the POPE's servants impolitic or illogical in preventing the Bible from being read? Finally, MR. COWPER brought in a Bill for providing money for building new Courts of Justice between the Strand and Carey Street. Have we not heard of something of this kind before?

A Printing-House of Correction.

"THERE is but one Journalist in France (said M. JULES FAVRE), and that is the EMPEROR." He is sometimes known, also, by the name of "MONSIEUR COMMUNIQUE." However, not only is LOUIS NAPOLEON a Journalist in his way, but he is likewise a Printer on the very largest scale, for no one possesses in France to the same extent as himself the power of stopping the press whenever he likes. But then this must be said in the EMPEROR's favour, he never thinks of stopping the press, unless it is with the humane object of correcting it.

In more senses than one, LOUIS NAPOLEON is the *Moniteur* of France.

"The Schoolmaster's Abroad."

At the time of his going, (and the Schoolmaster has been absent now so long, that we fancy it is high time he returned home), he wrote in chalk over his door:—"BACK AGAIN IN AN EDUCATIONAL MINUTE." However, that minute, like a lady's, when she says she won't be a minute putting on her bonnet, is such a precious long one, that we confess we have nearly lost all patience in waiting.

A PLAINT BY A PITMAN.

ANE O' THE AWD SCHULE.



EAB. POONCH, aw'm
telled that thou's
been wreetin
About huz collyers
gien up feeghtin,
An' all the gymes
tha tuk delect
in:

Aw'm sorry, man,
te say it's true,
Tha've clean for-
got what tha
shud do,
Sin aw was young.

For, smash man
Geordy! them
was days!

We trapped oot i'
wor Sunday
eases,

Blue, red, an' yal-
ler, did amaze
Newcassel toon,
an' didn't care

A corse for pollises,¹ aw' aware;
When aw was young.

Ah man! but aw remembers well
The feeghts we had o' Gyatesheed Fell;
Hoo mony? lawks, aw canna tell.
Poor GEORDY STAMMERS, naen cud lick him
I' Swallow, Benton, or i' Whikham,
When aw was young.

Ba gum! aw mind maw bulldog Bet,
She neer let gan hor hand, the pet!
Aw niver seed hor hammered yet:
An' wonst, guid lass! when o' the mange ill
She drared the badger like a angel!
When aw was young.

On pay days when we dru wor cash,
At Hell's kitchen hoo we wad blash,
Sing, swear, an' kick up a strawmash,
Feeght, drink, untiv the cash wor dune,
Smash man! them was the days for fun,
When aw was young.

An' lawks! the feastin we'd hev then,
The beef an' puddin, yell² an' gin,
Eh, them was days when men was men!
Four punds o' meat a man we'd stuff
Afore we'd cry out "Haud enuff!"
When aw was young.

Aw mind us when wor Mze gat wed,
"Aw'll hev some drink te neet," aw sed,
An' se aw niver went to bed
For mebbies³ twas a munth or more,
But sleep't awhiles upon the floor;
Then aw was young.

An' lawks! hoo mony times aw've ett
Twe pund o' candles for a bet;
An' when aw've doon te dinner set,
Forbye o' beef a greet big cut,
Of sausages aw've gorged six fut!
When aw was young.

The cocks, the bonnie cocks! ah sors!
The thowt o' them maw awd bluid stors:
Te see them strike wi' nebs an' spors
Wad pleased the son o' ony mammy,
For 'mang them neer was fund a hammy,
When aw was young.

Newcassel races was a seeght,
We drunk byeth morning, noon, an' neeght,
Begoks! we maist did nowt but feeght:
An' mebbies when te sleep we'd lyen,
We woke up drunk, an' fowt agyen,
When aw was young.

But noo!—Byeth cocks an' dogs forgotten,
Of rows an' sprees a' nearly shotten,⁴
Aw'm shoore the styate o' things gan rotten;
For 'steed o' drink an' fights, the fules
Hev nobbut lecture, buiks, an' skules,
Noo aw'm not young.

I'steed o' treynin lads te fite,
Tha treyns them noo te reed an' rite,
An' when their dad comes hyem at nite
I'steed o' drinking, row, an' strife,
He plays the fiddle tiv his wife!
Noo aw'm not young.

I'steed o' bulldogs for his pets,
Cannaries, doos⁵ an' hens he gets,
An' if tha hap te dee, he frets:
Then whiles the bairns thor supper moonch,
He gars them grin wiv reading Poonch!
Noo aw'm not young.

An' noo wor cheps can read an' reet,
I' buiks, not badgers, tha delect,
An' divent care te see dogs feeght:
Smash man! aw think this eddication
Ull be the ruin o' the nyation,
Noo aw'se not young.

Aw'm glad aw'se gettin Age's blinkers,
For noo wor hewers, putters, sinkers,⁶
Hev tordn filosophers an' thinkers,
An' divent nowt i' drinkin spend,
Ba gum! the world is near its end,
An' aw'se not young!

¹ Pollisemen.² Doves.³ Ala.⁴ May be.⁵ Rid.⁶ Different kinds of miners.

A WHISPER IN THE EAR OF THE EMPEROR.

A FRENCH newspaper receives a warning for what is called a "*délit de la presse*." So arbitrary are many of these punishments that we think it would be much better if, in printer's language, which any one connected with the Press will instantly understand, all these *délits* were for the future "*deleted*"—that is to say, struck out, and done away with altogether. That would be literally "a correction" of the Press—a correction in the light of a great improvement. We fancy that LOUIS NAPOLEON's government would gain greatly in popularity by adopting the hint we are now generously giving it. At present, any one would imagine that the French Editors were no better than his servants, for he is always giving them warning. In England, the position is rather reversed, for with us it is the ministers and public men who are rather the servants of the Press. It is we who are always giving them warning, and if they are troublesome after that, we tell them very plainly to go about their business. In this way, many a provoking Premier have we made leave his place at a moment's notice. It was our painful duty about a fortnight ago to warn the THE O'DONOGHUE, and you see he has been very quiet ever since.

Useful and Ornamental.

THERE is a celebrated Sculptor, well known for the joviality of his suppers, who opens the oysters with his chisel, and makes beautiful cameos out of the shells afterwards.



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Grandpapa. "BLESS HIS HEART—JUST LIKE ME!—SPARE THE NIMROD—SPOIL THE CHILD, I SAY."

WHISTLING FOR A WIND.

A Nautical Ballad.

It's of the good ship GUV'NMENT, and how becalmed she lay,
In Eighteen hundred and sixty-two, at her berth in Sessions Bay;
It's little we expected, when articles we signed,
That we'd be lying here becalmed, and whistling for a wind.

CAPT'N PAM was our Commander, and a pleasant man was he,
For more nor fifty year he'd been a follering of the sea;
And if so be he warn't so young, mayhap, as he had been,
His timbers still was tough enough for years to sarve the QUEEN.

He had been a dashing Captain as ever cracked along,
With all sail set, aloft, aloft, though the gale was piping strong;
He'd laugh at reefs and breakers, at white squall and typhoon;
And caught the trades, when lubbers would get kitched in the monsoon.

There was some folks called him risky, and he did think danger fun:
He'd hug the land uncommon close sometimes to make a run;
Sometimes he'd shove his ship in where the shoals lay thick about,
As if to show his seamanship in bringing on her out.

But now he walks the quarter-deck, and he looks from sky to sea,
"The barksy harn't got way enough to steer," he says, says he.
"Sooner than lie like this, until we grounds on our beef-bones,
I'd see it blow great guns, and have it out with Davy Jones.

"Under bare poles at fifteen knots I've run the gale afore,
I've filled and backed, and wore and tacked and clawed off a lee-shore;
I've often faced shoal-water, with breakers 'neath my bow,
But ne'er lay like a log, afore, as we're a lyin' now!

"We aren't no good to nobody: both officers and crew,
For want of occypation, will go to blazes blue;
They jaws and jokes and grumbles, and quarrels with their grub,
Turns up their noses at the grog that's sarved out at the tub.

"I ketches Gunner LEWIS, at his guns when he should be,
A studyin' of the Ancients and their Astronomie;
And Purser GLADSTONE, paying out Greek lingo just like winkin',
When of cheese-parings and candle-ends he'd ought, to have been thinking.

"I sets 'em to pick oakum, and overhaul old stores,
To mend the sails, and holy-stone the decks, like dairy floors;
To polish every ringbolt, round-shot, and carronade,
But can't find work to keep 'em out o' mischief I'm afraid.

"There's that sea-lawyer BRIGHT, he goes palaverin' at his ease:
He calls us QUEEN'S hard bargains, and lubbers our A.B.s;
Tells the waisters and loblolly boys, each officer's a rip,
That if they'd pluck they'd mutiny, and seize upon the ship!

"A wind, a wind, oh for a wind! No odds what wind it be—
So I see the catspaw creeping like a ripple o'er the sea!
I've set Bob LOWE on the look-out to whistle strong and clear,
If he don't raise the wind, I know, 'twill never blow this year.

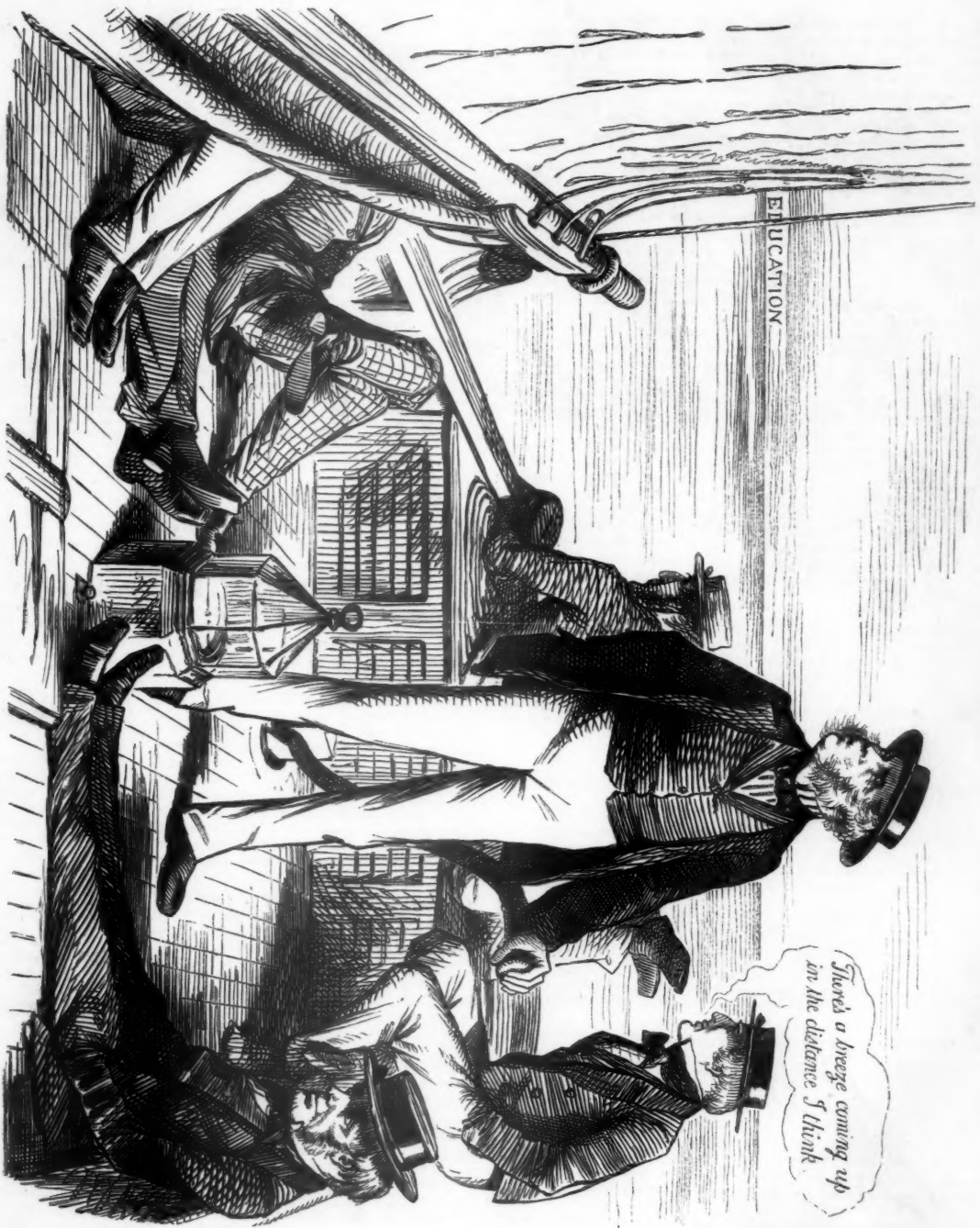
"Methinks on the horizon I spy a little cloud—
And hark, a tiny whisper that pipes in stay and shroud!
Now, whistle LOWE and GRANVILLE, now whistle once again—
Here comes the wind—a creeping on in flaws across the main.

"Turn up all hands! Lay out aloft, and let the barksy feel
Each yard of duck, from deck to truck—clap on, until she reel,
We're moving now! about her bow once more I hear the sea!
Here comes the Education gale—reef, boys—and Helm-a-lee!"

A Matter of Liquidation.

NEXT door to the Union Bank in Argyle Place, and quite close to the entrance, there has been recently scooped out of the wall a drinking-fountain. Over the flowing tap, some would-be wag has been writing: "ALL DRAFTS HERE PAYABLE ON DEMAND."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 22, 1862.



A DEAD CALM.

THEY WERE CALM, BUT NO USE WAITING FOR A BREEZE.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



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THE VOICES OF THE DEEP.



AMONG other interesting news, that "amiable pirate" *Galigani* prints the following:—

"THE VOICE OF FISH.—DR. DUROSSÉ, whose researches on this curious subject we have mentioned before, has addressed another paper to the Academy of Sciences; in which he lays down the following propositions:—1. The sounds of fish, resulting from the vibration of the intrinsic muscles of the pneumatic bladder, are distinguishable from the others by their purity, their duration, and the variety of their tone. 2. In those kinds of fish which emit such sounds, the mullet, for instance, the pneumatic bladder constitutes a distinct apparatus for the generation of sound. 3. The intrinsic muscles of this apparatus are different from the others, and the nerves which animate them are peculiar to it. 4. It is these muscles which produce the sounds in question. 5. The pneumatic bladder has a very perceptible motion, frequently repeated when the sounds are heard. 6. The intensity of the sounds produced by a large mullet or other fish of the *Trigla* or *Zonus* genus, may be heard from a distance of about twenty feet. 7. The fish that are most perfectly endowed with the property of emitting sound can vary it to the extent of an octave. 8. These sounds can either be instantaneous, or last for several minutes. 9. The pitch of the sound varies not only according to the individuals, species, and genera, but also during the same emission. 10. The *Trigla lucerna* possesses the gift of sound in the highest degree.—Our author seems not yet to have exhausted his subject."

Exhausted his subject! No, we should think not. We trust that before long the learned Dr. Durossé will be enabled to oblige us with some samples of fish talk, and let us know what sort of language it is that they converse in. For of course if fish have voices, they must be supposed to talk: and no doubt, too, they can sing, if it be true that they can vary so their tone of voice as to compass the emission of a full octave of notes. We did not hear the Talking Fish that was shown here not long since, but we think that piscine orator could scarce have been so "perfectly endowed" with vocal powers as is mentioned of some finny families in the statement we have quoted. If we remember rightly, his vocabulary was limited to the words "Papa," "Mamma:" and though these no doubt are highly useful in their way, they would clearly scarce suffice to carry on a conversation for any lengthened time.

We recollect that in that highly scientific book which, as translated, is now known to us as the *Arabian Nights*, there is given a report of the speeches of some fish, who actually talked while they were being fried. Perhaps if Dr. Durossé continue his investigations, he may so well interpret the sounds that fish emit, as to acquaint us with their language, and enable us to understand the current talk in all our trout streams, and ascertain what are the standing topics in our standing pools. Quite a new source of interest will be given to our rivers, when they who fish in them can understand the conversation of their captives. How old ISAAC WALTON would have joyed to write the dialogues that took place in his trout-basket, and how pleasantly would he have moralised on what he overheard!

SHAKESPEARE speaks of books being found in running brooks, and, perhaps if fish can talk, they can also read and write. Indeed there is no saying how well they may be educated, or what labour they may take for the improvement of their voice. For aught we know, the turbot we had yesterday for dinner may have been a music-master in a family of flatfish, and have assisted many a mullet in the practice of its scales. Every one has heard of the Whistling Oyster; and after what has been revealed to us by Dr. Durossé, we shall daily now expect to hear a singing salmon, and perhaps a warbling whelk. We only hope that any finny vocalists that come before the public will, like good cold-blooded creatures, take care to keep their tempers cool; and if they feel disposed by jealousy to quarrel, will be careful how they give their feelings vent in words, for of all talkers alive surely fish are the most likely to know somewhat of "Billingsgate."

That a cod fish can produce a sound, we certainly do not dispute; and we are quite willing to take evidence to show it has a voice. Any of our readers therefore who may happen to get hold of a fine fish of this description, and feel a doubt if it can speak, are, in the interests of science, begged to forward it at once, carriage paid, to us in Fleet Street, and they may rest assured the matter shall be carefully discussed.

Polite Newspaper Hint to Mr. Wyld, M.P.
(In consequence of the dirty, disfigured, disgusting condition of Leicester Square.)
Lord Redesdale (log.). If you please, Sir, I'll take the *Globe* after you, Sir, as soon as you have done with it.

THE PRIVILEGED ORGAN-NUISANCE.

"MR. PUNCH,
"HAS I bleve yer mortar his Just is to Hall and Wot is Sarse for Guse his Sarse for Gandar, your Kind atencion is Requir'd to werry much the Contrairy, witch, as the Sayin His, wun man may Steele a oas wiles Another mussut Look over an Edge. Sir i mene Hus dustman interfeard in learn and labor to Gitt their hone Livin in That stasern Off lyfe Hin witch it pleas them has As the rool and Guvavment to lett Huthers exacise without Indrance nor Himpeddiment in thare Lorfull callen. sir wen we gose our rounds were oblig'd to Rapp at hevry dore witch is a Grete increas of Time and trubel and wy? becoms we Ain't allowed to Ring no Bel to let the servance no were a goin Buy. the swells won't ave noe Dustmans bel says it disturbs ther Rest so we dussnt Ring; do, wear Add hup afore the Beke and Fin'd. Wal tho that ere's Ard we shudent Complaine on it iff Heverybody hels was curved the Seam for maken Annoys in the Streets but Wy fubbid our Bels wilst They lets them etalon Organgrinders go About kicken hup as much Row as thay Plesses and Letel or Nathin dun to um heven in Cases they relewas to muve Hon wen Requier'd. Hand *Mr. Punch* ser just look at the difarence tween the 2 we only wrung our Bels goin along. We never stuck Ourselves hopenoit a gentelman's Ous witch we noad ad a Objecstion to Belles and ring ring till e com out and gav us Munny to be Orf like them tauny facel gresy dindgy foremers with their Grindin Horgans and munks atop on um a grummin and chaterin like theselves. wy is foreners aloan to ave Leaf and Licence them and Noboddy els the ole Advantage i ax the Swels witch ther own Country mite Enjoy? Wy i spose *Mr. Punch* the Trewth is among the Swels there's so many members of parliament as Sitts up in the Ouse a Comons til 2 and 3 in the mornin hand Gose to Bedd so Late they Doan't like to be wook upp by the Dustman's bel and by the Time the Organ grindar Cums with is 'Nely grey' and huthur toons witch the Hold Cow dide of there orf to ther Clubbs or inalin the fresh brese of Rotting Roe let em put that are in their Pip and Smoak it if they wont dele fare and Doo justis to an Ard wurkin Boddy of Menn not favour them Lazy foren begars whose Likeness in your Valuable Columns witch i've ookopide Too much Space, so must now to conclude as with duty bound and yur obegent umble Searvant.

"ADDAM BEL."

"* We think that our correspondent, whose signature we gladly recognise as showing that the Literary Dustman is still in the land of the living, has omitted an argument calculated materially to strengthen his case, which is certainly one of great hardship and injustice. His modesty perhaps prevented him from observing, that the Dustman's Bell is, to any musical ear, considerably more agreeable than the grinding-organ.—EDITOR."

ONE OF SHAFTESBURY'S CHARACTERISTICS.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY is known to be a serious nobleman, but few, perhaps, know how very serious the noble lord is. The subjoined extract from a speech which his Lordship is reported to have delivered on the Lunacy Bill in the House of Lords exhibits a seriousness so profound as to be impervious to a joke:—

"He recollected perfectly well, as showing how little the greatest medical authorities were acquainted with what was going on in the world, that when the sanity or insanity of a lady was in question, he (the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY) was maintaining strongly that she was sane and fully capable of managing herself and her affairs, when a medical gentleman came up to him and said, 'But, say Lord, you do not know that that lady has subscribed to the conversion of the Jews?' (Laughter). If that gentleman had been acquainted with the world he would have known that hundreds of thousands of persons of the most sane minds had done the same thing."

Innocent LORD SHAFTESBURY! If that nobleman had been better acquainted than he is with a wicked world, he would have discerned that the question insinuating subscription to the conversion of the Jews to be an act of insanity was banter; that the practitioner who ventured to put it to him was in doing so, taking the liberty of, as the common people say, chaffing him. It is most likely that the medical wag was sufficiently well acquainted with the world not only to know that hundreds of thousands of perfectly sane persons had subscribed money towards the conversion of the Jews, but also to conjecture that the number of those subscribers included the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY himself. The doctor, doubtless, was perfectly aware that hundreds of thousands of pounds had been subscribed for the purpose of converting the Jews, and that, as there were very few converted Jews to show for the money, nearly all of it had been thrown away. He did not however seriously mean to intimate the opinion, that people who only throw their money away are so very unwise as therefore to be absolutely unfit to be let go about.

RECKLESS TRADING.—A London Milkman buying a Cow.



PERHAPS THE MOST IMPERTINENT THING ON RECORD.

STREET BOY. "Carry yer Sword 'ome for yer, Sir!"

A WELL-MEANING WRITER.

THE subjoined curiosity of construction occurs in a leader in a contemporary journal relative to the working classes:—

"Hence the patience and fortitude with which they have borne the privations of the past winter, but which we trust will soon be at an end."

The foregoing paragraph may be said to afford a butt to the critical sharpshooter. But for the "but" in it we should of course suppose it to express the hope of a speedy cessation of the still remaining privations of the past winter. We will cherish that supposition. We will not allow ourselves to be misled by a superfluous conjunction. We will believe that the writer of the passage above quoted, intended to represent himself and his coadjutors as trusting that the privations of the past winter will soon be at an end, and not as trusting that there will soon be an end of the patience and fortitude with which the working classes are bearing them.

SOMETHING "IN NUBIBUS."

A SHORT time ago we were distressed to read that Saturn had lost his rings! Whether that steady-going old star had dropt them at one of his periodical Saturnalias, or whether he was obliged to part with them under a temporary financial pressure, our telescopic mind is at a loss to say; but we are sure our readers will rejoice with us at learning that Saturn has got his rings back again. They shine as brilliantly as ever, (in fact, many of the diamonds are to the full as big as stars, and sparkle not less lustreously,) and from their increased brilliancy, we draw the bright reflection that Saturn may probably have only sent his rings to be cleaned; or it may be, since Saturn is the wearer of the belt, and consequently is the Champion of the Celestial Ring, that his love of fair play made him take his rings off, inasmuch as he had been challenged to have a round or two with some refractory star, who was out sky-larking. We wish PROFESSOR AIREY would throw a light on this misty subject, for we are forced to confess that at present it is terribly clouded in obscurity.

MEANS FOR A GREAT MONUMENT.

It is proposed that the British public should go to Mull for the monolith to be erected under the form of an obelisk in Hyde Park. If they do, it is to be hoped that the name of the place whence that national monument will have been derived may not turn out to be a term of all denominations the most applicable to the memorial when completed. Wheresoever they have been begun, most of our testimonials, whether to departed or living worth, have hitherto ended in a Mull.

It is said that not enough money has as yet been subscribed for the purpose of hewing the monolith at Mull, and conveying it to Kensington. Heretofore we have at least been always able to pay handsomely for a failure; can we no longer do even that? If we have not the skill to carve a stone of moderate size handsomely, have we not the wealth sufficient to cut out and hoist a huge ugly one?

If there is any limit to the subscription for the contemplated monolith but that which is determined by the expense of the undertaking, it must be that of insufficiency of means to meet that expense. All classes of persons will gladly contribute to so popular an object, in proportion to their means. The means of some are slender; but that consideration will not prevent them from subscribing a certain amount, if only those means are certain. Others, however, there are, whose means are not only slender, but precarious, and these persons, who may live to be old and lose their employment, and many of whom have families to provide for, feel bound to save every farthing of which they are not deprived by Schedule D.

The House of Commons is mainly constituted of gentlemen of fixed property, and always must be, notwithstanding what MR. BRIGHT says, until its majority is composed of people who live by their earnings, which it is not likely ever to be, even if the working classes are numerically represented. Who can earn his bread, and at the same time represent his constituents, unless they pay him well enough to make it worth his while? Cheap luxuries compensate an independent gentleman's Income-Tax, but not the Income-Tax of those who can afford no luxuries at any price. A generous demonstration in the form of a monolith is a luxury. In that luxury, however, great numbers of persons who now abstain from it might be enabled to indulge if the Government could possibly manage to effect an equitable adjustment of direct taxation.

"THE EARS OF DIONYSIUS."

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

MR. DION BOUCAULT feels it necessary to give notice to the Public that he prohibits them, for the future, from speaking of any of the group of dramas invented or edited by himself, in language which may imply that such work is dependent upon scenery, action, effects, or anything else but the genius of MR. DION BOUCAULT for its unequalled success. Any violation of this regulation will be punished by MR. DION BOUCAULT by the giving orders to the menials of the theatre not to admit any person who may have been guilty of such impertinence. MR. DION BOUCAULT begs further to announce that the police have instructions to take into custody any person who may have the presumption to retire from the theatre until the fall of the curtain and the appearance of MR. DION BOUCAULT before the same. MR. DION BOUCAULT earnestly hopes that the populace of London will see the wisdom of obeying his instructions, and not subjecting him to the unpleasant necessity of punishing disobedience.

3rd Monday in Lent, 1862.

DION BOUCAULT.

A RESPECTFUL QUERY.

IF every gipsy who haunts our areas and inveigles silly servant-maids into having their fortunes told, or every tuppenny-hapenny impostor who professes to cast nativities for half-crowns, and discover stolen goods for shillings, is liable to, and frequently suffers punishment as a rogue and vagabond—why should MR. FORSTER, who is now turning over the circulating medium to such a very handsome tune, pocketing his hundreds from the silly swells of both sexes who attend his spiritual séances, be allowed to go scot-free? It would be curious to ascertain if this ingenious gentleman would find the spirits as ready to turn the crank, or work the treadmill for him, as they are to spin the commoner articles of furniture. Surely he who has turned so many tables, deserves to have the tables turned, at last, on him, till he has tested how long spiritualism can be kept up on a diet of skilly, and whether spirit-hands are amenable to "the darbies."

OUR NEIGHBOURS' DECEASED WIVES' SISTERS.



theological lawfulness of marriages with deceased wives' sisters. Some think such marriages permitted, others suppose them prohibited, by chapter and verse. This alone would be sufficient, in the judgment of any reasonable man, to decide the question; but when it is considered that the Jews (none of whom understand Hebrew) agree with those interpreters who hold the marriages in question to be permitted, and that the Latin ecclesiastics coincide with the Jewish, there can be no doubt that the right plain English construction

COORAY! The House of Commons has thrown out the Bill that was to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister. We do not want to marry our deceased wives' sisters. Some of us are not married, and do not intend to be; some of us have wives without sisters, or with sisters whom they could not think of marrying; some of us are widowers whose deceased wives have left them no sisters to marry, or whose deceased wives' sisters they would not marry if they could. The rejected Bill would have conferred upon a minority the privilege of a liberty which we have no desire to exercise.

The Bishops and Clergy are divided in opinion as to the

of the disputed passages prohibits those marriages.

We always in every particular scrupulously try to do exactly as we would be done by, and we conceive that we cannot carry out this golden rule more thoroughly and completely than by using every endeavour to keep other people under restrictions which impose no restraint whatever on ourselves.

REAL PAPER MONEY.

In the Court of Bankruptcy, the other day, there occurred a case wherein the bankrupt was described as a "literary author," the liabilities being declared to be "about £2000; no assets." It was stated that "some arrangements were in progress for paying the creditors a composition." If there were no assets to meet the liabilities of this literary gentleman, the composition which arrangements are in progress for paying his creditors must, one would think, be some kind of literary composition. It would be a pleasant thing for gentlemen following literature as a profession if their butcher and baker would take their paper, that is to say their MS., in payment for loaves and legs of mutton, and the grocer would accept the same consideration in exchange for such articles as tea and sugar.

A Pleasant Prospect.

THE Prophetic Doctor has published another of his catch-penny apocalyptic volumes, entitled *The Millennium Rest; or, The World as it Will Be?* No doubt this is "The good time CUMMING," of which we have heard so much.

SEPARATION OF MAN AND WIFE.—Crinoline.

CUMMING EVENTS.

THE following notification has appeared in a corner of the *Morning Post* :—

"The Rev. DR. CUMMING's new Volume, *The Millennium Rest*, which is announced to appear immediately, will complete the series of three works. In the first, *The Great Tribulation*, DR. CUMMING says he endeavoured to describe what St. John calls, 'The tribulation of the great,' through which we must pass, and in which the world has already entered. In his *Redemption Draweth Nigh*, he collected the various signs and earnest of 'the glory to be revealed.' In his new forthcoming work, *The Millennium Rest*, he has laboured to set forth that nearing blessedness, that bridal of heaven and earth to perfect a world that will never fade."

The purchaser of the works named in the foregoing paragraph will have the advantage of knowing what DR. CUMMING thinks or imagines about the inscrutably mysterious subjects to which they relate. What are the ideas and opinions of DR. CUMMING on those subjects worth? That is one question. Another question is, what are they offered for? This question the above announcement—in all other respects a wonderfully close imitation of a publisher's advertisement—fails to answer. By people who contemplate buying the books, and there are probably many who do, believing in DR. CUMMING, it is, nevertheless, a question to be asked, as well as by other people who would not have them at a gift on the condition of being obliged to read them instead of applying them to material purposes. It is a plain man's question; some will even consider it a Clown's question. "How much?" That is the inquiry which naturally suggests itself to the reader of a puff of volumes of prophetic speculation perhaps in part deserving the title which has been appropriated to certain other publications of a serious nature; *Pearls of Great Price*: the pearls, however, being manufactured articles, and their price much greater than their value.

Don't Confound the Parties.

We wish to warn our readers against confounding MR. FORSTER, the Medium, with the distinguished author of the *Great Remonstrance*, *The Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, and *The Life of Goldsmith*. Both deal with lunatics, but in a different way. The one protects them, the other profits by their delusions. MR. FORSTER, the Commissioner in Lunacy, helps to guard the property of the insane. MR. FORSTER, the practitioner of imposture, gets it out of their pockets. The former visits lunatics; the latter is visited by them.

THE GALVANIC CRINOLINE!

THE French admire ideas. Their Empress, according to the subjoined extract from the *Athenaeum*, is about to astonish them with a brilliant one:—

"Amongst the curious items of Paris gossip is a statement that the Empress, desirous of shining even more brightly than being set in diamonds, is having a coronet constructed that will be irradiated by electric light. It is to consist of a row of small glass balls, through each of which flashes of electric light will pass. This is easy of comprehension, but, as we are not told from whence the electric light is to be derived, it is not so easy to understand how her Majesty is to carry about the necessary battery. Perhaps a voluminous steel hoop may be made subservient to the purpose."

We are about to make a man's fortune. There are several conceivable contrivances by which a lady might manage to carry about her person the battery necessary to illuminate the diamonds on her head. One, for example, might consist, not, indeed, as above suggested, of a steel hoop, but of a series of double hoops, each of them formed by a zinc and copper hoop in combination. The hoops might be enclosed in gutta percha or India-rubber tubes, containing diluted sulphuric acid, and, properly connected by wires likewise insulated, would constitute at once a battery and a crinoline.

But there is already in existence a galvanic combination, more convenient than hoops, and equally capable of being converted by an arrangement of insulating tubes into a crinoline. Need we mention it? MR. PULVERMACHER ought to come down handsomely to us for thus puffing his Galvanic Chain.

"Who's dat Knocking at the Door?"

SPEAKING of the new Ministry in Italy, the *Patrie* says the following:

"SIGNOR RATAZZI has decided to take the initiative in all European combinations which may bring about a diplomatic solution of the Venetian question."

Stripped of surplus verbiage this statement simply means that at every council chamber where he thinks he can get audience for his views regarding Venice, SIGNOR RATAZZI will soon be giving a rat-tat.

WORKING THE ORACLE.—Let the Pythoness prophecy How many of her own eggs will be addled?



TOO BAD.

Professor Pumper. "MAY I ASK, MISS BLANK, WHY YOU ARE MAKING THOSE LITTLE PELLETS?"

Miss B. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. IT IS A HABIT I HAVE. I ALWAYS MAKE BREAD PILLS WHEN I FEEL BORED AT DINNER!"

LETTER FROM MR. BRIGHT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH, "House of Commons. Saturday.

"You have always been my good friend, that is to say, you have kept me before the Public as a Power, and you have never made me ridiculous by sycophantic puffing. I wish I could say as much for my own organs.

"I should have published that remarkable letter, which has caused so much excitement, in your columns, for which indeed I feel with you that it was most fitted. But time pressed, and therefore a communication which would have appropriately appeared in *Punch*, was given to the world through a provincial newspaper. Pray believe me when I say, that I am more than sorry that such a document came out except in your pages.

"Now, show that you have forgiven me, by doing me a service. The letter, which demonstrates the utter worthlessness of all our institutions, and the hideous wickedness of those who administer them, has brought down a storm of incivility, as I might have expected, but for this I do not greatly care. I am anxiously careful, myself, never to drop a syllable that can give pain to any one else, but I cannot expect all the world to be as fastidiously particular. I have been called names, but this is nothing. I was *not* called names by a parson at the earliest period of life, and the parsons and their friends have been making up for that omission ever since. I defy and disdain the impudent and truculent wretches, but I should be ashamed of replying to them in an un-Christian or impolite way.

"But I do pray you, my dear *Punch*, to save me from my so-called friends. Have you seen the style in which my Organ attempts to answer the complaint that I have not made my attack in Parliament? By Castor—was he not the god of large Hats—if I were not a Friend, I would have made that advocate look nine ways for First Day, and then not see it.

"What right," says my blessed advocate (you know what I mean by blessed) "has any one to expect a Senator to humiliate himself by speaking, night after night, to an audience that has made up its mind against him?"

"My dear *Punch*, do announce to the world that I am innocent of prompting or approving such maudlin and dastardly stuff, and that what PITT, FOX, WILBERFORCE, PEEL, JOHN RUSSELL, and I myself

CURIOSITIES OF COMMERCE.

IN Thursday's intelligence from India, we read:—

"Grey shirtings dull and unchanged."

No wonder that their shirtings are dull, if they never change them! Fancy, too, in a hot climate like India! We always said that there was dreadfully wanted a change for the better in India.

In the same paper we read:—

"Water twists firm."

The deuce it does! Then all we can say is, if water twists at all, that it must be extremely soft water. With such a facility, however, it would be the easiest matter, when one was thirsty, to take a "pull of water." We have heard of "ropes of sand," but it would seem that in India they would be able to show us cables made of *aqua pura*. It would be the very stuff, we should think, for making tea with, as necessarily it stands to reason that the water that twists firm would be the best adapted for "drawing."

"The Coming Man."

WE fancy the Coming Man must be that New Zealander who, at some future day, (may it be as distant as the repeal of the Income-Tax!) is, from one of the broken arches of London Bridge, (sole remaining Judge of the Arches Court) to pronounce sentence on the ruins of this "little village." We are so bored with the promised advent of this foreign gentleman, that we feel inclined to push even further the celebrated caution once forcibly laid down by TALLEYRAND, and most emphatically to exclaim to all future writers: "*Messieurs, surtout Point de Zele-ander!*"

have done, in years gone by, I am ready to do again. Afraid to fight a hostile audience? It was left to his own organ to be the first who ever charged JOHN BRIGHT with cowardice.

"My letter may or may not have been a foolish affair, but I am not such a fool as to put out a plea like that of the *Morning Star*."

"Say this for me, old brick. I am ready to fight anybody, even you, if desired.

"Thine respectfully,

"To *Punch*."

"JOHN BRIGHT."

THE DESPOTISM OF DRESS.

NOT all the powers of ridicule, nor the appeals of common sense, nor the remonstrances of affection have been able to beat down that inflated absurdity, called Crinoline! It is a living institution, which nothing seemingly can crush, nor compress. Even sensible women have been dragged into this silly vortex of Fashion. We know a classical Blue-stocking, who resisted it ever so long, but who at last has been drawn *malgré elle* into the midst of its hollow fascinations. Every morning, as she puts on this despotic cage, in which *La Mode*, like a cruel mother, delights in shutting up her most dutiful children, she says to herself, with a sigh, "*Nulla dies sine Crinolined!*"

A New Specimen of Parliamentary Natural History.

IT has been wisely suggested that the new Member for Longford should, truthfully to represent the class he properly belongs to, change his name. To give an idea of his true classification, it should be not O'REILLY, but G'O'REILLY, which, in course of time, would be beautifully softened down to GORILLA. In sober sadness, is not the new Irish M.P. the Pope's Gorilla? We think the above is a Major which no Irishman even will be illogical enough to deny.

A CARDINAL VIRTUE (*a whisper to the POPE*).—Resignation.

WHAT IS THE AMERICAN SOIL.—Chiefly A-rabble.



"TOO BAD, THOUGH."

CAD to Omnibus running from the "Mother Shipton" to the Bank. "Mother Shipton, Mum? Yes, all right, Mum. Don't you 'urry, Mum. (Aside to Driver.) The very Old Lady 'erself, I do v'lieve, Jem!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 17. *Monday.* LORD NORMANBY expressed his belief that the late Governments of Italy still reigned in the hearts of the people, and he abused the Government of VICTOR-EMMANUEL. It is needless to say that, still less how, LORD RUSSELL disposed of the NORMANBY twaddle, but it had also the effect of calling up LORD MALMESBURY, who declared that when in office he did everything to promote peace in the south of Europe, and that if his advice had been taken, at least one hundred thousand men, killed in the Italian war, would have been alive. He had been charged with Austrian partialities, but both Austria and Italy had found fault with him. Upon which we may remark, with all deference to the amiable MALMESBURY, that though doubtless a judgment from the bench ought to displease both sides, it is not an irrefragable proof of a man's having done his duty by two parties that both agree that he has done it to neither.

An explanation by MR. LAYARD shows that the Americans have had a little MASON and SLIDELL affair at Tangier. He had, on a former night, mentioned that two persons from the *Sumter* had been seized at Tangier on the demand of the U. S. Consul, but that they had afterwards been set at liberty. The only error in the statement lay in the last little sentence. Instead of being set at liberty they were set on board a Federal war-vessel, the *Uno*, and by her transferred to a merchant ship, to be sent off to the United States. The act was a gross violation of the right of asylum, and MR. LAYARD hoped that the American Government would act rightly. After the M. and S. affair it would be premature to say that they will not—only the fleet of Moghrib-el-acsá (quite right, Cox, that is the native name of Morocco, or, as you accurately say, Morocco) is not a very large one, and we are not aware that there is a MULEY BEN RUSSELL to intimate clearly that the "fellows" must be given up.

MR. MOFFAT, the tea-dealer, demanded when the Budget would be brought in. MR. GLADSTONE replied, that he hoped to let his cat out of the bag on the third of April.

Then was resumed the HORSFALL debate on International Maritime Law. But MR. CORDEN, who was to have begun, was hoarse, so MR. LINDSAY, for the shipowners, contended that all private property ought to be respected in time of war, but he only asked that the present state of the law might be declared unsatisfactory. The LORD ADVOCATE, in a very able speech, exposed the absurdity of the first proposition, and

declared the second to be vague and useless. After several speeches, in which the same things were repeated with more or less dilution, MR. BRIGHT signified his adhesion to the HORSFALL proposition, and charged LORD PALMERSTON with having, when "starring in the provinces," uttered glowing admiration of the Declaration of Paris, and expressed a hope that its principle would be carried further. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER made an able onslaught upon the innovators, and LORD PALMERSTON frankly admitted that he had entirely altered his opinion since his speech at Liverpool. Needless to say that MR. DISRAELI made the most of this admission, and informed the PREMIER that in future his most solemn warnings could have little weight in the House. But no battle was given, and MR. HORSFALL withdrew his resolution.

Tuesday. After a strong and valuable testimony by LORD OVERSTONE in favour of the Revised Code, there was a slight conversation on the Second Reading of a Bill for making it unnecessary to send (as in the case of ANDERSON, the escaped slave) writs of *habeas corpus* to any colony in which the *Havehiscarcass* is in use. LORD CHELMSFORD—notice this—made a gentle suggestion for improving the language of that Bill, and LORD WESTBURY—notice this—as gently assented. But this amiability was only—

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

A few minutes later, and LORD CHELMSFORD, in the presence of a large House and a good many ladies, who had mustered on the understanding that something objectionable was to take place, was well into a savage attack upon the LORD CHANCELLOR, nominally on behalf of those officials of the late Insolvent Court who have been done out of their incomes through an omission in the new Bankruptcy Act. LORD CHELMSFORD must have imagined himself back into MR. THESIGER, for he quite forgot his coronet manners, and imputed to LORD WESTBURY, whom he must have regarded as only MR. BETHELL, negligence, ignorance, insincerity, untruthfulness, incivility, tyranny, slander, and a great many other bad things, of which a nobleman must be entirely incapable. But LORD WESTBURY is not entirely incapable of self-defence, and when LORD CHELMSFORD had done, and his backers had finished applauding, the CHANCELLOR, rose,—

"With eye, though calm, determined not to spare."

And it cannot be said that he exactly spared either MR. THESIGER, or the rod. His Lordship accused his assailant of hating the LORD

THE MEETING OF THE MONTH.

THE boisterous month of March is one in which no anniversary can be more appropriately celebrated than that of the Life Boat Institution, whose annual meeting was held on Wednesday last week at the London Tavern; the LORD MAYOR in the chair. In march, old Æolus gives his boys, the Winds, a holiday; and they, being thus let loose, play wild games with the shipping, and strew the coasts with wrecks. What is fun to them is death to sailors, and would be the destruction of many more, if it were not for the exertions of the brave crews which man the Life Boats; exertions which are stimulated, whilst the means of making them are afforded, by the Life Boat Institution.

In providing Life Boats where they are wanted, and in rewarding the valour which renders them available, the Life Boat Institution spends a considerable amount of money. It therefore itself necessarily seeks to raise the wind; and doubtless the very seasonable appeal which it has made for this purpose in the stormy month of March will prove to have had the desired effect.

CHANCELLOR, of having been in daily and confidential intercourse with him for weeks, without hinting at an intention of making this malignant attack, of being actuated by malice, and of being guilty of a series of perversions of fact and truth, of violence, and of insinuations which the respondent was ashamed to hear. As in the old days, a schoolmaster expounded the gerunds and supines to the negligent scholar, between the swishes of the birch, so did LORD WESTBURY explain the case of the clerks, every now and then warming up LORD CHELMSFORD with a stinging slash. When LORD WESTBURY had done with the offender, LORD DERBY rose to protest against such severity of punishment, and urged upon the CHANCELLOR the desirability of being more courteous, and especially of not making use of language intimating his belief that he was infinitely the superior of those whom he was addressing. LORD GRANVILLE, in return, described this lecture as undeserved. LORD RUSSELL, far too lofty to be stirred by the combats of mortals, simply intimated that Government were spotless in reference to the business, the DUKE OF SOMERSET managed to toss a taunt of *suppression veri* at LORD CHELMSFORD, and it being then about nine o'clock, the aristocratic party separated, delighted with the sport they had had.

But the clerks? Eh, what clerks? O, those Insolvent clerks. O, ah! Why—O, yes—they are to wait, and in fact, do the best they can; and everybody feels regret and all that. But didn't the great lawyers go at one another in style, and wasn't it worth while coming down for that sort of thing?

As for the Commons, they did comparatively flat business. LORD HENRY LENNIX made a speech, urging that one Minister of the Crown ought to be responsible to the House in regard to all estimates in reference to Education, Science, and Art. Except in regard to SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, who was attacked and defended according to formula, the discussion may be called a British Museum Debate. LORD HENRY's chief attack was on the trustees of that establishment, who, he thought, neither did nor could do their duty. MR. GREGORY seconded him, remarking that the House had plenty of time to consider the subject, as there was nothing to do, and there was not to be a Sensation Budget. MR. GLADSTONE, a trustee, replied with much skill, and vindicated his colleagues, but the most important point in his speech was the announcement that a great department of the Museum is to be transferred to another site. This, of course, means that what an Irishman would call the Dead Zoological Gardens are to be got rid of. Well, while the Government is turning out the beasts, would it be kind enough to do something of the same kind in the noble Reading Room. At present this apartment, intended for the student, is flooded with a mass of boys and others, who exclude the students, and who use the Museum, chiefly because the room is warm and comfortable, but partly to study such recondite works, not elsewhere to be procured, as AINSWORTH'S *Latin Dictionary*, MR. BOHN'S translations, and GUTHRIE'S *Geographical Grammar*. There really should be a clearance. We would not effect this upon a question of age, a boy who wants to look through half a dozen of the Fathers is more worthy of a seat than his Father who wants to turn up a passage in DRYDEN'S *Virgil*. Let us look through the tickets and see what sort of books fellows ask for. The result would show whose tickets may advantageously be cancelled. MR. CONINGHAM made a smart speech, and characterised the International Exhibition Building as a monstrous architectural abortion, and the result of the art-school at Kensington. MR. DISRAELI spoke up for the National Portrait Gallery, but intimated his belief that England was too large, too busy, and too engrossed with the great affairs of the world ever to be very great in Art, which flourished only in small communities, like Athens and Florence. LORD HENRY withdrew his proposition. Thus, the House of Commons was discussing painting and comparative anatomy, while the House of Lords was enjoying a gladiatorial combat.

A debate on the condition of the British merchants in China gave MR. LAYARD an opportunity of stating his opinion of the Chinese Rebels, whom he described as a mob of murderous scoundrels, without any object but plunder, and whose pretended religion was the merest hypocrisy. To be sure on one point they are more civilised than divers Englishmen, as they have a law that no man is to kick his wife when she is especially helpless. It would seem that we are to put a decided stop to the atrocities of these Taepings, at least in the districts in which we have colonised.

MR. COWPER brought in his Bill for Embanking the Thames—of course MR. AYTON and SIR JOHN SHELLEY tried to hinder it, and they were very properly rebuked by DR. BRADY, who said that without a grand opening of this sort London would never be what it ought to be. COX thought it would injure the foundations of Canonbury Tower—no, by the way, he said London Bridge, but one was as likely as the other. MR. CONINGHAM, who called himself Member for London-super-Mare—which means Brighton, supported the Bill. Then SIR GEORGE BOWYER brought in another for the better Government of the Inns of Court, and for Constituting a Court of discipline to deal with cases in which a MR. EDWIN JAMES, a MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR, or other gentlemen of the Bar may come under the unfavourable notice of the Benchers. And lastly, the LORD ADVOCATE introduced an Educational Measure for that part of England called Scotland (eh, PROFESSOR BLACKIE!). It is to pro-

mote an extension of the old Scottish system, which everybody who understands the subject knows to work admirably.

Wednesday was a quiet day, the only business transacted was the rejection of a Bill of MR. AYTON's for making employers liable to compensate workmen or their families for the results of accidents. The present law affords compensation where negligence is proved on the part of the employer, and the House held this to be sufficient, and SIR MORTON PETO, as a large employer of labour, said that the carelessness of the workmen was simply incredible. In blasting, they would not use the patent fuse, and would smoke amid barrels of powder, and their reckless usage of the safety lamp is notorious. The Bill was regarded as a bit of Tower Hamlets clap-trap, and treated accordingly.

Thursday. The ground-swell after Tuesday's storm still felt in the Lords, the CHANCELLOR advancing a series of dates to show that he had not such knowledge of the case of the afflicted clerks as was alleged, and LORD DERBY replying that he ought to have had. The Lords then applied themselves to the question of the Education of the People, and the BISHOP OF OXFORD had another fling at the Revised Code, but was promptly tripped up. Also some inconceivable joke was exchanged between the Bishop and LORD GRANVILLE about a parable and a parabolic curve, which joke MR. PUNCH invites the Prelate and the President to put in writing and send to him, for at present he cannot see either its fun, or its connection with the religious education of the poor.

MR. COWPER explained that the people in Hamilton Place had no idea of permitting their quiet *cul de sac* to be cut through to let people come down Park Lane to the Exhibition, but that he should like to widen the lane itself. The House then went into Committee on the Irish Fairs Bill, which related to weights and measures. It does not seem to allude specifically to Donnybrook, nor is there the least reason why it should. The Bill for giving Copyright in Works of Art went through Committee, and if COX was facetiously inclined to move a Negative about the Photographs, he withheld that practical epigram.

Friday. Apropos of him, Wycombe has been carried by MR. REMINGTON MILLS, who was vanquished by the terrible COX in Finsbury. This leaves parties as they were. But a Conservative, MR. MORRITT, has come in, *viz* MR. CAYLEY, Liberal, for the North Riding—do you observe that, MR. BRAND?

Nothing to-night in the Senate, except that LORD ELLENBOROUGH in presenting some ridiculous petitions against the Revised Code, took care to state that he had not the slightest sympathy with the prayers of the cacklers. Certainly not. As the nursery book says,

"The Elephant is Wise."

LORD NORMANBY, a fitting messenger to send on—well, an unwise man's errand, brought a petition from MR. URQUHART against the Bill for relieving the QUEEN from the clerky drudgery of signing commissions. URQUHART has probably some crack-brain notion that the abandoning the signature is a device of Russia, who will, in war-time, persuade our officers that they need not fight for a QUEEN who has not actually signed their warrant to serve her. "How blest are we that are not simple men."

That delightful piece of recreation, the Phaynix Park, is to be adorned with trees and other confectionaries in the height of elegance, and at the expence of Government.

Came a debate on the question whether England ought to pay for Colonial fortifications. SIR GEORGE LEWIS very properly said that no rule could be laid down. Half the blunders and bothers of the day arise from attempts to lay down rules for everything. If MR. PUNCH had leisure for codification, the thing might be done, but nobody else should speak dogmatically. Everything depends upon circumstances—though, as circumstances are surroundings, we consider that phrase to be an Irishism. As a finish to the week, MR. MILNER GIBSON brought in a Bill for amending the Merchant Shipping Acts. The subject is highly important to the commercial-marines, who have MR. PUNCH's liberty to read MR. GIBSON's speech—the civilised reader need only be told that it was about pilots, and lights at sea, and damage to cargo, and liens on freights, and all that sort of stuff.

UNPARALLELED EPIGRAM.

In a leading article in the *Star* (a sensible one too) upon the loan of lordly names to projects for galling the public, there occurs a gem of such translucent effulgence that we must set it clear. Speaking of the EARL OF SHREWSBURY's tact in giving his name to a scheme in which he took care not to be entangled, the writer says,—

"THE EARL WAS SHREWD AS WELL AS SHREWSBURY."

Will the writer who performed this extraordinary feat come over to us immediately on perusing these lines, and if we are not in, will he go upstairs, consider himself engaged for the rest of his life, and begin throwing off similar brilliancies for us. Salary no object. Shrewd as well as SHREWSBURY! We have laughed one hour by the clock of the capital of Shropshire.

"DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE."



CURIOSITIES of Literature are plentiful as ever, though we have no DISRAELI ready to record them. Here is one for instance culled from the advertisements of a dramatic print:—

WANTED, Three Good
Double-handed MUSICIANS,
that play a Repiano Cornet, or
E flat Soprano, first Tenor Horn
and Bombardon, first Violin,
Flute, or Clarinet, and Double
Bass. The Band will make a
short tour previous to opening in
a Watering Place. Address, &c.

Is manual mutilation ever
practised by musicians, that
such special note is made
that these be "double-
handed?" From the loose
wording of the notice one is
almost led to think that
these double-handed persons
are asked to play some
half-a-dozen wind instru-
ments apiece, besides per-
forming on the violin and
double bass. If this be so,

we think that they had need be double-headed as well as double-handed; so that each might play a simultaneous concerto on the horn and clarinet, cornet and bombardon, out of the four corners of his brace of mouths.

THE PRINCE AND THE PYRAMID.

A Poem composed upon reading in the Times (a daily newspaper), dated Monday, the 17th of March, 1862, a description of the PRINCE OF WALES'S Egyptian Tour.

BY MARTYR FAKEER CUPPER.

Now Sol from yonder grey horizon winks,
And ALBERT EDWARD rises near the Sphinx,
He leaves the tent the Pasha's care had raised,
And looks upon the desert quite amazed.
Gaze on, brave Prince, the thought must surely strike
That in your country there is nothing like
Unto that Pyramid whose curious pile
Has stood so many years beside the Nile,
Or like the sand that makes the thought occur,
How fast our sands of life are fleeting, Sir.

You now are far from Windsor's hoary towers,
Saint James's brick, and Osborne's beauteous bowers,
And on your mind must come this feeling high,
That land and sea 'twixt you and England lie.
And yet what is it practically, sire?
(I should say, Sir) with that electric wire?
O, when the Pharaohs swayed this region fine;
Or CLEOPATRA dropped that fishing line;
Or the young MEMNON by ACHILLES' hands
Fell, though his bust in the Museum stands;
Or when AMENOPHIS, the fierce and brave,
With all his chariots sank beneath the wave,
(Here let me scorn the *Essays and Reviews*,
That seek to steal that victory from the Jews).

Or when in later times stern MEHEMET
Slaughtered the Mamelukes, ungrateful set,
There was small thought, O Prince of England, then,
That lightning e'er should write with iron pen.
'Tis sweet to think that standing on these sands
You can send messages to distant lands;
And while they go, can muse, on SHAKESPEARE'S plan,
And say, "O what a piece of work is man!"

But up, young Prince, before the hour is late,
Behold yon string of dromedaries wait,
The matutinal meal discussed and done,
Now for the Pyramid, and meet the Sun.
How many suns have shone since that was built,
And ah, alas, on many scenes of guilt.
We reach the base; ascend as well you may,
That corner's broken stones present the way.

For youth like yours exertion hath its charms,
And you repulse those Arabs' dingy arms,
You climb alone, and swift the height you gain,
Your panting suite toil after you in vain;
And now upon the apex, Sir, you stand,
And rapidly survey old Egypt's land:
Yonder is Cairo, as you may suppose,
And at your feet the Nilus river flows.
No English Heir Apparent to the Crown
Ever before upon that scene looked down.
Omens are heathen things, but O permit
A thought from Post-lip not all unfit.
Even as the platform on that mighty block
Rests on a basis firm as any rock,
So may the Throne of England long endure,
Built on foundations solid and secure.
Come back, my muse, and wear a sober brow,
That dazzling flight of Fancy's over now.

Paid is the visit. On yon loftiest stone
Names are cut deep—our Prince has cut his own,
Or modestly (lest he might seem to claim
What's AREAS PASHA'S, by his full-right name)
Cuts his initials—Vowels—then descends
Accompanied by his respectful friends.
And so to Cairo. On his princely way
What thoughts arose 'tis not for me to say,
But for myself, delighted and amused,
The story of his journey I perused,
Cried, "Might I join his party—would I could!
A proverb now and then might do him good."
But circumstance o'er which I've no control
Prohibits what I wish with all my soul,
(Not that I'd seek, of course, with envious teeth
To tear a leaf from CANON STANLEY'S wreath),
"No," I exclaimed, "but I shall do no wrong
If I embalm the tale in deathless song,
And 'neath a Prince's Vowels bid folks see
A Poet's Consonants, his

M. F. C."

NOTES.

Line 1. *Now Sol.* The Latin word for the Sun. *Luna* is Latin for the Moon. Consult AINSWORTH, LITTLETON, and SMITH.

Line 4. *Quite amazed.* I hasten to disavow the slightest idea of implying that the Prince's amazement was undignified, but I believe that no person, however well educated and prepared by reading and reflection for beholding a new scene, can gaze upon it for the first time without sensations of a novel character.

Line 12. *Beauteous bowers.* I have not had the advantage of examining the locality, but from the good taste of the Royal Family, and the scenery of the Isle of Wight, I am justified in the use of the phrase.

Line 18. *That fishing line.* The angling contest between ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, and the diverting stratagem by which the Roman hero was made ridiculous, are fully described in ROLLIN'S *Ancient History*.

Line 23. *Essays and Reviews.* At the same time I am far from asserting that it is impossible that some of the authors should not be unimpaired with convictions that they are not unjustified.

Line 33. *Before the Hour.* It would be much to my regret were this passage supposed to impute indolence to the Prince, whose activity is as proverbial as my philosophy.

Line 44. *After you in vain.* I mean no disrespect to the physical capabilities of the gentlemen in attendance, but it is reasonable that they should be outstripped by a young man. Indeed the line is a compliment, as recognising their being grave and reverend seniors.

Line 51. *O permit.* If I have ventured too high into the realms of fancy, the generous reader will remember that the Pyramid is one of the very highest edifices in the world, and will allow for the excitement of imaginary exaltation.

Line 60. *Has cut his own.* This passage has given me much uneasiness. I have no knowledge that the Prince did anything of the kind. Yet several persons of my acquaintance, and of a princely character, have done it. The verse shall stand. If the statement be erroneous, it can do little harm, and if not, in a few years the circumstance will be forgotten, as when the loose stones on the top of the Pyramid are covered with inscriptions, the Arabs turn them over to offer a tablet for new arrivals, thus leaving no stone unturned to obtain *backbones*.

John Bright in his Place.

It seems a pity that so clever a man as MR. BRIGHT should remain excluded from office; yet he could hardly be a member of any Cabinet resolved to maintain the national independence and defences. Should the Derbyite opposition turn out LORD PALMERSTON'S Government, as by the help of Irish priest-ridden mobs, abetted by English Conservative electors, they will do, if Conservative electors continue to return Derbyite representatives,—then, indeed, there would be a chance for the Member for Birmingham; who should supersede MALMESBURY. MR. BRIGHT, no doubt, would prove himself a truly Foreign Minister.

"HERE, I SAY, YOU—"

WHY is a certain sporting newspaper, folded in another, like a pretty girl's first ball?

Because, don't you see, it is an *Era* in a *Belle's Life*.



A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE WOOD.

Sporting Gent. "OUNDS BEEN THROUGH HERE, OLD MAN?"

Old Man. "YA'AS!"

Sporting Gent. "'OW LONG?"

Old Man. "FIVE-AND-TWENTY MINNITS ABOUT!"

REVIVAL OF THE CANINE-FANCY.

Great Match at the Swell Westminster Pit, between Lord D.'s dog "Chelmsford" and the "Westbury Pup." From the Westminster Bell's Life.

THIS aristocratic place of sporting-resort for the tip-top nob and swells, who encourage the true British sports of the canine-fancy, which have lately gone sadly down in the world, owing to the spooneyism of modern milk-and-water manners, which proscribes such sports as "low"—Heaven save the mark! ("an ounce of civet, good apothecary!") is once more, we rejoice to say, on its legs, and is now the scene on two or three nights weekly, of canine "mills," which recall the palmy days of 1832, and the old days of the famous dogs of the "Reform" breed, whose game "sets-to" used to gather such crowds of aristocratic backers about the venerable pit, which preceded the present rather "gingerbread" erection. Since those halcyon days, the memorable matches between those game old bull-dogs *Brougham* and *Campbell*, have reflected a temporary lustre on the faded glories of the canine-fancy, in this its aristocratic "crib," but still it was not to be denied, the "sport" had waned, and our "nobs" were growing too dainty to handle dogskin without kid gloves. Biting a tail was voted low, and choking off a biter not to be thought off. Few indeed would even confess to breeding, much less backing, canine combatants of the old *Teares* strain—dogs that would pin anything on four legs, and defied human force to tail or choke 'em off, when once their tushes had met in their adversary's "beef."

But "a change has come o'er the spirit of our dream" and "the game's alive again," in the nobby new Westminster Pit. A bull-terrier of extraordinary game and go, has been lately entered for matches at this pit, who certainly recalls the best performances of the celebrated dog *Brougham*, and is, if anything, a quicker dog on his legs, sharper in his bite, stronger in the jaw, and immeasurably nastier in

temper, than that old canine hero. The *Westbury Pup*, as the new dog is christened, gained his early laurels in a long series of combats in the numerous pits about Lincoln's Inn Fields and Westminster Hall, at which he won every match he was entered for. Here the *Westbury Pup*, then known as *Keusey*, was backed at long odds against many dogs who have had their day—varmint of the regular hard-mouthed, long-winded, artful sort, most in requisition for the butchering style of game carried on in these well-known sporting neighbourhoods. Thence the *Pup* worked his way up, victory by victory, till he fell into the knowing hands of the "Bottleholder," who was then superintending the matches in the Saint Stephen's Pit, next door to the nobby crib at which the *Pup* is now figuring. The "Bottleholder" was very cocky about his new dog. He kept him dark at first—entering him as *Little Bethel*, and backing him heavily for all sorts of performances—from monkey-worrying to rat-killing—to say nothing of a host of matches against the gamest and wickedest dogs that could be brought into the Pit, any breed, or weight. Under the "Bottleholder's" judicious handling, the *Pup's* style of fighting improved; he got less "rushy," and less given to snap right and left, and waste his strength in biting without purpose, which is the danger with him, for he is so fond of fighting, that rather than not fight, he'd go in at an old woman's petticoat, or a French poodle. The *Pup* is still understood to be under the "Bottleholder's" charge, but now that he has been entered at the nobby crib where he now figures, the "Bottleholder" no longer handles him in the Pit, or appears personally as his backer. This task has devolved on little JOHNNY RUSSELL and GEORGY GOWER, alias "The President," who are understood to make matches for the *Pup*, and wait upon him in the Pit. An impromptu match was made the other day, to fight the *Pup* against *Rupert*, the well-known and high bred British bull-dog, which ended in a worry and a wrangle, the stakes being claimed on both sides, but retained by the umpire.

Since this little event there have been a series of matches on the tapis between the *Westbury Pup's* backers and those of the well-known

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 29, 1863.



CANINE AT THE WESTMINSTER PTI.

The history of the United States of America is a story of growth and development. It begins with the first settlers who came to the New World in search of a better life. They found a land of opportunity, but also a land of challenges. The early years were marked by struggle and hardship, but the spirit of the pioneers was strong. They built a nation from scratch, one that was based on the principles of liberty and justice for all. Over the years, the United States has grown in size and power, but it has never lost sight of its founding principles. The story of the United States is a story of resilience and courage, of a people who have overcome many obstacles and emerged stronger than ever. The future of the United States is bright, and the people are confident that they will continue to build a better nation for themselves and for the world.

game dogs *St. Leonards*, *Cramworth*, and *Wensleydale*, and some very exciting little "mills" are understood to have come off in the private-rooms attached to the crib, from which the public have been excluded. But the interest of all these encounters is thrown into the shade by the great match which came off on Tuesday, the 18th ult., between the *Pup* and *Chelmsford*, a well-bred, and still game, though not fresh, dog, the property of a *nobby* lot, who have started an opposition, in the canine line, to the "Bottleholder."

Chelmsford had been heavily backed by this lot, at evens, but *JOHNNY* and *GEORGE* were *nuts* on their pet, the *Pup*, and tabled their money freely. It was whispered the *Pup* had suffered heavy punishment in one of the private matches we have already alluded to, in which *Chelmsford* had had the best of it; but though the latter is a powerful, and sharp dog, there is nothing in his public performances to warrant his backers in laying odds on him against so terrible a punisher as the *Pup*, who never uses his teeth without leaving his mark. The "crib" is not generally attended by a large muster even of the aristocratic *Fancy*, who keep up the House; but on Wednesday night there was an unusually large attendance, and great interest was shown in the match, and a good deal of money changed hands, *Chelmsford* being, if anything, the favourite, but the *Pup's* backers *getting on*, whenever they could, and bouncing a good deal.

On the dogs being brought into the pit, *Chelmsford* stood higher in the leg, and showed less beef about him; but he is a less powerful dog than the *Pup*, and his jaw is not so well made for gripping, nor did his grinders, as far as we could see, look so formidable. He is, however, an uncommonly quick dog on his legs, works round like a skip jack, and sticks well to his work, showing both dash and bottom, but these will not compensate for want of beam and scantling, in horse or dog. Though an old dog, and having fought no end of matches, he does not show any marks of punishment about the nob, but looks good tempered and inoffensive.

The *Westbury Pup* is a shorter, thicker, roomier dog, with a good deal of the terrier mixed up with the bull in his figurehead. His power of jaw is tremendous, and his range of ivories in splendid order. He looks like fighting, every inch from stern to muzzle. He has less dash in his action than his adversary, but gets into his dog in a quiet, insidious, easy style, which it is a treat to watch, but when he does get within grip, the way he makes his teeth meet, is what our transatlantic friends would call, a caution.

The fight was a very lively one, and we have seldom—in any pit—seen a greater amount of punishment inflicted in the same time.

Chelmsford made a rush, as soon as his backer let him go, and pinned the *Pup* by the scruff of the neck, shaking him violently. The *Pup* was evidently taken aback by the suddenness and impetuosity of the old dog's rush, and seemed "in queer street" for a few seconds, during which the old dog repeated his punishing visitation on the *Pup's* head and body. ("First blood" was called for the old dog.)

But the *Pup* was not long in pulling himself round, and when he did get his wind, his return on the old dog's weak points was terrific. He rushed in again and again, and left his mark after every grip. The old dog managed to shake himself loose, but never again to get a chance of punishment at the *Pup*, who worked him round the pit, worrying him, in terrific style, and at last getting him down in the corner, and appearing resolved to make an end of him altogether, when the backers interfered, and *LORD D.* got his dog away, *GEORGE* being forced to bite the *Pup's* tail for at least a minute before he could be induced to relax his hold.

The old dog was carried out of the pit bleeding heavily, and a good deal mangled about the head and jaws. The *Pup* showed comparatively little signs of punishment, but his backers had great difficulty in getting his muzzle on, as he repeatedly attempted to break away from them, and seemed bent on finishing his worry by chawing up the old dog, from his snout to the tip of his tail.

Though the old dog is no match for the *Pup* now, whatever he may once have been, a gamer fight, while it lasted, has seldom been recorded in the annals of the canine-fancy—since the great mill of the celebrated *Kilkenny Cats*, which by the bye belongs to the "Feline" fancy, rather than the "canine." It might indeed be called "short and sweet," and now that this manly and truly British sport, so long banished from the haunts of a fastidious and effeminate nobility, has been thus brilliantly inaugurated in our noble sportsmen's own pit, we trust that we may often be entertained by as spicy a set-to, as that which we have recorded, under the ambitious title, which it really deserves, of a "REVIVAL OF THE CANINE-FANCY!"

The "Bottleholder" is understood to have objected to the match altogether, and to have cut up rough with *GEORGE* about allowing the *Pup* to fight. But as *GEORGE* says, in his quaint way: "If the varmint will 'ave it, he must 'ave it; 'cos nobody can't 'old him."

A TILT AT THE TURNPIKES.



If all fish the pike is the most greedy and voracious. And certainly these epithets, may with equal justice be applied to the turn-pike. This rapacious monster over keeps its jaws open to receive its prey, and no amount of victims ever seem to satiate it. What myriads on the Derby Day are grabbed to fill

its maw, and yet who ever heard of its showing signs of surfeit? The other day a deputation called on *SIR GEORGE GREY* to present a memorial from people in South London, praying that the Surrey turnpike-gates might be abolished. Our good friend *VISCOUNT WILLIAMS* introduced the deputation, and showed himself much more at home in the geography of South London and parts thereto adjacent, than he seemed the other night to be in that of South America, when, in a debate on the Packet Service estimate, he doubted whether Buenos Ayres and Callao were in the latter country, a doubt which *MR. CRAWFORD* was so kind as to clear up. In the course of his remarks, which were very much more sensible than are some he now and then is wont to let drop in the House, the Viscount said that the memorialists—

"Felt that the continuance of these gates constituted a peculiar grievance in the midst of a populous neighbourhood, and what they asked was, that these gates and these side-bars might be omitted from the Continuance Act of the Surrey and Sussex Trust. The grounds on which they did so were that, eleven years ago, an Act was passed which continued these gates, in order to pay off certain debts owing by the Trust for these roads. All the debts had now been paid off, and the Trust were anxious to have the power of continuing those bars; for what purpose the inhabitants were not aware. They were prepared to take and maintain the roads by levying a common rate. They were now obliged to pay for the curves and stone pavements, and the Trust only maintained the middle of the roads. The toll-bars were a great nuisance, and a vast number of vehicles went over the bye roads, which had to be maintained by the parishes, in order to avoid paying the tolls, and they thus broke up the roads and caused a great additional expense to the parishes over which

they would have to pay if the traffic were allowed to take its natural course. The Trust meant to introduce a clause for the continuance of these Trusts in the Annual Continuance Highways Act, and what the deputation asked was, that the Right Hon. Baronet would be so good as to prevent them from doing so."

That toll-gates are a nuisance surely no one can dispute, and that a Turnpike Trust is not always to be trusted, a statement made by *MR. BRADFELD*, the zealous parliamentary agent of the Toll Reformers, will perhaps suffice to show:—

"The debts, for the payment of which the Continuance Act had been passed, had all been paid off four years ago. The Trustees now let the tolls for from £22,000 to £25,000, while the repairs of the roads only cost £12,000 a-year. The parishes were, he believed, willing to take this expense upon themselves; and there was no reason why a sum so much in excess of the actual requirements should be levied by the Trust. In fact, the whole case of the deputation would be found in the report of a select committee of the House of Commons, signed by *SIR G. G. LEWIS* in 1850, with reference to the tolls on the North side of London. They asked no more than was done with reference to these tolls; and the special reason for the continuance of the South London tolls having ceased to operate, it was but just and reasonable that the tolls should cease to exist also."

"*SIR G. GREY*. Where does the difference of the sums collected and that spent on the repairs of the road go to?"

"Several Gentlemen. Ah! that is just what we should like to know. (Laughter.)"

Persons partial to arithmetic may find in this a puzzling problem to work out. If the repairs cost £13,000 and the tolls are annually let for £25,000, where, pray, does the difference of £12,000 annually go, and where do the trustees themselves expect to go? Certainly until this little sum be solved, the Trust must be esteemed as one of doubtful credit.

How much trouble is occasioned to the nation by the toll-gates, and how many tempers are lost yearly through the loss of a toll-ticket, is another point suggested for patient calculation, but which we have no leisure now to pass under review. The elder *MR. WELLER* considered that the man who keeps a turnpike-gate must be a gloomy misanthrope who wishes to revenge himself for being crossed in love, or for having suffered some other slight or insult, by hiding in a toll-house, like a brigand in his cave, and levying black mail upon all who come within his clutch. "Stand and deliver!" is the cry of these highwaymen, who stop all those who ride or drive on the *QUEEN'S* highway, and with no fear of the gallows, say to any traveller, "Your money, or your wife's!" How many more Derby Days will pass before the public is rid of these road-robbers, we cannot undertake to guess. But as *SIR GEORGE GREY*, when he dismissed the deputation, said he had "the utmost desire to do justice to all parties, and to promote the convenience of the public," of course we may anticipate that nothing further will be done until there is brought to bear a pressure from without. The Government just now is not much given to reform; and unless the nation itself take up the matter, we fear that little will be done to help the Toll Reformers in their tilting at the gates.

LURES FOR LADIES.



has a bare competence and half-a-dozen children left her to support. How must she be tempted to expend a couple of stamps in applying for "particulars" as to how by a small outlay she may make an easy fortune! Supposing she applies, what, think you, will she get in return for her spent twopence? Why, believe an expert, she will get two flimsy scraps of foreign-printed paper, the one entitled: "Scheme of the two hundred and forty-second Lottery of the free city of Hamburg of 34,500 tickets and 18,500 prizes, Guaranteed by Government," and the other a short letter directing her "kind notice" to the same, and pointing out the many benefits she may derive from the said scheme. Likewise it will refer her to a business firm in London for satisfaction that the lottery is a legitimate affair, and really guaranteed by the Government of Hamburg, having actually existed for 120 years. How many easy fortunes have in all that time been made by it, Mrs. J-NES is left at liberty to guess. But as the highest prize obtainable is two hundred thousand marks, which Mrs. J-NES will very likely take to mean two hundred thousand pounds, the chances are she will not trouble herself with any calculations of the odds there are against her pocketing that sum,

WEET MRS. SMITH, ARE you like most ladies a reader of advertisements? If so, I make no doubt your eye has fallen on the following, which has for some while past weekly been inserted in the *Lady's Newspaper*:-

AN EASY FORTUNE, guaranteed by various Continental governments, may be made by a small outlay.

For particulars enclose stamped directed envelope to MESSRS. G. HIRSCHFELD & Co., 3, Church Court, Clement's Lane, City, London, Agents to MESSRS. HAUFF AND VOGES, in Hamburg.

This sounds tempting, does it not? And if it so appears to you who have a well-filled purse and a carriage at command, how luring must it seem to our poor friend Mrs. J-NES, who, we know,

but will forward at once the price requested for a ticket, and will consider it a certainty that the "easy fortune" will very soon be hers. Two hundred thousand anything, whether pounds or pennies, she will think so large a sum, that she will scarcely give a thought to the "small outlay" required to secure the chance of getting it. What are a few shillings to such a princely income as two hundred thousand pounds? for doubtless Mrs. J-NES, like many other fair accountants, is in the habit of mistaking a fortune for an income, and of considering that any sum which falls into her hands will produce a yearly income equal to itself. So away will go the shillings, and back won't come the looked-for two hundred thousand pounds: and meanwhile in the expectancy of getting such a sum, Mrs. J. will doubtless have bought new clothes for her children, and have very likely moved them to a larger house. So that when the disappointment that may be expected comes, and she discovers, as the odds are, that she has drawn a blank, it is probable that she will have expended all her savings and be sinking into debt, from which with her small means it will be difficult to free herself.

Pray, then, my dear Madam, assist me in preventing poor weak and thoughtless ladies, like our young friend Mrs. J-NES, from answering advertisements such as the above, and throwing away postage stamps (which they can ill afford to waste) in obtaining the particulars of how an "Easy Fortune may," if there's no trickery, possibly in one case in ten millions, "be made." Such details are a sad temptation to poor widows, left with a large family and very little means. That it is for the fair sex these snares are chiefly set is shown by having such advertisements put in the *Lady's Newspaper*, which is presumed to come especially beneath the female eye; and now that their true import has been faithfully exposed, may we not expect that their appearance there will cease?

En attendant, I remain, my dear Madam, your charming sex's ever constant friend and fearless champion,

PUNCH.

A CARD.

THE celebrated transparent Medium, I. M. POSTER, Esq., may be seen through daily at his fashionable residence in Bryanstone Street, Bryanstone Square, where Mr. I. M. P. continues to charm his numerous and aristocratic admirers by changing the widow's mourning to gold, drawing draughts from orphan's eyes, and notes from the vibrating chords of affection. His practical application of the vivisection of bleeding hearts is recommended to bereaved parties as a precious consolation under recent losses. Spirit Hands of departed relatives prepared from measurement, drawings, or casts, and warranted warm. Deceased friends, whose names are recorded in Newspaper Obituaries, Peerages, and History (sacred as well as profane), will give the dates of their births, deaths, and marriages, and any other information which may be communicated to I. M. POSTER; either before or during the meeting. I. M. P., to prevent disappointment, has to request that where such information is required, it should be supplied in time for use, as he cannot be expected to keep it on hand himself in the quantities required. All is fair and above board. MR. I. M. P. raps upon the table openly, and reads and writes above as easily as he does below it, and both without any attempt at concealment. Sceptics need not take the trouble to attend. MR. I. M. P. does not ask for their money, and they will learn nothing. Sharp children not admitted; idiots half-price; lunatics free.

N.B. No connection with the rival Medium, MR. HOOM-BUG, whose manipulations, if parties wish it, may doubtless be seen through at his residence. I. M. POSTER flatters himself that the spirits supplied by him are the only genuine articles, and are warranted fresh drawn from the wood.

P.S. Parties wishing to raise their own spirits may learn terms on application to MR. I. M. P. To save trouble, I. M. POSTER, Esq., begs to say that the only Medium through which he can be communicated with is, the circulating one, or, in other words, "the current coin of the realm."

THE BLEACHING ACT.—Any Act that detains one in a hot theatre after ten o'clock.

"SHAN'T DO AS WE'RE BID."

DICTATION is the order of the day. MR. BOUCICAULT dictates to the critics what they are to say about his writings, besides intimating on the stage that newspaper articles are obtainable by bribes. The Trade Unions dictate to workmen as to what wages they are to accept, and blow up the houses of the disobedient with gunpowder. SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON dictates all his histories, and hence sends *Peregrine Pickle* to a modern funeral, and puts the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH into the Glasgow Sheriff's Court. Here is another bit of dictation, which seems to Mr. Punch both insolent and unconstitutional. It is an advertisement signed by a person called BONTOMS:-

NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE ELECTION, 1862.—As the Contest lies between two opponents of the Ballot, its friends in the North Riding are earnestly entreated NOT to VOTE at this Election.

By order of the Committee of the Ballot Society.

The critics are obedient to MR. BOUCICAULT, the workmen are obedient to the Unions, SIR A. ALISON's amanuensis is obedient to him. But either the electors of the North Riding resent the insolence of BONTOMS, or the Ballot must have very few friends there. For at the close of the poll, the number of voters was 10,559, while there are in the registry but about 12,000. We are glad to see that all Britons will not be Slaves.

The Best Abused Science of the Day.

POLITICAL Economy has long been a Science that has been much talked about, but very little practised. Least of all has it been understood by Governments. Can you point to any one existing Government that practically enforces its doctrines? In fact, does Political Economy exist at all in the present day, excepting in our Universities? With our increasing expenditure—an increase of not less than twenty millions in twenty years—we think it is time that this scientific impostor should in honesty throw off its libellous cognomen, and, instead of being called Political Economy, should with greater truth be for the future only alluded to as the Science of Political Extravagance.

RESERVED SEATS WITH A RESERVATION.

Most visitors of the theatre go there to be amused; but they very often meet with diversion besides amusement. Seated in the second or third row of the boxes, after the play has begun, whilst they are closely following the performance in a peculiarly effective part of it, their attention is suddenly diverted therefrom by a party of people who have taken places in front, and who, coming in late, oblige everybody intervening between their seats and the door, to get up and make room to let them pass. This is a diversion which is not only additional, but entirely opposite to the amusement which is afforded by the players; it provokes grins and not laughter; clenched teeth, which hold in language that if uttered would perhaps incur the penalty of a crown.

Ladies and gentlemen who prefer the amusement of listening to the drama to the diversion of mind occasionally, as above described, experienced in theatres, will read with some satisfaction the annexed brief report of a little lawsuit, the result of which affords them hope of future deliverance from that unwelcome diversion:—

"**MARRAGES AND PLAYGOERS.**—On Saturday, at the Westminster County Court, was tried an action of *Young v. Buckstone*, lessee of the Haymarket Theatre. The plaintiff, on the 3rd of February, took certain places in the boxes, for which he paid 35s., and received a printed receipt bearing on it the number of the seats. Plaintiff and his friends arrived at the theatre after the first act was over, and found his engaged seats occupied. He was offered others, but he declined, and demanded back his money, which was refused, and he brought his action for the amount. The attention of the Judge was called, on the part of the defendant, to a note in the receipt, which said, 'Places reserved until the end of the first act only.' The Judge, Mr. F. BAYLEY, held this to be fatal to the plaintiff's case, and entered judgment for the defendant, calling upon the plaintiff to pay the costs of four witnesses who were in attendance from the theatre to give evidence, if necessary."

Playgoers, who are accustomed to go to the "play really for the purpose of seeing and hearing it, ought to be greatly obliged to MR. YOUNG, the plaintiff in the above-cited case of *Young v. Buckstone*, for having generously, out of his own pocket, obtained a legal decision which, if MR. BUCKSTONE's good example is generally followed by managers, will, in some measure secure them in the undisturbed pursuit of their object. Of course the plaintiff did not happen to notice the condition under which the seats were reserved, noted in the receipt for his 35s., and his lawyer, doubtless, overlooked it also. MR. YOUNG, doubtless, never expected, or was advised, that the letter of the law would bear him out in ignoring so just a stipulation. Otherwise we should most heartily congratulate him on having lost his cause, and had to pay MR. BUCKSTONE's costs as well as his own, and the costs of MR. BUCKSTONE's four witnesses, besides having lost his £1 15s., and being deservedly laughed at for his failure in a mean and shabby attempt to "County-Court" MR. BUCKSTONE.

THE VULPICIDE.

(A Hunting Song.)

THE month was March, and South the wind,
Light clouds o'erspread the sky.
The fox before, the hounds behind
Were chasing in full cry.
For many a mile o'er hills and dales
The hunters' course had been,
O'er hedge and ditch, and double rails,
With prickly fence between.

A sportsman gay from London town,
Was roaming with his gun;
He brought the tuneful thrushes down,
And blackbirds floored like fun.
A fine hen-pheasant chanced to stray
From out a neighbouring wood;
With steady aim he blazed away,
And bagged her where she stood.

Ah! hark the music of the pack,
And huntsman's sounding horn,
On crafty Reynard's devious track,
Upon his ear are borne.
They come, o'er yonder corn-field green!
He lists the wild halloo,
And now sees what those outcries mean:
The fox is in their view.

Exhausted by the lengthened chase,
Sly Reynard comes that way,
With panting sides and slackened pace,
Which sore fatigue betray.
Five minutes more, and then the hounds
Their prey will surely gain;
When pop! the Sportsman's piece resounds,
And lo! the fox is slain.

The hunters keen, not at the death,
Come in, but after that:
And each man shouts with all his breath,
And waves his cap or hat.
Forthwith the fox's brush they hew
From whence that tail had grown;
And fix the same our Sportsman to,
So as to seem his own.



THE ORGAN GRINDING NUISANCE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"As master and missus leastways Master takes Inn yure paper reglar, I wish youd please be So good as Putt im in *punch* so as for im to se Is self in a Tra lite. Has e apperes wen a poar Italian organ man Cums to play Hus a toon at the Airy, runnin out in the Strete stormin and Raven horderen the poar fela orf or give Im in ehardg to the pelisse. And wy? al for nothink Save and Iceep Master bein a Stronomer or Somthink of that sort and bizzey with Rithmetic and Mathew Matticks and al that nonsens oh e Mustent be disturbed at is Bokes and rightin.

"Pleas ser i wants to No wot write master ave got to ender me and susan avin our Musick? e as ism when e and missus goze to consorts and Italion Theater and wy ain't we to ave our litel Italian Uproar as wel?

"*Sunicheres Crescent, March 1862.*"

"MARY."

There is no reason why MARY should not enjoy her little uproar, or as much uproar she likes, if she will only go to hear it when she can have that pleasure unattended by anybody else's annoyance. When she gets a holiday, or leave out, that is her time to enjoy the recreation of uproar. Her master, when engaged in professional calculations, is probably earning the income out of which her own wages are paid. That alone is a sufficient reason why she has no right to the enjoyment of an uproar which distracts his attention from his labours.—ED.

The Pope's own Peer.

WE are in a position to state that his Holiness the POPE has written an autograph letter to the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, thanking the noble Marquis for the zeal and devotion which he has displayed on the right side in the questions which he has put, and the speeches he has made in the House of Lords touching Italian affairs. The Holy Father tells LORD NORMANBY that the bitterness he is obliged to taste continually is sweetened by his Lordship's sympathy, which affords sherry to the bitters.

Classical Association.

UNDER the signature of "A WYKEHAMIST," a correspondent of the *Morning Post* suggests the establishment of "another first-class club," to consist of "Eton, Winchester, Charterhouse, Rugby, and Harrow men," and to be called "the Old Public Schools Club." That seems a roundabout and rather clumsy name. The proposed society had better be called "The Birch Club."

MERE IMPERTINENCE.—MR. DISRAELI says that the Declaration of Paris ought to be altered. Well, Paris declared for Venus. Would MR. DISRAELI have him declare for *Jenno*?



A SPIRIT RAPPING SEANCE!

Mr. Fozer (a Medium). "OH DEAR! THERE'S A SPIRIT NAMED WALKER WRITING ON MY ARM!"

DEATH OF A NONOGENARIAN.

DIED, on Wednesday, March 19, at her residence in the Strand, MRS. MORNING CHRONICLE. Born in 1769, the deceased has had a long and a varied career. Her father was the celebrated WILLIAM WOODFALL, who did all that a fond parent could do for a child, and after her alliance with MR. JAMES PERRY, she became a notoriety for her wit and spirit. For many years she was connected with many of the most distinguished politicians of the Liberal side, and her album boasts the autographs of LORD BROUGHAM, LORD CAMPBELL, MR. THOMAS MOORE, and numerous other illustrious persons. Later in life, her connections became of a somewhat different kind, and she was understood to have imbibed some of the then fashionable religious tenets of what was called Puseyism, but it is due to the shrewd sense of the departed lady to add that these never led her into absurdities in connection with secular matters, in which she was always true to her ancient convictions. During this period of her history she lived very expensively, and took great pleasure in surrounding herself with younger persons of intellect, whose prospects she forwarded very materially. With the close of this epoch in her life ended the brightness of her career, and it would have been well for her reputation had her career itself then terminated. But she became connected with a lawyer of no great eminence or talents, and her position in society was materially deteriorated, after which the senile caprices of old age made her addict herself to a favourite who happened to be a foreigner, and under whose dictation she did not scruple to avow shameless and un-English sentiments. Abandoned by her French protégé, the unfortunate old lady fell into the hands of the owner of a penny picture-paper, and it is painful to linger over the later scenes of her life. Her debility became excessive, and she would delight to tell long and dreary stories acquired from the journal belonging to her last connection. It was felt that the end was coming, and this person's bankruptcy was the final blow. On Wednesday the poor old lady spoke for the last time. We are not aware that any persons are placed in mourning by her demise, but what relics of fortune she may have possessed will probably fall to M. STARR, Esq., formerly her neighbour, or to D. TELLYGRAVE, Esq., of Fleet Street. It would be pleasant could we draw the curtain over

the last part of her life, as we should then have only to biographise her as of honourable parentage and marriage, and as having acquitted herself with courage, honour, and intellect, in the difficult relations of her life. But her misfortunes were not her faults, and many are living who will preserve a respectful recollection of the departed. Her mortal remains will be interred in Basinghall Street after a *post mortem* examination.

PRAISE WHERE LEAST EXPECTED.

THE *New York Herald* has been kind enough to allude to us in terms that we feel to be almost too complimentary. It talks of our "shabby wit, low sarcasm, and serious caricatures." We hardly know what we have done to deserve so much kindness, for to be abused by the *New York Herald* we consider as the very highest praise that any conscientious journalist, who does not scruple boldly to speak the truth and expose humbug, can possibly receive in this ungrateful world. We accept it as the fitting reward of a long life honestly spent. After having been abused by JAMES GORDON BENNETT, *Punch* feels with glowing pride that he hasn't lived in vain! We could wish for no greater eulogium than the above abuse to be inscribed on our tombstone. But only fancy if this BARNARD GREGORY of the *Yankee Press* had malignantly presumed to praise us! What mortal, with any degree of self-respect, could have survived the humiliation? What number of cowhides could possibly have avenged the burning insult? May all the little cherubs that sit up aloft save us from so degrading a calamity!

Extreme Blackness of the Cloth.

THE Clergy have been up in a large body to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to protest against the opening of the theatres during Passion week. We call this extremely ungrateful on the part of our clergymen, considering that not one of the London Managers made any fuss about lending them their theatres to preach in on the Sunday. No one would think of characterising this clerical movement as emanating from the Liberal Church.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 24, Monday. Mr. Punch has to remark that whether the cause be the impending Exhibition, or the great news from America, or the contemplation of Mr. PRABODY'S munificence, or the appearance of Mr. GYN'S programme, or the incubation of the Pythoness, or some other disturbing influence, the legislature of the country is in a state of mild collapse. He would really hardly consider it worth his august while to issue any Essence at all this week, were it not for a somewhat important fact which occurred on the Friday in connection with the Education question. Mr. WHITEHEAD rather neatly described the stagnation of things political, when he said that chickweed was upon the face of the Session.

The CHANCELLOR has pushed his Lunacy Bill through Committee, defeating his beloved friend LORD CHILSFORD, in an attempt to knock out the two years and no-doctor clause, but declining to insert a provision suggested by LORD SHAFTESBURY, who seems to dislike physicians, and who wished to declare that no "opinion" of a medical man should be taken as proof of insanity.

It seems that the promoters of the Edinburgh, Dunfermline and Perth Railway Bill, have decidedly defied the Standing Orders, but hoped to be forgiven on the ground of the extreme desirability of the measure. They were strenuously withstood, by the stern PATTEN, who is also a Clog upon the hasty foot of the Legislature. Dunfermline is a town in which a king sat

"Drinking the blood-red wine,"

and in which the present inhabitants have very hospitable habits, and Mr. Punch regrets that there should be any impediment in the way of a scheme for connecting them more closely with Edinburgh, whence they procure the blood-red and other wines which they dispense so freely. Still, their attempt to seize the Queen's Ferry, instead of buying it, savours more of the days of the king above-mentioned than those of QUEEN VICTORIA, and Mr. Punch must recommend to the Dunfermliners a course of practice less chivalrous, but more in accordance with effeminate notions of justice. The BRUCE, that is to say Mr. CUMMING BRUCE, led them on upon this occasion, but not to a Bannockburn (save that their own bannocks were burned) but rather to a Flodden. But never mind—

"If it was na weel bobbitt, weel bobbitt, weel bobbitt,
If it was na weel bobbitt, we'll bob it again."

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL stated that the reason why the Bankruptcy Bill had not worked last year so well as it should have done was, that three out of the five London Commissioners attended very irregularly, and because more Registrars were wanted. New Registrars can easily be had; and, unless the other parties mend their manners, Mr. Punch would also recommend new Commissioners.

A little Irish row is a thing to be grateful for in these days, and the House was quite pleased when a debate arose on a modest proposition that Irish workhouse chaplains, of the Catholic religion, should not be appointed or dismissed until the Government should have ascertained the will and pleasure of the Roman Catholic bishops on the point. A good bit of downright audacious impudence does one good, and the House warmed up, and let Mr. MAGUIRE talk nonsense about a "badge of slavery;" and a Catholic who did not desire the change being a "slave at heart," and similar trash. Of course, SIR ROBERT PEEL "respectfully" declined making any such concession, and those who asked it did not carry their assurance into the lobby.

On the Mutiny Bill big Mr. WHITE moved the omission of the clause which authorises flogging in the Army. SIR G. C. LEWIS stated that this punishment was becoming rarer and rarer, in consequence of what we may call the filtering arrangement by which soldiers are divided into classes, and encouraged to maintain self-respect. But he declined to take away the power of inflicting the lash; and, on division, there were 67 for the Government, and 14 for Mr. WHITE.

Tuesday. A Bill for enabling the Trustees of that queer-looking place in Lincoln's Inn Fields, called SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM, to lend to the International some of the articles hoarded in that den by the crabbed old architect, was forwarded in the Lords. And LORD CARMARVON made a speech in favour of Poland, to which LORD RUSSELL replied at great length, but to the effect that we could do nothing, but that much might be hoped from the benevolence of the EMPEROR. If all that we hear be true, there is room for an unlimited expansion of such benevolence, for certain continental journals state that a gentleman named ZAMOYSKI has just been literally cut to pieces with rods, at Warsaw, for having published a liberation journal called the *Pilot*.

The House of Commons kept the appointment made by Mr. WALPOLE for an Education debate. He brought forward certain resolutions in opposition to the arrangements proposed by the Revised Code. Mr. Punch is not going into an analysis of the debate, for Mr. LOWE'S statesmanship shall be tested, as he proposes to test the schools, by Results. The result of the debate, or of the conviction obtained by Government as to the power of the so-called "religious" party, was that on Friday night, Mr. LOWE, though menaced with no

hostile division, announced the submission of Ministers upon certain important particulars. He proposes to give a part of the Government grant to a school on a report of the Inspector, and a part on an examination—he will not insist on grouping by age—and he will take care of the interests of the pupil-teachers. Victory is claimed by the opponents of the scheme, but possibly Mr. LOWE acted as tradesmen do in the case of ladies who are known to be addicted to "bargaining"—the seller adds ten per cent. to the price he means to receive, and takes that off in compliance with the haggling protests of the fair economist. But the whole operation does not speak well for the confidence of Government in its own strength, or in the wisdom of Mr. LOWE, and it was felt that a case of *dignus vindice* had occurred, so it was arranged that LORD PALMERSTON, unfortunately troubled with the gout, should come down on the following Monday, and say something pleasant. Of course Mr. WALPOLE was all smiles, and Mr. DISRAELI was the Quintessence of Parliament, solemnly complimentary, in his very best manner.

The debate, which occupied Tuesday and Thursday night, was extremely dull, and was almost entirely left to the Boreds. Perhaps the Wesleyan bishops, who ordered their flocks to put the screw on, were right, and few Members had opinions of their own upon the Education question. Mr. Punch merely places on record his protest against certain Cant which has been talked during the discussion, and utterly refuses to assent to the proposition that it is not a Religious Education that makes a boy clean, orderly, prompt, and intelligent, or that it is a Religious Education that teaches him to call over the names of the children of Pahath-moab, the children of Kirjatharim, the children of Azmaveth, the children of Adonikam, and the children of Bethjesimoth. No way insensible to the value of certain arguments of the opponents of secular education, Mr. Punch nevertheless maintains that the three R's help the fourth R. much better than Mr. ROEBUCK'S friend JEHOSHAPHAT can do. But the agitation has done inculcable good, and the schools will be electrified into wholesomer life than they have ever enjoyed.

Wednesday's proceedings were perfectly unimportant, except to unfortunate young persons who may incur the punishment of being whipped in gaol, and who may be interested in knowing that their offences will be visited in future, not with the instrument that castigates our gallant soldiers, but that which chastises our youthful aristocracy—*Belulla, vice Felis*.

Thursday. Except as aforesaid, and an intimation by MR. LAYARD to SIR GEORGE BOWYER that certain questions asked here in the interest of the Italian Brigands had better be asked in the free Parliament of Turin, there was nothing worthy of crystallisation.

Friday. Another blank, save that Mr. LOWE "came down," as hath been mentioned. Mr. HENLEY remarked that it would be "almost a sin" to make the Education question one of party. We shall probably see how near to sin a good many good people are not afraid to come. With which remark Mr. Punch concludes the abstract and brief chronicle of the Parliamentary Week, his work resembling that of the respected ancestors of M.M. ROTHSCHILD, M.P., SALOMONS, M.P., and GOLDSMID, M.P., when one of the Amenophizzes required them to make bricks without straw.

MORMONITE PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

THE American news in the *Times* one day last week contained the announcement that—

"On the 3rd BRIGHAM YOUNG was elected President of Utah, and HEBE C. KIMBALL, Lieutenant-Governor."

Until we read this item of intelligence we were unaware that, to the extent which it indicates, Mormonism acknowledged the political rights of women. HEBE C. KIMBALL, we presume, is a lady about to become one of the already numerous Mesdames BRIGHAM YOUNG. When HEBE CHARLOTTE KIMBALL exchanges the name of KIMBALL for that of YOUNG, it may be that YOUNG will adore his new spouse, but the American HEBE, inasmuch as YOUNG is rather old, will not therefore become the Goddess of Youth. The Mormonites showed some complaisance in electing BRIGHAM'S new consort to be his Lieutenant-Governor, or, to speak perhaps more correctly, Governess. This is the first authentically recorded appointment of a female to any kind of Lieutenantancy, for little reliance can be placed on the statement in the popular ballad which narrates the promotion of the sailor girl to be first Lieutenant of the gallant *Thunderbomb*.

It is not without some misgiving that we publish the foregoing account of Miss KIMBALL'S election to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Utah. The prospect of obtaining such a situation as hers may allure to the borders of the Great Salt Lake too many young ladies who cannot get married, and have no more agreeable lot before them at home than that of an English Governess.

UNNECESSARY PATENT FOR POOR PEOPLE.—"STEVENS' Patent for Kneading (needing) bread."



Ballet of Action with which Sparkles (who says he is so hard at work at his Picture), and his Friend and Model, Jack Bounce, refresh themselves in the intervals of labour.

MERRY AND DREARY ENGLAND.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THE lamentable statement subjoined has perhaps met your eye, and extracted a tear from it, as it did from mine. Inasmuch as it appeared in more than one morning paper, no doubt it has spoiled the breakfast of many a lover of nature:—

"ENCLOSURES.—The Enclosure Commission report that the following proposed enclosures are expedient, and that a Bill will be prepared for sanctioning them:—2,500 acres in the township of Kirkoswald, Cumberland; 82 acres in the parish of Great Ansell, Herts; Llanfechell Mountain, Anglesey, containing 283 acres; waste land of the manor of Huntingfield, Suffolk, about 59 acres; about 600 acres in the parish of Chigwell, formerly part of Hainault Forest; 170 acres at Wouldham, Kent; Thingwall Common, Cheshire, 25 acres; Plennmeller Common, Northumberland, 3,128 acres; Barking Common allotments, 529 acres; and Dagenham Common allotments, Essex, 43 acres. These ten enclosures amount together to 7,418 acres. The commissioners state that since the passing of the Acts (in 1845) enclosures of 389,188 acres have been confined."

"All this enclosure of waste lands, so called, that is to say the conversion of so much wild country into cultivated soil and building-ground is very melancholy. There will soon not be an acre of heather and gorse, of forest, swamp, or snipe-bog, in all England. One half of the face of the earth will be crowded with human dwellings, coated mostly with stucco and compo, intermixed with smoky factories and still worse nuisances, and the other half covered with agricultural produce; corn, kohl-rabi and mangold wurzel, or overspread with the guano, or its native equivalent, whence that produce will be raised to fatten cattle and feed human beings little above the cattle. For what, much better than animals, are the human beings likely to be, amply provided with bodily meat and drink, but destitute of needful spiritual refreshment? How are you to have any poet, when the wild primroses, cowslips, violets, cuckoo-flowers, marsh-marigolds, dog-roses, woodbine, brambles, ferns, lichens, mosses, oak, elm, beech, ash, and other timber, woodland, cover, thicket, and hedgerow, bog, swamp, morass, and mountain wilderness, are all gone? 'We don't want poets,' says your shrewd man of business, and so does your man of the world, who thinks, with poor purblind old JOHNSON, that a grove of chimneys is better than a grove of trees, who likes the hum, and indeed

the humbug, of men better than the hum of bees, has no reverence for the sylvan gods, but worships his own stomach daily at his club. These fellows may not want poets to help them get money, or cook for them and otherwise pamper their bodily appetites; but, not wanting poets, they are incipient brutes, and their posterity, without any poets whatever to keep humanity up in them, will ultimately descend nearly to a level with the beasts—not of the field but—of the sty. They will become, as it were, pigs; creatures that, when turned out in a forest, see nothing in it but the acorns and mast which they hunt among the fallen leaves, and the roots which they turn up with their snouts out of the earth. Their very features will most probably by degrees acquire a hoggish type, so that their eyes at last will come to be set obliquely in their heads, the British cast of countenance resembling the Chinese; all along of the want of poets and the extirpation of poetry from the British soul, occasioned by the total enclosure of waste lands.

"Don't tell me that the more numerous population the soil can be made to support, the better. Quantity may be obtained at the expense of quality. I am a lover of my species, but had rather not be confined with a large number of them in a small place. A crowd makes the atmosphere sultry. That of England is getting so, and if I had to live much longer, it would soon get too hot to hold me. Already it is growing difficult to find fresh air, and the trout-streams are fast becoming open sewers. The wild animals are nearly all extinct; there are no vermin but rats, mice, and pettifoggers. Oh, yes! I am behind my age, I know—averse to progress. To be sure. I am, *Mr. Punch*, averse to progress which is simply degeneration; but I also am your regular subscriber,

"Toadsdale, March, 1862."

"SMELFUNGUS."

A Generous Idea.

"A'm told a MR. PEABODY," remarked a Swell, "has appropwriated a hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds towawds ameliorating the condition of the London paw. A hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds! Half that sum would make my wife and children happy, if a wa' married, and—a—twice as much would make me toleawbly comfatable."



CONSOLING FOR CONSOLS.

Young Hardman. "GOING TO DINGLEY CROSS ROADS!"

Consols. "YES!"

Y. H. "AH, THEN, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SENT YOUR HORSE ON!"

[CONSOLS never rides upon less than 250 guineas, and thinks himself as near perfection as possible.]

SPITALFIELDS AND HYDE PARK.

A LITTLE Weaver, unemployed,
Chanced in Hyde Park to stray,
And there, as best he might, enjoyed
Unwilling holiday.
The great folks being now in Town,
He strolled, and viewed their show,
Around the Ring, and up and down
The walk by Rotten Row.

What high-bred cavaliers were there,
Straight-backed, and clean of limb;
What horsewomen, superbly fair,
Displayed their airs to him!
What equipages Beauty bore,
And Consequence, reclined,
Whom portly coachmen sat before;
Smart footmen stood behind!

The little man, admiring, read
The faces of the Great,
Who passed him with erected head,
And countenance elate,
High fed, from sordid want secure,
From cares and troubles mean,
How brave their bearing, to be sure,
Their aspect how serene!

A heart our little weaver had
In others' joy that shared.
Himself though hungry, he was glad
To think how well they fared.

It raised him in his self-respect
To see how riches can,
With nurture in a sphere select,
Exalt his fellow-man.

If, entering on this earthly scene,
Endowed with Fortune's boon,
His infant lips he had between
But held a silver spoon,
He thought he also might have shone
Amongst the grand and gay,
Then being out of work alone,
Not likewise out of pay.

MORE AMERICAN SLANG.

HER MAJESTY'S subjects are hereby cautioned against the use of certain American corruptions of the QUEEN'S English, besides those which we have already warned them to avoid, newly imported into this realm. The words of which we now deprecate the employment, have appeared in divers Yankee newspapers, and in sundry accounts, by officers in the Federal army, of their own exploits, written in a style which closely resembles that wherein clever thieves are accustomed to relate their adventures. One of these vile expressions is the spurious noun-substantive "Secesh," or "Secesher," meaning a person who has seceded from the American Union, and who, in correct and established English, would be called a Seceder. The other is the genuine adverb "quite," ridiculously used as an adjective; as "quite a number," meaning a large number. It is hoped that this notice will render all loyal Englishmen careful to eschew these two abominable Americanisms.

THE END WE ALL DESIRE.—The End of a Speech.

THE TAEPIINGS AND THE RED TAPEINGS.

Now then, I'm ready, if you are



did great damage to their country; and doubtless would have done much more had they not happily been checked. It is a matter for congratulation that England has a champion policeman in her *Punch*, ever ready to protect her from thieves like the Red Tapeings, who tied her hands behind her with the red tape of Routine, and did their worst to rob her of her honour and her strength.

THE gravest attention has been recently attracted to the Tapeings, who having sacked Ningpo, would no doubt have gone and done the ditto to Shanghai, had not the British Government thought proper to prevent them. These Tapeings, it appears, are a horde of ruthless robbers, who under the pretence of patriotism, have for ten years past been laying waste the finest provinces of China, and desolating and destroying, like a flight of locusts, where ever they have passed. In some respects they bear a family resemblance to the tribe of the Red Tapeings who were rampant here in England some short time ago, and whom *Punch* was so invaluable in lending aid to crush. Like the Tapeings, the Red Tapeings

FRENCH POT AND ENGLISH KETTLE.

AMONG the protectionists in the French Legislative body, one of the leading orators is a M. POUYER-QUERTIER. Here is a remarkable passage extracted from a speech which this gentleman made the other day:—

"Had the advantages accorded to England by the treaty made her a more faithful and reliable ally? The answer to that question might be found in what was now passing in the British Parliament, which was voting enormous armaments. Could they consider themselves at peace, when the coasts of France were surrounded by English gunboats and plated frigates? Were those the fruits of the alliance? Let the partisans of Free Trade answer the question. The fruits of the treaty were not only commercial disasters but increased financial burdens. There could be no hope of economy while England kept on increasing her armaments. On the contrary, their burdens must be increased."

With change of names, merely, the words above quoted might have been uttered by an opponent of the French treaty in our House of Commons. Indeed, one seems to have read them over and over again in the Parliamentary debates. It would hardly be rash to bet five shillings that they are to be found in *Hansard*. M. POUYER-QUERTIER surely is either a plagiarist, or a wag. The idea of the French coasts surrounded by English gun-boats and plated frigates, and of France laden with increased financial burdens in order to keep pace with English armaments, is certainly droll. It did not apparently occur to M. POUYER-QUERTIER to ask, if it did to consider, who first began this game of beggar my neighbour? Perhaps, however, his above-quoted observations were meant to suggest a question of which the proposal would have been inadmissible.

THE END OF NAVAL WAR.

(To the Peace Society.)

GENTLEMEN,

THE action *Merrimac v. Monitor*, tried between the Confederates and Federals, conclusively proves that one iron-clad ship is a match for several wooden ships carrying more and heavier guns, and that two iron-clad ships may pound one another about for hours without material result.

Iron transports big enough and numerous enough to land an invading force of any magnitude on these shores would be inconveniently expensive necessities for the acquisition of glory or plunder by the conquest of England. Wooden transports are perversive to missiles discharged from Armstrong guns, and the effect that would be produced by one of those missiles, particularly a three hundred pound bomb, in a transport full of enemies coming to rob and murder us, is something delightful to contemplate. We may rejoice in imagining the havoc which one *Warrior* would create amongst a whole fleet of timber vessels crowded with invaders.

Still more pleasant is the prospect of the progress which is now likely to take place in Naval warfare. If there are no ships of war but iron ships, and iron ships are mutually shot-proof, how are they to fight?

Hostilities might perhaps still be carried on by means of shells, charged with fulminating silver, regardless of expense. Such shells, if big enough, would no doubt knock a hole in the iron sides of any vessel; but as fulminating silver goes off with much less friction than what will kindle a lucifer match, there would be rather too much difficulty in charging a shell with it.

It remains to be seen, if the science of reciprocal destruction should be thus arrested, what plan the human brotherhood will then invent for smashing, burning, or sinking one another's fleets. Some new discovery in electricity, some artificial lightning for example, which will smite through ribs of steel, may possibly be found to answer their benevolent purposes; but there really does seem some ground for hoping that, ships being rendered practically invulnerable, any two vessels of war belonging to hostile nations, will, hereafter, meeting on the high seas, each find herself unable to injure the other, and therefore be obliged to part in peace, the result of their collision having been as nearly as possible the opposite to that of the conflict between the *Kilkenny Cats*. Congratulating you most sincerely on the prospect of this happy result, I am, gentlemen,

Your Fellow Labourer,

PUNCH.

"MAY AND DECEMBER."

Sir C. Cresswell.

SIR PUNCH PUNCH seldom interferes with the Court of his friend SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, feeling that SIR C. C. is perfectly competent to manage that tribunal without SIR P. P.'s aid; and having also a natural indisposition to advert to topics of an unedifying description. To the facts of a case which has just occurred before his friend, SIR P. P. intends to make no reference at all; but as the parties move in the same exalted circles with himself, it would not be *selon les regles* to ignore the matter altogether. Without proffering to the MARQUIS OF DECEMBER any undue condolence on the undesirable result of his union with MISS MAY, now relegated to her own sphere in society, SIR PUNCH PUNCH affectionately asks the Marquis why on earth, when he wanted to marry, he descended to earth, and wedded a child of the people? SIR P. P. hopes that he is not compelled to interpret this into a distrust of the worldly wisdom of LORD DECEMBER's own Order. Could the Marquis have imagined that he could not find in the Peerage the name of some lady, young, lovely, and pleasing as plebeian Miss MAY, and equally ready to become the MARCHIONESS OF DECEMBER? Could he think that because he was seventy-six, there was no aristocratic beauty of twenty, who would have devoted her spring of life to making him happy. SIR P. P. hopes—hopes that LORD DECEMBER was actuated in this matter by caprice only, and did not wed plebeian twenty from any idea that patrician twenty would remember his seventy-six, and forget his coronet. We affectionately conjure him to show that such a suspicion is unfounded, and to let it be known that he desires to marry again. Let him give his Order a turn this time, and SIR PUNCH PUNCH can assure him that he may at once order the orange blossoms, and that at least a dozen Dowagers are ready to advise—were advice needed—their lovely young charges to recollect that a Marchioness's coronet is not a thing to be lightly rejected, even if it be proffered by a shaky hand. Come, my Lord, let us soon read that "A marriage is on the tapis between the accomplished MARQUIS OF DECEMBER and the young and lovely daughter of the HONOURABLE MRS. EXCELSIOR CLAMBER." Do justice to the Dowagers.

SILENT SPIRIT-RAPPING.—MR. FORSTER the "Medium" has not yet, we believe, gratified any of his clients with spirit-music, but he gives them an equivalent in the spirit-writing on his arm, which they may, if they please, take for the "Devil's Tattoo."

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A BIT OF HOUSEHOLD STUFF.

2ND LIFE GUARDSMAN. "LOR, JEMIMER, WHY, WE'RE OUR OWN MASTERS, AND NEVER SHOW NO RESPECT TO NOBODY!"

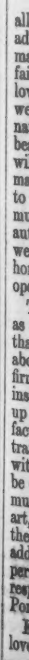
JEMIMER. "THEN I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN A DEAL OF BATTLES THAT MAKES YOU SO PROUD!"



OBERON AND TITANIA.

OBERON (MR. PRESIDENT LINCOLN). "I DO BUT BEG A LITTLE **NIGGER** BOY,
TO BE MY HENCHMAN."

TITANIA (MISS VIRGINIA). "SET YOUR HEART AT REST,
THE **NORTHERN** LAND BUYS NOT THE CHILD OF ME."



love

TALL DOIN'S.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

YANKEE DOODLE had a time,
When his load of taxes,
Was as a feather to the tom
That on British backs is.
Yankee Doodle didn't know
When his bread was buttered,
So, Stripe with Star, he went to war,
And paper-money uttered.
Yankee Doodle-do is done,
Yankee Doodle dandy;
Here's Mr. CHASE in bankrupt case,
And finds your dollars handy!

Quoth Yankee Doodle, "Guess I'm used
To live upon 'sensation'—
Darned if this war of mine shan't whip
All wars fit since creation.
I'll hev the biggest heaps o' men,
The biggest muffs of Kernels,
The biggest guns, and biggest runs,
And biggest lyin' journals.
Yankee Doodle, &c. !

"My victories shall the biggest be
Upon the rolls of glory;
My floggin's—when I own I'm flogged—
Shall whip all told in story.
What's done in the contractin' line,
In the Old World shall dwindle,
Before each hundred horse-power job
And catawampus swindle!
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"Though not yet clear which stump I'll take,
That stump shall be colossal,
Whether I'm Slavery's advocate,
Or Liberty's Apostle.

If I conclude to free the Blacks
By cash-emanicipation,
'Guess I'll run up the biggest bill
That e'er mocked liquidation!
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"For payin' out what's been ped in,
I guess it will be funny
If I don't make the biggest ducks
And drakes e'er made with money.
And last of all, I'll hev a debt
On the same scale gigantic,
To which mean Old World debts shall be
Slop-bowls to the Atlantic.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"And since to pay this monster debt
The taxes must be heavy;
I guess I'll raise the biggest lot,
A Guv'ment e'er did levy.
'Twill prove that mine's the biggest purse,
And beats the British holler—
And that of all the guv'ments known,
Mine has the biggest swaller.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"I guess I mean to tax myself
In every jot and tittle,
Of all I eat, and drink and wear,
And all I chew and whittle.
In flour and sperrits, ale and wine;
In oils and in tobacco;—
In paper, gas, salt, soap and skins,
And meal and malt and crackers.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"The leather that I walk upon—
The upper and the under—
The electric fluid in the wires,
(Guess I can't catch the thunder).
Each passenger that takes the cars,
Each 'bus that runs the tram-roads,

Advertisements and steamboats, too,
And guns,—locks, stocks and ramrods.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"There's not a billiard-ball shall spin,
But into Guv'ment's pockets,
No draughts or pill cure human ill
Without the Guv'ment dockets.
All carriages taxed—arts shall be,
Watches go tick for taxes;
And messages shall pay—both ends—
Who answers and who asks.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"No banker shall skin-plasters make,
No pedlar cheat the farmers,
No liquor-store shall sell its drams,
No theatre its drammers;
No rider spring round circus-ring,
No bowling-alley roll up,
But shall to Guv'ment needs help bring
The tottle of the whole up.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"And when they've piled the biggest pile
Of taxes ever heard on,
Upon our backs, we'll scornly ex,
'Is this what Guv'ment's skinned on?'
For if the load's the biggest load
Since taxes' first invention,
I guess this back's the biggest back
That History can mention!
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"Although in arts of war and peace
JOHN BULL is my inferior;
Till now in taxes and in debts
I've owned him my superior.
But now my taxes reach a pint
At which he stands dumfounded;
My debt, in one year's growth as big
As his in half a hunderd!
Yankee Doodle, &c."

THE DOOR OF FREEMASONRY BATTERED IN BY A LADY'S FAN.

THE Italian Freemasons have acted with a gallantry that should put all our Brothers in England to the blush. They have determined upon admitting ladies into their different lodges. There are now to be sister matrons, venerables, great mistresses, &c., &c. This is but right and fair. It is a well-known rule in all houses, as well as lodges, where love is supposed to prevail, that Brothers never conduct themselves so well as when they have their Sisters with them. Besides, is it not the natural and graceful sphere of woman to wear an apron? What beautiful patterns the darling dears will make to be sure! Freemasonry will indeed be an Order now that ladies will be present, always to maintain it. It will be their special duty to attend to the music, and to make the coffee, and to see that the gentlemen do not drink too much, for we have heard strange stories, founded on strong female authority, about Masons, who had undoubtedly taken several degrees of we will not say what, experiencing the greatest difficulty, on returning home rather late, in fitting the keyhole with the latchkey. They could open a lodge in less time than they could do their own door.

The gentlemen, too, will have to look to their ornaments, handsome as the latter unquestionably are, and to rub them up with greater pride than ever, for if there is one article that women care and understand about more than any other it decidedly is jewellery. What moving firmaments of glittering stars the lovely creatures will turn out on grand installation occasions. Not a Masonic spade then but what will turn up diamonds! Each lady's apron will be a walking jeweller's tray. In fact, it will become doubtlessly requisite to put some limit to this extravagance, for what Man and a Brother could possibly refuse to part with his hammer, or his compasses, or his cross, or his trowel, let them be ever so valuable, when the request was prettily prefaced with the musical inquiry, from the lips probably of a Grand Arch-Mistress of her art, of "Am I not a Woman and a Sister?" We beg to congratulate the Italian Freemasons upon beautifying their Lodges by having wisely added to them these beautiful chaste wings (angels' wings, as worshippers we will call them). Their classic walls will shine all the more resplendently for being surmounted by this animated series of "Lodge's Portraits," framed in the rarest Italian beauty.

For more reasons than one are we greatly delighted to hear of the lovely Signoras having beaten down these long-standing barriers of

selfish seclusion. First of all, because the example may be imitated in England. The time has gone by when gentlemen should continue to meet in secret, like a lot of tipping monks, or sour-minded conspirators. Another reason is, that now probably we shall very shortly learn the awful secret that has been so jealously guarded for hundreds of centuries. At all events, the admission of our sisters into the mystic ceremonies of Freemasonry will put boldly to the proof the old-disputed question as to whether Woman can really keep a secret? Even if this foul aspersion is only removed from the fair sex, it will be a great point gained by this new Masonic move, and it will be an additional ostrich-feather of triumph in the ladies' caps. Let us hope they will answer this challenge in the right sense—that is to say, by not making an answer to it at all.

"HAIL STAR OF NEW BRUNSWICK!"

It is said that the Colonies are capable of self-defence. We should like to know what defence one of the Colonies, namely, New Brunswick, will make to the following charge in the *Times* :—

"Among the articles sent to the International from this Colony is the best one which the PRINCE OF WALES slept during his visit."

This charge may be met in two ways. One is to deny point blank that the manly colonists of New Brunswick can be guilty of such miserable flunkeyism. The other is to urge that the colony is anxious to show that, though a long way from England, it knew what were the requirements of civilisation, and of a gentleman's bedroom. In that case, however, the New Brunswick Exhibition will be incomplete, as evidenced of advance, unless a further consignment be made, and the imperturbable Mr. SIDNEY WHITING be furnished with the following additional list of articles from New Brunswick :—

1. Flat candle and extinguisher, from the Prince's bed-room.
2. Ends of wax-candles from the Prince's mantelpiece.
3. The Prince's sponge bath.
4. The Prince's flesh brush.
5. The Prince's royal towels, smooth, rough, and Turkish.
6. The Prince's wash-stand.
7. Bottle of foot-water, filtered, same as tasted by the Prince.
8. Picture from the Prince's bed-room.
9. The Prince's looking-glass. Ladies to be charged 5s. for use of it.
10. Large tin in which hot-water was brought for the Prince's footbath.
11. Small basin with dipper for Prince's shaving.
12. Shaving paper, partially used by the Prince.

A MATTER OF ABSORBING INTEREST.



WITH his many graver duties while Parliament is sitting, it is but seldom *Mr. Punch* can spare a half-hour for indulgence in such light and pleasant reading as the articles contributed to scientific magazines. The other day, however, *Mr. Punch* did just find time to skim a page or two describing a novel apparatus, the use whereof is briefly summed up in these words:—

"The Absorbometer is intended to determine the volumes of liquid absorbed during successive intervals of time, and to find the rate at which liquids are transmitted through the pores of different absorbents."

Having naturally the cause of science much at heart, and taking a deep interest in all scientific instruments, *Mr. Punch* has recently been making some experiments with the view of testing practically the powers of the Absorbometer, and ascertaining how far it is likely to prove

useful to the scientific world. Among many highly interesting facts he has elicited, *Mr. Punch* may mention, that he gave the other day a little dinner down at Greenwich, and the amount of liquid which was found to be absorbed was discovered to be nearly three bottlesful per man. The rate at which the liquids were absorbed in this experiment was found to vary very much with the various absorbents, as well as with the liquids that were variously tried. For instance, port-wine was absorbed much more slowly than champagne; and to show at what pace liquids are "transmitted through the pores," it may briefly here be stated that, while one of the absorbents took his claret in small sips, another of them actually transmitted down his throat a dozen glassesful in twelve pours.

While treating of absorption, *Mr. Punch* would fain suggest to his scientific friends that they would do the social state considerable service, were they to succeed in perfecting an instrument by which absorbents might beforehand determine their capacity, on occasions such as wedding breakfasts and the like, when their powers of absorption will be called into full play. Far too frequently it happens, that for want of some such knowledge, absorbents take more liquor than they well can carry, and their proper equilibrium thereby is disturbed. At present it is only by experience that such knowledge is arrived at, and this experience is usually expensive to obtain. Were absorbents, by some clever scientific apparatus, to be made aware precisely how much liquid they could take without being upset by it, what a number of bad headaches would the social world be saved, and how many a good bottle would happily remain to be absorbed another day, when more appreciation might be given to its merits, and its absorption could no longer be deemed a waste of wine.

RAILWAY RAILLERY.

How prone are people to defame! What a mistake it is to call our Railway Companies grasping and ungenerous! Here have some of our contemporaries been censuring the conduct of those who have the management of lines North of the Thames, so different to those of the South, in resolving not to run excursion-trains in May, whereby people might be tempted to come and pay an early visit to the World's Exhibition. This, say the writers, clearly shows how the Railways strive to fleece the unprotected public, and how powerless are the latter to prevent such base extortion. It is very fine to sing that "Britons never will be Slaves," but the truth is that we all of us are kept under the thumb of a monstrous Railway tyranny, which having the monopoly of popular conveyance now does just exactly what it chooses with its slaves, the British people. Everybody knows that everybody out of it will have to come to London to see the Exhibition, and unless they "come early," as the showman used to say, the chances are there hardly will be room to hold them; and so these greedy grasping Railways mean to keep up their full fares, because they know full well that the public must submit to them.

This is what has been alleged by a few unthinking people; but we need hardly contradict a statement so preposterous. Of course, to any one who thinks at all about the matter, it is quite obvious that the Railways have no such end in view. They will so largely benefit by the Exhibition, and by the increase of trade which it most probably will cause, that they

of course will do their utmost to make it a success, and will carefully avoid whatever may seem hurtful to it. Now as nothing can advantage it so much as cheap Excursion trains, so nought can do it injury so surely as withholding them; and the railway men would simply be cutting their own throats were they to refuse cheap journeys to the public. This the Railway Boards are not so wooden as to do; and we therefore view their so-called "resolution" as a joke, which, as it came out first in March, was published rather prematurely, since by rights it should have reached us on the First of April.

CLOSE, THE POET,

ANTIANTHROPOPHAGUS.

AND so you deemed that I was dead,
My haughty masters all;
Nor thought my fame should still be spread
O'er this terrestrial ball.

Indeed, my Proud, but no such luck,
I mean such luck for you:
Again the Poet's harp is struck,
And you shall hear it too.

I sing not now of base ARGYLL,
Or baser GEORGY GREY,
Who kept my books with fraud and guile,
And yet would never pay.

Dishonest rogues I hold they are,
Unworthy of my Muse,
To take a Poet's precious ware,
And payment to refuse.

But to a nobler theme I turn,
And meditate to sing
The lofty thoughts with which I burn,
Concerning of a KING.

THE KING OF BONNY is my Sire,
His Laureate I was made,
But now I feel I must retire
From that respected trade.

For if the papers don't with jokes
Seek readers to enmesh,
He has been killing several folks,
And eating of their flesh.

This is not conduct for a Chief,
Who should behave as such,
When veal and mutton, pork and beef,
Are all within his clutch.

And though I was a butcher bold,
I never was the pal
Of one who fellow creatures sold;
In fact, a Cannibal.

So KING OF BONNY, in your den,
'Tis fit that you should know it,
While you go on an eating men
I cannot be your poet.

But if hereafter you repent
And put away that meal,
Why then I likewise will relent
And list to your appeal.

Meantime, although a cannibal,
I think you are not worse
Than those vile tyrants of Pall Mall
Who robbed the Poet's Purse.

A Quibble.

MR. COX, M.P., is to his honour as much deluged as anybody else at the liberality of MR. PEABODY, but wants to know whether a gift for the "amelioration" of the condition of the poet means a meal or ration. The distinction savours of attorney subtlety.



HOST (Officer 88th Middlesex—Artist). "I see here the West Middlesex have offered a 'Turner' to be shot for, open to all Comers."

GUESTS (38th, too). "Oh! Nonsense!—How big?—Whose was it?—Oil or Water Colour?—Print, I suppose.—What's the subject?—When?—Where?" &c., &c., &c.

HOST. "Stop, don't be in a hurry—it's a 'Turner' Rifle!"

[Excitement subsides.]

FRENCH AND ENGLISH GENERALSHIP.

WHEN, conducting any military operation, an English and French general act in concert, the latter generally gets the credit of having played first fiddle, and his division of the band is generally reputed to have taken the lead of the other. Whether fact in this respect is always in strict accordance with fame, may be doubted by some of our countrymen, of course from prejudice, but prejudice excusable when founded on a statement such as the following, made by the correspondent of the *Morning Post* at Paris, relative to GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT, who has lately passed through that city on his way to India, and GENERAL (now COUNT) MONTAUBAN, who co-operated with him in the Chinese expedition:—

"It appears that GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT proposed, with the forces under his command, to attack the strong forts with his Armstrong guns, and then storm them. The French general strongly objected, and even in the presence of the staff wrote a protest against GENERAL SIR HOPE GRANT's plans of operation. The English commander simply put the protest in his pocket, carried out his plans, and fully accomplished all he intended. GENERAL MONTAUBAN, after the success of the attack, wished to have his protest returned, but SIR HOPE GRANT refused to do so. The English General complained of no mention having been made in the official despatches of the fact of the British Sikh cavalry having saved the French army when surrounded by hordes of Chinese, which force, accompanied by a couple of troops of English cavalry, cut through the mass of Chinese, and delivered their French brothers in arms."

If the above account could be trusted, we should be obliged to believe that it is not always our troops that are saved from being cut to pieces by our gallant allies, but sometimes *vice versa*. We might also be inclined to lend an ear to the whisper which has asserted that Sebastopol would have fallen long before it did if LORD RAGLAN's counsels had prevailed.

GENERAL MONTAUBAN, doubtless, distinguished himself at the Summer Palace; witness the glittering trophies which he bore away from the sack of that stronghold, and which he gave away so generously that it might have been said that fortune, in throwing diamonds in his way, made a mistake equivalent to that of casting pearls before swine. Not so. On the contrary, if the General, having been made a

Count, shall, after all, obtain his dotation, there will be good reason for the observation that GENERAL COUNT MONTAUBAN has really driven his pigs to a very pretty market.

FRENCH FOREIGN WINE.

SPEAKING in the French Legislative Chamber on the condition of the manufacturers of France, M. BAROCHE, as reported in the *Moniteur*, after stating that, in 1861, there was a very large quantity of foreign wine imported into France, observed:—

"These foreign imports are demanded in France for a reason I would rather not say, and I hope you will excuse my silence. (*Adhesion.*)"

Why this reticence on the part of M. BAROCHE; reticence of which the prudence appears to have been acknowledged by the "adhesion" of his audience? Was its cause the modesty of the Imperial Minister? Is it true that France, inspired with a generous idea, sends us all her own wine, the best in the world, and contents herself with a cheaper, if not an inferior beverage, imported from other wine-growing countries? Certain Hungarian wines are advertised here in London at from 18s. to 21s. or 22s. a-dozen, and some of these wines are said by competent judges to be indistinguishable from choice Burgundy. Perhaps they are good enough for our frugal neighbours. Perhaps they form a considerable proportion of the large quantity of foreign wine imported into France. Of course they constitute no part of the wine exported from France to England as French produce. If they did, they would indeed be demanded in France for a reason which we can quite understand. M. BAROCHE had rather not state. The Chambers, too, would naturally applaud him for drawing the veil over an operation which in our parlance, and their pronunciation, they would call von leetle beet of ombo. It would be worth while, however, to ascertain the quality of the foreign imports of wine which are demanded in France. If we are to have any of our Claret and Burgundy from Hungary, we may as well get it from Hungary direct, at Hungarian prices.

ALLIES OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.



THE attention of gentlemen imagining themselves to be Conservatives, is earnestly invited to the annexed extract from the *Tablet* newspaper, the organ, most of those gentlemen may need to be informed, of political ultramontane Popery:—

"We congratulate our readers on another defeat of the Whig Ministry. Mr. MORRITT is now Member for the North Riding."

For some time past a question very generally asked by persons of no particular party in politics other than the party of reason, justice and order, has been, What it is that those politicians who peculiarly affect the name of Conservatives wish to conserve? Because the supporters of the present Government are as anxious as anybody can be to conserve constitutional monarchy and all the rest of our venerable institutions.

The answer to the above question may be inferred from the congratulation which the papistical *Tablet* offers its readers on the strength of Mr. MORRITT's return for the North Riding. The return of Mr. MORRITT for the North Riding is, for the *Tablet* and its faction, the same auspicious event as the return of MAJOR O'REILLY for Longford. Mr. MORRITT goes into Parliament as an auxiliary to the Irish Brigade. What, therefore, a Conservative, self-styled, has now to conserve, is the temporal power of the Pope, and the brigandage maintained at Rome in the interest of the EX-KING OF NAPLES. These are the institutions which are almost nightly advocated in the House of Lords by the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY,

backed by the EARL OF DERBY. These are the objects which Conservatives promote in returning Members who will oppose LORD PALMERSTON's Government in the Commons. It is well that Conservative electors should be aware of this, because many of them may imagine that, in voting for a Derbyite, they are contributing to the support of the Altar and the Throne. So they are; but the altar is not the British Communion-table, nor is the throne that of Her Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA. The altar which they help to maintain is the altar of the Romish meeting-house, and the throne is the seat of the POPE. Perhaps they would rather not assist in conserving these institutions if they knew it, and accordingly will in future think twice before voting for a candidate whose return will cause the *Tablet* to congratulate its readers.

A Question of Account.

Two Deputies were disputing about the merits of the COUNT DE MORRY. The Opposition Deputy was maintaining that he was destitute of ability, and further, was complaining that, as President, he was not accountable to any one. "Excuse me, Sir," said the Government Deputy, "I must contradict you on both points, for there is no denying that DE MORRY is unquestionably and in every sense a man of a (c)-Countability."

A JOKE BY A SCOTCHMAN!

A SCOTTISH friend of ours, whose sympathies are with the Southerners, on hearing how the *Merrimac* had fought and crushed the *Congress* and the *Oregon*, exclaimed: "Eh, Sirs! after sic a victory how they wad mak' merry on board the *Merrimac*!"

A HIT AT EXETER HALL.

THE Concerts given by the Sacred Harmonic Society are without exception very praiseworthy performances, and Mr. *Punch* feels always pleasure in lending them his ears. To hear good music well performed is as refining to the mind as it is pleasant to the sense; and two hours once a fortnight cannot well be better spent than in hearing the *Elijah*, *Israel*, or *Salut Mater*. Were Mr. *Punch* inclined to criticise, which he happily is not, he might perhaps complain that the band at Exeter Hall is apt to overwhelm the chorus, and that the organ would sound better if it were less loudly voiced. It appears to Mr. *Punch* that what is written for "accompaniment" should not be brought into such prominence as to give one the idea that the singers are intended to be kept in the back-ground, and the less that they are heard by the audience the better. In a chorus the voice-parts should surely be most audible; and the Exeter Hall Concerts would be certainly improved, were the choristers more numerous, and the orchestra reduced. Despite defects, however, there is plenty of inducement for a father of a family to improve his daughters' minds at this Harmonic Hall, where MENDELSSOHN and HAYDN may be listened to with profit, and where HANDEL is so often turned to good account.

But the more tempting are the Concerts which are held at Exeter Hall, the more troublesome will it be found for families to get away from them. If MR. PATER be a gentleman, and not so selfish as to cause annoyance to his neighbours by stumping out while the music is proceeding, the chances are that he will waste some five and twenty precious minutes in squeezing through the narrow labyrinths by which he has to make his exit. First a push along a passage, then a crush round a sharp corner with six elbows in his ribs, then a header down a staircase, which seems about as steep as the outside of the Monument, and where he feels he would fall headlong if he were not so wedged in, then a blockade in a corridor where he can hardly breathe, and, to complete his torture, a *mauvais quart d'heure* spent in standing near a draughty doorway, and in telegraphing to his footman, if he have one, or to some Jack-in-waiting to hail a passing cab. Thanks to its clever architect, a man who goes to Exeter Hall can scarce more easily get out of it than could STERNA's starling from its cage. "Sound an Alarm" of fire on any crowded night (and the Sacred Harmonic Concerts are invariably crowded), and it were terrible to calculate the loss of life that might be caused by it. In such event, were Mr. *Punch* upon the jury, his verdict would be, manslaughter against the men who

own the building, and who by spending a few pounds might soon make proper vents to it. If it should happen, by some accident, that at one of the May Meetings a Bishop should be crushed, doubtless steps would then be taken to throw open extra staircases, and to facilitate the public in their egress from the place.

As the Sacred Harmonic is of all Societies the one that most uses the Hall, and best pays those who have the letting of it, a word from this Society would surely have great weight with the holders of the building, who are in reality the persons to be blamed. Mr. *Punch* would therefore call upon this able lunged Society to raise its voice against the way in which its patrons are accommodated; and to avert that wholesale slaughter of the music-loving world which a cry of Fire! might any night occasion at its Concerts, and which Mr. *Punch* himself feels somewhat anxious to escape. Meanwhile, although he loves good music much, he loves his *Judy* more; and Mr. *Punch* will certainly not risk her precious life more often than she really obliges him to do, by taking her to Concerts which he can't get her away from without the chance of fractured Crinoline, if not of broken bones.

HOMAGE TO GENIUS.

THE *London Review* has a capital article on the "Periodical Press in Italy," from which, with the generous view of rewarding talent, we make the following extract:—

"We have frequent sallies of good genuine humour in some of the rustic papers, especially the *Fucchetto* and *Pasquino*, both of Turin, two papers which easily leave the *Charivari*, the *Kladderadatsch*, and other periodicals in the same style far behind, and often attain the excellence of Mr. *Punch*, in the happiest moments of that veritable genius."

There, you might read the *Saturday Review* every day of your life, and never find in its columns, and they are not always destitute of word, anything so wisely discriminating, so respectfully appreciative, or so fearlessly just as the above. "Veritable Genius!" On our word, the truth has had such an effect upon us, that nothing less than a dinner at "The Clarendon" will satisfy us. To-day we will have the best of everything. Would that we could secure the society of the Editor of the *London Review*, so that we might, also, enjoy the best of good company. "Veritable Genius" as we are, we will guarantee he is in every intellectual and prandial respect worthy to join us in a good *tête-à-tête* dinner.



"TOUCHING."

BOOTMAKER (affected to tears). "Then you haven't heard o' the demise o' 'is S'rene 'Ighness (sob) Count Pummelwitz, Sir;—very old customer o' ours, Sir—and when y'vve (sniff) made a Nobleman's Boots so many years, you feel re'lly like one o' the Family!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 31st. Monday. MR. SMITH that was, LORD LYVEDEN that is, Mr. Punch dislikes small suspicions and unworthy suggestions. If a person deserves to be trusted, trust him; if he does not, cut the connection. It seems that by reason of an informality the legislative acts of South Australia are of doubtful validity, and the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE introduces a Bill to remove the doubt. SMITH that was, LYVEDEN that is, hinted that the error might be a studied design on the part of the colonists to frustrate the purpose of the Home Legislature. The Duke at once smashed him by stating that the error was one made not by the colonists but by the Governor, and that it was detected and pointed out by a colonial lawyer. We imagine that SMITH that was, LYVEDEN that is, must be sorry he spoke.

LORD PALMERSTON refused to give any papers about the persecution of Protestants in Spain, because there were no such papers. Our representative at Madrid was simply charged to lose no opportunity of hinting in a civil manner that the Spaniards ought to be ashamed of themselves. We have no idea what may be PAM's estimate of the number of social epigrams likely to be required before the unfortunate Protestants can be reparteed out of prison, but if he really thinks that such weapons will do, he is at liberty to put the Ambassador into communication with one of our young men, who will turn on wit until the prison-doors fly open. But more men have been joked into gaol than out of it.

Then came on an interesting and important discussion. SIR FREDERICK SMITH called attention to the fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, American vessels, and demanded to know whether our Government were learning a lesson upon the subject of invulnerable ships. SIR G. C. LEWIS made a reply. It is not often that Mr. Punch has the pleasure of agreeing with MR. BRIGHT upon Military and Naval questions, but that gentleman's observations upon the fight and the speech of the War Minister were most proper. He said that the man must be particularly stupid who did not see the importance of the incident in the war, and that the speech of SIR G. C. LEWIS was most unsatisfactory. SIR GEORGE thought that on the strength of a few days' experience the Government ought not to rush into costly experiments. But less than a few days has sufficed to arrive at the certain knowledge that (in smooth water) an iron clad ship can demolish a whole fleet of wooden ships as easily as Mr. Punch demolishes any enemies that may be unhappy enough to come in the way of his waked wrath. An inch

LINES ON THE LUNACY BILL.

LEARNED writers mind disease on
Say that all mankind are mad.
If most men were ruled by reason,
How were soldiers to be had?
How would sailors be persuaded,
Then, to join a gallant crew
Destined to be cannonaded,
Shelled, and smashed, and cut in two?

Who, if he could earn a navvie's
Pay, would go where glory calls,
And submit himself to have his
Legs knocked off by cannon-balls?
Glory? Worth how mere a button
To the greatest Captain, shot!
Nought to him that, dead as mutton,
Is, when gone, as soon forgot.

Worldliness, in every quarter,
And the love of self, abound
But for madness, scarce a martyr
To his country would be found.
What self-sacrifice, without it,
Should we thinking few obtain?
Fortunate for us, no doubt, it
Is that others are insane.

Advice Freely Given on all Occasions.

THE COMTE DE MORNY bullies, scolds and lectures the Legislative Body in fine style. His real distinctive title should be "*Le MORNÉ-teur de la France*." This would happily corroborate what M. JULES-FAVRE said about there being but one journalist in France, and that was the EMPEROR. Well, let us complete the sentence by saying, "There is but one Journalist in France, and *Le MORNÉ-teur* is his Organ."

is as good as a mile for a home-thrust, as the *Antiquary* observes. If SIR GEORGE LEWIS is going to play the Old Fogey, and resist all improvements, the sooner he retires to some sequestered spot, and studies his Greek authors without interruption by public affairs the better. Meantime we beg to remind the learned man, that neither the Pyrrhic phalanx nor Greek fire was invented by parties who declined to advance with the military spirit of the time. Will that consideration move him—or must we move him?

Afterwards, on Estimates, MR. COWPER recorded the solemn promise that though the Trafalgar Square Fountains are now eye-sores, they shall, in May, be something "of which every Englishman will be proud." This splendid undertaking quite took away the breath of the Committee. What in earth, or in water, is COWPER going to do to the squirts? We are afraid to guess, and must wait till May for leave to be proud. The Copyright in Works of Art Bill passed the same evening, so nobody will be able to pirate COWPER's ideas of the Beautiful, be they what they may.

Tuesday. Some Tipperary jurors want to know the character of the water of the Shannon. Like Irishmen, they ask LORD CLANRICARDE to ask the Lords to ask the question. Why don't they take a header, and find out for themselves?

A debate on the Civil Service Examinations brought up the usual nonsense about questions being asked which nobody could answer off hand. LORD STANLEY ridiculed the objections with considerable success. We should not care to spend a week with the gentlemen who brought forward some of the examination questions as problems too deep for human solution. We should have incontinently discharged our office-boy if he had not, on our ringing the bell and reading the list to him, expressed the most profound contempt for, blended with a desire to punch the head of, any Muff, as he succinctly put it, who could not analyse the character of *Hamlet* and state who wrote the Polyolbion.

Ever since Drury Lane Theatre was burned, the SHERIDANS have been so fidgety about fire that they will hardly sit down in the room with a person who happens to have a Rufus head. To-night one of them made an attack upon the duty on Fire Insurance, and though LORD PALMERSTON pleaded that some taxes must be paid, and MR. GLADSTONE angrily begged that the Budget might be waited for, MR. SHERIDAN pressed his point, and beat the Ministers by 127 to 116.

MR. E. P. BOUVERIE was never considered the wisest man in the world, and a much smarter person than himself called him in the

House of Commons, a Prig. But we thought that the honourable party had some brains, after all. What will be said when we relate that this BOUVERIE actually asked the House to provide a compendious record of Parliamentary proceedings—a sort of Handy Book to the debates!!! The House was too much phlabberghasted to meet the proposition in the way it deserved, and indeed was actually stunned into allowing BOUVERIE to have a select Committee on the subject—so much for sudden audacity. The next morning PAM sent a special messenger with an apology to *Mr. Punch*, but we declined to receive either “him or that.” BOUVERIE will next be moving that there ought to be a luminary in the heavens to give light to the earth and the other planets. Will the Secretary to the Asylum for Idiots inform us whether there is a vacancy at Earlswood?

Wednesday. An uninteresting sitting, noticeable only because the Trustees of SIR JOHN SOANE'S Museum thought it necessary to express, through MR. TITE, the eminent architect, their reluctance to assent to the Bill enabling them to exhibit their Hogarths, which nevertheless they wish to send to the International. We have almost forgotten what else they have got in that queer house of theirs, but must overhaul the place. If there is really anything worth having, they had better send it in to the British Museum, as there will be room for it now that the beasts are to walk.

Thursday. His Grace of SOMERSET made a more satisfactory speech than that of SIR GEORGE LEWIS upon the Iron Ship Question. He stated that we had four iron war-vessels which would be ready in August, that six more were being prepared, various improvements being adopted in them, the Cupola included,—that Government were fully aware of the importance of the subject, and that we need not be alarmed, for that we had many vessels that could be converted into iron-plate ships at very short notice. This statement, though by no means all that could be desired, was far more to the purpose than the speech of the War Secretary, and so the EARL OF MALMESBURY apprised the Duke.

To an inquiry, what had become of the Monument to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, MR. COWPER replied that in 1858 a gentleman was desired to make a model for one, and it was supposed that he is educating himself for the purpose. People are unreasonable, do they expect to hear anything of the Wellington Monument yet awhile? Why, LORD NELSON was killed in 1805, and his Monument is not yet finished, nor likely to be.

Then came the Budget for 1862.

Its features are mild, not to say inexpressive, and when MR. GLADSTONE, after talking pleasantly through three columns, came to the statement that the probable revenue for next year would be £70,190,000, against an expenditure of £70,040,000, the Commons began, as he said, to Buzz. As the *Book of Nonsense* has it:—

“There was a great person called G,
He was bored by the rude H. of C.
When folks said, “Does it buzz?”
He replied, “Yes, it does,
And its meaning’s a riddle to me.”

However, he explained several things to the buzzers—

First. There are to be no new Taxes at present.

Secondly. Our financial condition is healthy.

Thirdly. French commerce is approaching what Nature and that greatest of peace ministers, Mr. Pitt, intended it should be.

Fourthly. We must alter the wine duties a little, making two classes instead of four. (N.B. No fear lest the purchaser should benefit by this. P.)

Fifthly. There can be no remission of taxes now.

Sixthly. Yet the duty on playing cards must be reduced from one shilling to threepence, because the present duty is evaded.

Seventhly. We can lay on a Scottish probate duty.

Eighthly. We can lay on an eighth per cent. on public loans.

Ninthly. We can grant little licences to sell drink at Fairs.

Tenthly. We must uphold the Spirit duties.

Eleventhly. We will transfer the Hop duties—the Grower shall not pay them, and the Brewer shall.

Twelfthly. Everybody who brews (unless his rent is under £20) must take out a Licence, price twelve and sixpence.

Thirteenthly. Our National expenditure is not increasing, but diminishing.

Fourteenthly. But if you want reduction in taxation, you must Economise.

MR. GLADSTONE took three hours to expound these things unto the Buzzers, and had small opportunity for making an elegant speech. We regret to say that he quoted Latin twice only, and that his quotations were so easy that Mr. Cox himself must have understood one, *Aut Caesar*, if not the other, *Cantabit vacuus*. But the speech was very well received, the CHANCELLOR was complimented, and the Wine resolution was passed.

Altogether, talking of a Cat is out of the question. This is the very tiniest kitten that we ever saw emitted from a bag by a Chancellor of

the Exchequer. In fact, the production of the Budget this year might almost have been dispensed with, but that, as MISS CAROLINA WILHELMINA AMELIA SKEGGS remarks, “There is a Form in these things, Madam, there is a Form.” *Mr. Punch.* “Fudge!”

A little artistico-historico-economical debate that followed was much more amusing. CROMWELL'S claims to a statue in the New Houses were urged with some spirit, MR. WHALLEY came out with some ultra-Protestantism against the fresco of the baptism of the Saxon King by S. AUGUSTINE, declaring that we were Protestants in England (and, if we heard the Hon. Member right, had the Common Prayerbook and Church-rates) five hundred years before AUGUSTINE. SIR M. W. RIDLEY complained that the statues of FOX and GRATTAN “pointed no moral and adorned no tale,” which was uncandid, because a tail adorns the reverse of each statue. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON very properly demanded that the place in the Victoria Tower for the reception of Records should be fireproof, and after a good deal more rather pleasant chit-chat of the kind, even COX ventured to rise and say something—but the House was instantly and successfully Counted Out at 2:15.

Friday. After one of LORD NORMANBY'S little Acts of Accusation against the Government of the KING OF ITALY had been rather loftily disposed of by EARL RUSSELL, who seemed to-night in no temper to be tolerant of nonsense, the same Earl stated in answer to LORD KINKAID, that there were two versions of the case of M. ZAMOTSKI, one to the effect that he had been flogged to pieces, the other to the reverse purport. As he did not know which to believe, he preferred to give credit to the less painful story—which may be regarded as a prudential and convenient course, and which has, moreover, the merit of being opposed to the usual practice of society when anything disagreeable is narrated.

MR. LAYARD explained that England did not intend to interfere with the internal affairs of Mexico, and that as our men had done all that they were sent to do, they had been withdrawn, with a small exception. He did not say whether the prospects of the Austrian Prince, who wishes to be MAXIMILIAN of Mexico, were improving—the impression seems to be rather the other way.

We suppose that the reference to the Wellington Monument reminded ADMIRAL WALCOTT that there had been such a person as NELSON, and prompted a question to MR. COWPER. The latter responded that SIR EDWIN LANDSEER undertook the Lions in 1858, and was still attending, very regularly, at the Zoological Gardens, to see what lions are like.

MR. DENMAN made an able speech in favour of Poland, and LORD PALMERSTON replied that Poland had much to complain of, but had better wait.

Government have been fairly waked up at last, upon the subject of the ships, and a rumour that got about, we have no idea how, that *Mr. Punch* intended to make a demonstration upon the subject in the shape of a marvellous cartoon representing Jack in Iron, finally decided the Premier's course. SIR GEORGE LEWIS was invited to hold his tongue, and BERNAL OSBORNE was invited to come out strong upon the question. Then, PAM, choosing the right moment, as he always does, rose and declared that Government were intensely alive to the importance of the subject, that CAPTAIN COWPER COLES'S Cupola was a capital contrivance, that the Forts should be suspended, and the Floating Defences should be taken in hand. This was as much as could be expected, but MR. BENTINCK wanted a little more, and was told by 74 to 13 that when you have killed your hare with one barrel, there is no need to fire the other barrel into her. So, on the whole, *Mr. Punch* thinks himself justified in closing the chronicle of the present week with the remark, Hooray!

CRINOLINE ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

WE'VE mail-clad vessels; iron grates
Our ladies' robes conceal;
Our ships' sides fenced with armour-plates;
Our girls' with ribs of steel.
Steel ribs will safe from capture make,
HER MAJESTY'S marine,
And whom do you expect to take
A wife in Crinoline?

A Profitable Transaction.

ACCORDING to MR. HUBBARD, out of the sum total constituting the new Turkish loan, which has been so eagerly subscribed to in this country, only 60 per cent., after deductions for interest and commission, will “be applicable in Turkey.” For £3,000,000, therefore, it follows that the Turkish Government will only get some £2,800,000. Our big bill discounters, amongst them, thus sack 40 per cent. Will it not be truly said that the Mahometans have fallen into the hands of the Jews? On the Stock Exchange, however, it may be remarked, that we have rather turned Turks, because we have received a profit from the Mussulmans.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE FINE ARTS.

HIS EFFULGENCY
THE PRESIDENT OF
ENGLAND DISPOSING OF
THE OLD CROWN.

1868



HAT distinguished connoisseur and zealous patron of the Arts, JOHN BRIGHT, ESQUIRE, M.P., has felt so naturally anxious that his favourite country (we mean, of course, America) should be fitly represented at the coming International Exhibition, that we hear, he has commissioned the first artists in New York to paint for him a series of historical pictures, which he trusts to get admitted to the gallery at Kensington, before he finally receives them to decorate his own. The subjects he has chosen have mostly been selected with the view of pointing out the decadence of England, and her marked inferiority in standing to the States. From a whisper which has reached us we are privileged to state, that the following are some of the historical events which it has been his wish to see pictorially treated:—

The Quaker's Dream. Grand historical cartoon, representing the election of JOHN BRIGHT as the perpetual president of Great Britain, consequent on the annihilation of the Throne and House of Lords. (Note. The artist will be pleased to represent J. B. in a fine heroic attitude, with a smile upon his face, and pointing to the Crown with a gesture of contempt, after the manner of O. CROMWELL saying, "Take away that bauble!")

Battle of Bunker's Hill. Total defeat and utter rout of the entire British Army by a handful of Americans led by GENERAL WASHINGTON. Cowardly flight of SIR JOHN BUNGEYNE, leaving all his guns and wounded on the field.

Sea-piece showing the famed action of the Shannon and the Chesapeake: wherein the former, a gigantic British frigate of sixty-seven guns was captured by the latter, a little Yankee cutter, carrying three six-pounders and less than fifty men. (Vide HOOKEY WALKER'S *Naval History of the War.*)

Sinking of the Royal George: scuttled by a brave American to avenge his country's wrongs.

A Series of Marine Views, representing the stories (as told to the Marines) of the sinking or surrender of several huge English frigates, which were in reality line-of-battle-ships disguised, when encountered by as many small American corvettes.

Dastardly retreat of General Wolfe after his attempted storming of Quebec. (Vide GENERAL BUNKUM'S "American Campaigns.")

The Glorious Signing of the famous Declaration of Independence (from a sketch by an eyewitness, who was present as reporter for the *New York Penny Tomahawk*). Grand historical picture of England's humiliation and America's emancipation from the British tyrant's thrall.

French Landscape: with a view of the Column at Boulogne, erected to commemorate the invasion of England by the French (helped by the Yankees) in 1805. (Note by MR. BRIGHT. English writers have declared that the invasion, though intended, never actually took place. That is no business of the artist. There stands the Column, whatever be the fact.)

Picture showing the Printing of the first Penny Newspaper: invented by America to civilise the Universe; with a view in the background of some few of the many million comforts and advantages which society has gained from this inestimable blessing.

The Breaking of the Duke of Wellington's Windows, by a few of the free citizens who were sent over by the States to assist the British people in their struggle for Reform. (Note by MR. BRIGHT. The artist will have the goodness to depict the Iron Duke half-fainting with sheer fright, and the patriots throwing stones at him are to be dressed in evening costume, with camellias in their button-holes and opera-glasses in left-hand.)

The "Wooden-Nutmeg Merchant" and the "*Gross of Green Spectacles*:" a pair of pictures showing the superior acuteness of Americans in mercantile transactions.—N.B. See HIRAM CHOUSELEY's notes to the (pirated) *New York edition of the Vicar of Wakefield*, as to the proofs that the pedlar who cheated *Moses* was a Yankee.

Portrait of a Pennsylvanian, taken in the noble act of bravely repudiating his bond.

"The 'Cute Coon and the Cogged Dice';" a Scene from real Yankee life: by an American Pre-Raphaelite.

A Series of Pictures, showing the invention of some of the most useful things the world has ever seen; such, for instance, as the steam-engine, the printing-press and the electric telegraph; all of which, it is well known, were invented by Americans.

Heroic Rising of the Chartist Patriots in 1848. Flight of Special Constables before a handful of brave Rowdies who had been sent over by the States, for the purpose of establishing a Great British Republic.

Defeat of the Great English Giant Pugilist Tom Sayers by little Heenan the Hittite, the champion of Yankee feather-weights.

Sinking of the whole British fleet by the American Armada, A.D. 1866. (A view of the future, taken by an artist who paints in clairvoyance).

Gallant Action between the Federal Corvette San Jacinto, 25 guns, Captain Wilkes, and the British iron-plated line of Battle Steamship Trent, carrying 111 Armstrong guns. Shameful surrender of the English three-decker.

Invasion of England by the Re-united States. (A prospective picture, for which the artist is expected to draw on his imagination: the scene and date of the event not being yet precisely fixed.—J. B.)

APRIL FOOLS.

THE rites and ways of ancient days
Shift with time's ceaseless flow;
Old almanacs are no more true
Than history, we know.
But two Spring fashions hold their ground,
Though change all-else may rule—
Still March doth snare her frantic hare,
And April boasts her fool.

The spring-life's stirred in beast and bird,
Buds burst their barked sermons,
Nor only trees, but nations boast,
The freshness of their greens.
From either Pole, to where her waves
Our own BRITANNIA rules,
I look around and see the ground
Alive with April fools.

France gapes to see her EMPEROR
With Freedom's cornice crown
His new Bastille which has replaced
The old one she pulled down.
Figs upon thistles, grapes on thorns,
Seeks, at his bidding cool—
Upon such sleeveless errand sent,
What's France but April fool?

Italy, still the battledore
Of Guelph and Ghib'line hands,
Betwixt an Emperor and Pope,
Perplexed and panting stands.
Of her that trusts to BRENNUS's sword,
Or leans on PETER's stool,
'Tis hard to say which Italy
Is greater April fool.

Grave Germany, 'twixt pot and pipe,
Book-led and KANT-o'-errun,
Pores-o'er the problem, still unripe,
How to make many one.
Professor while in Prince she'd find,
Or sovereigns in her schools,
There's Germany, bemused and blind,
Greatest of April fools.

Turkey,—where diplomatic snips
With new cloth patch the old,
Beneath the Great Powers' smiles and frowns
Alternate hot and cold,—
While Franks and Moslem in she trusts
With even hand to rule,
And hopes by loans to shake off debt—
Is sure an April fool.

And thou with Bunkum swoll'n and fired,
Oh, JONATHAN, my son!
Spending thy million-a-day,
Half frenzied, half in fun:
Union who seek'st in civil war,
Freedom in Slavery's school,
What, oh my JONATHAN, art thou,
If not an April fool?

And lastly, Mother England, thou
That sav'st wax-ends and chips,
While spending thirty millions clear
In soldiers and in ships;
If hoping to see Income-Tax
(Neatest of taxing-tools!)
Hung idly up on Treasury walls,
Thou'rt worst of April fools!



THE NEW SCHOOL.

Uncle (who is rather proud of his Cellar). "NOW GEORGE, MY BOY, THERE'S A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE FOR YOU—DON'T GET SUCH STUFF AT SCHOOL, EH? EH? EH?"

George. "H'M—AWFULLY SWEET! VERY GOOD SORT FOR LADIES—BUT I'VE ARRIVED AT A TIME OF LIFE, WHEN I CONFESS I LIKE MY WINE DRY!" (Sensation).

IRON-CLAD JACK.

A SEA-SONG OF THE FUTURE.

Go, patter to soldiers and swabs not at sea
 'Bout danger and fear and the like,
 A full head of steam and good iron-ship give me,
 And 'taint to three-deckers I'll strike!
 Though such shot on our iron sides smack, smash, and smite,
 As would shiver a frigate of wood,
 What of that? sheathed in plate we'll right gallantly fight,
 Till our foes for the fishes be food.
 In armour cased for'ard, amidships, abaft,
 In our sides neither crevice nor crack,
 All safely we steam in our blacksmith-built craft:
 Naught to fear now has Iron-clad JACK.

I said to my POLL, for you see she would cry
 When last we were ordered to sea,
 What's the good, POLL, of sniv'ling, and piping your eye,
 When your JACK is as snug as can be?
 Can't you see how we're armed; iron plates over all;
 Shot-and-shell-proof from sternpost to stem?
 Not a man of us now by a broadside can fall:
 And for small arms, we've no fear of them.
 With sheathing well shielded both for'ard and aft,
 On the furnace fresh fuel we stack,
 With running stem on sink the enemy's craft,
 While in safety sits Iron-clad JACK.

Why, I heard our ship's blacksmith explaining one night
 That the strength of our sheathing was such
 That, shiver my rivets! says he, when we fight,
 Not a shot can our timbers ere touch.

Should a foe heave in sight, to our guns we may fly,
 Nor of splinter nor shot feel a dread:
 Pound away as he will, boys, we'll never say die!
 For we're proof 'gainst steel, iron and lead.
 We've no woodwork to riddle, alow or aloft,
 No canvas to shift or to tack;
 Not an inch in the ship that is shaky or soft,
 Shot and shell proof is Iron-clad JACK!

OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

By a notice in the *Gazette*, we learn that the Five Commissioners charged with the Inauguration of the Building designed as a Temple of Industry, Science and Art, are as follows:—

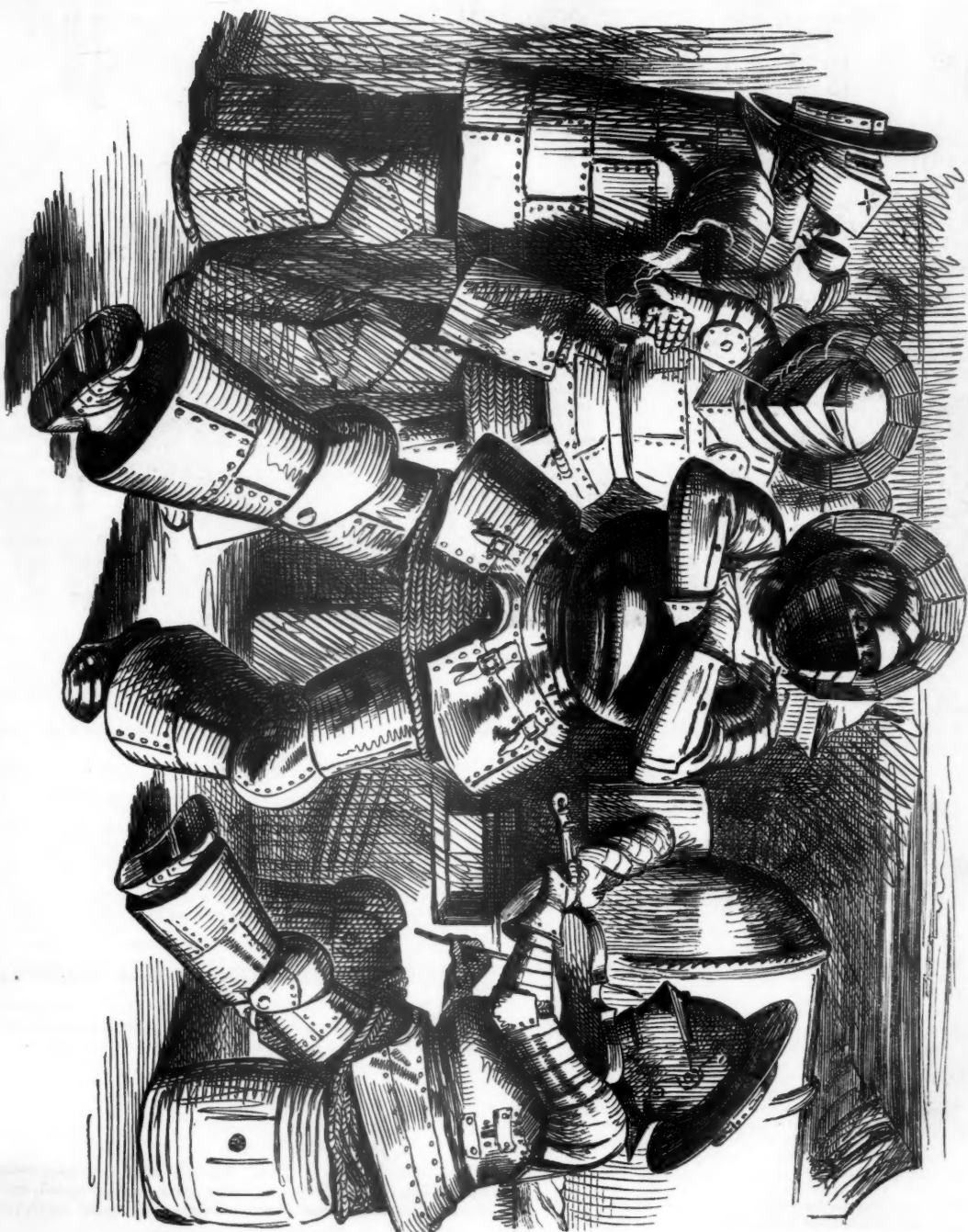
MR. FAIRBAIRN.
 MR. FARADAY.
 MR. RICHARD OWEN.
 MR. ALFRED TENNYSON.
 MR. DANIEL MACLISE.

The report that the Ceremonial was to be under the superintendence of a Soldier, an Arch-bishop, and some Lords, is contradicted, and the above list appears in ample vindication of the good sense of the Directors.

FISCAL FUTURITY.

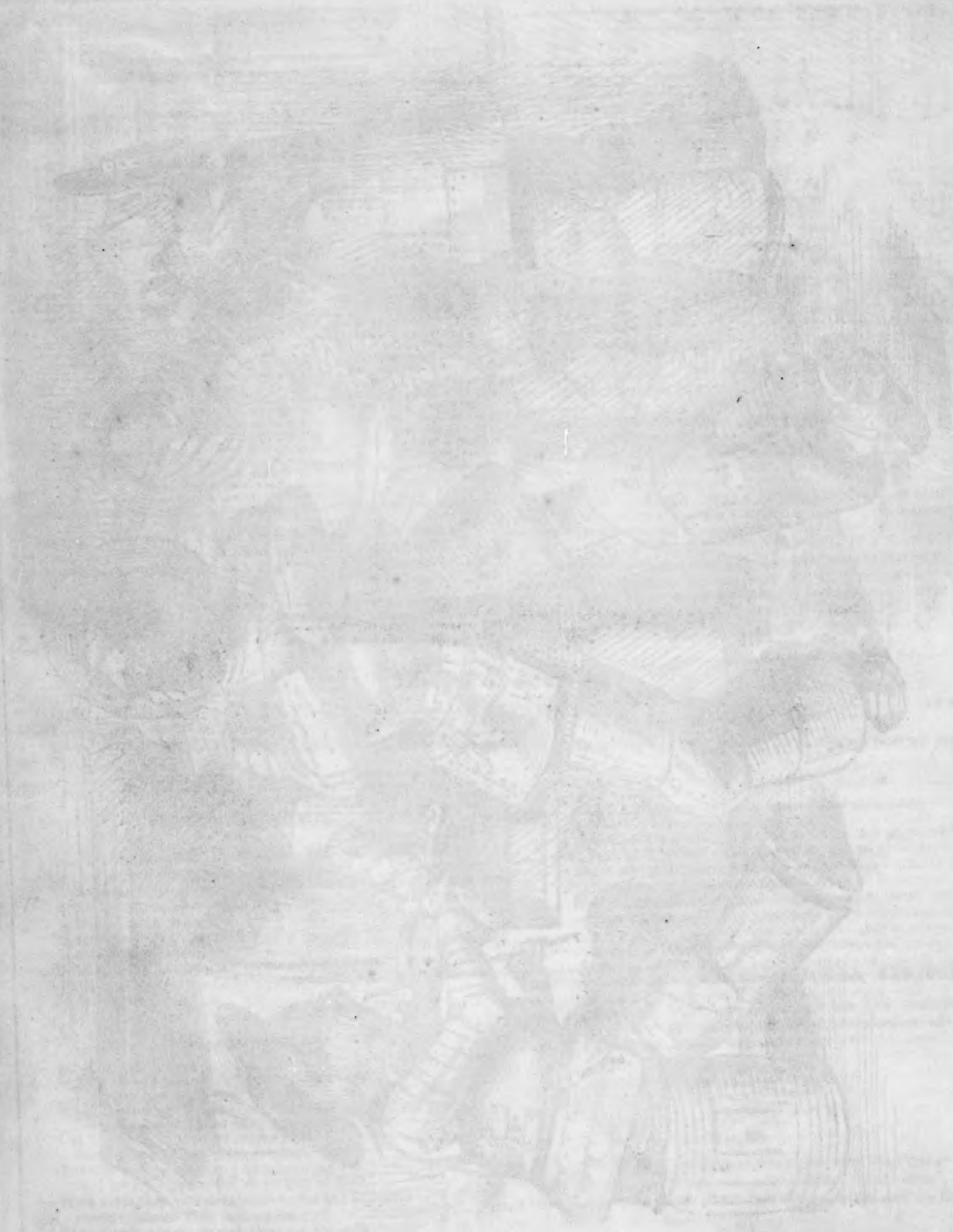
THE Serpent used to be the emblem of Eternity. Now, however, the Serpent is superseded in that capacity by the Income-Tax, of which there is to be no end. The symbol is one which may be said to correspond to Eternity of the wrong sort.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—April 12, 1862.



THE "BRITISH TAR" OF THE FUTURE.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE



THE LAND OFFICE, LONDON.

1871.

A NICER SORT OF BREAD.



THREE-SCORE-AND-TEN, it is said, are the years of a man; but forty-and-two appear to be the years of a journeyman baker. At this rate, the great master-baker is a sort of giant, who grinds his workman's bones to make him bread. According to Miss MARTINEAU, STEVENS'S Bread-making Machinery promises to put an end to this baker-grinding. Having pointed out the advantages of the new mechanical contrivance, for economising labour in the manufacture of bread, Miss MARTINEAU writes as follows:—

"Putting all these things together, can there be a doubt that the journeyman bakers' grievances are coming to an end by a better means than an Act of Parliament? There will not be a speedy end, if an end at all, to home-made bread, but the kneading will not long be done by the cook's stout arm."

This is very welcome intelligence. Eating bread of which the making kills the journeyman baker, is, in a manner, eating the journeyman baker himself. This thought is calculated to create a disrelish for dry bread, if not to induce us to quarrel with our bread-and-butter. Bread prepared by means of machinery will be eaten without a shudder; and the rather by reason of the consideration that, if in the case of home-made bread kneading is no longer done by the cook's stout arm, neither, in that of bakers' bread can it any more be performed by a different application of muscular power exerted on the dough by several journeyman bakers.

WHY DON'T YOU REPEAL YOUR PAPER DUTY?

It is said that the Stationery Office has effected a saving of £32,000 this year, owing, it is supposed, to the repeal of the Paper Duty. We are glad that the Government are the gainers themselves by their own liberality. It is only right and fair that they should share the benefit in common with us and others. However, our poor bankrupt friend, Austria, if she were wise, (we grant that the "if" is a mighty big stumbling-block), would borrow a valuable hint from the above pregnant and suggestive fact. Generosity always repays itself. It is sure to come back to us, in some way or other, in the long run. Why, then, doesn't Austria repeal her Paper Duty? In that pauper empire, eaten up with priests, police, and propagandists, the Paper Duty consists in printing as many bank-notes as she can possibly get to circulate. Let this system boldly be repealed, (and it is a system, which any one, let him be ever so clever in cooking accounts, will not hesitate to confess has, long ere this, been completely "done to rags"), and who knows that the Austrian finances may also clear £32,000 next year; and a gain like that would be a colossal fact such as has never been accomplished in those impoverished States yet, within the memory of the oldest Boeotian inhabitant!

A Sea Change.

THE necessary reconstruction of the British Navy will effect an entire change of nautical phraseology. "Shiver my timbers!" will become obsolete; and the corresponding exclamation will be, "Unrivet my plates." Instead of "Scuttle my coppers!" the dramatic Jack Tar will have to say "Foul my screw!" or "Smash my cupola," and whereas he used to utter imprecations on his bowsprit, he will henceforth perhaps invoke injury on his bowsplitter.

"THE VOICES OF THE DEEP."

Dr. DUFOSSE proves to us that fishes have voices. Lending our ears to this fact, we wonder what language are the fishes in the habit of speaking? We suppose it must be the language of the Finns.

TALK ABOUT THE TELEGRAPH.

PROPER people find it difficult to amuse themselves in Lent; and this is possibly the reason why we saw announced the other morning in the *Standard* that:—

"MR. AND MRS. BLAKE have issued invitations for a conversation on the subject of uniting America and England by the electric telegraph between Ireland and Newfoundland."

The transatlantic telegraph, and the thousands that were sunk with it, afford a fitting topic to be talked about in Lent, which is for Christian minds the aptest time for penitential preaching. But though long faces were no doubt pulled at the soiree above mentioned, still persons who were interested in telegraphic matters might have found grounds for consolation in the following announcement, which had appeared a day or two before in the *Observer*:—

"A short time since we stated that a proposal had been made for very considerably reducing the time required for the transmission of telegraphic messages between this country and the south of Ireland. The outward and homeward American mails now touch at Queenstown, and receive or land their mails and despatches. Hitherto the news from America has been taken by steamer from 'Roche's Point' at the mouth of the harbour, up to Queenstown, and thence, if intended for London, by telegraph, via Cork, Dublin, Belfast, Donegaladee, Portpatrick, Dumfries, Carlisle, and Liverpool. This roundabout mode of sending telegraphic messages, of course produces many delays, far rapid as is the electric spark when fairly on its way, it must obey the stern orders of its masters, stop at the appointed stations, and wait till the line is signalled to be 'all clear.' Of this series of delay one has already been named. The telegraphic despatches are now sent direct from Roche's Point. The despatches are made up at New York or Boston directed to this point, where they are opened and start directly on their journey, without having to make another stage upon the little panting, puffing steamer that runs to the Cove of Cork. A delay of an hour and a half is thus avoided, and the last American news was received in London in time for the second edition of our daily contemporaries, and the telegrams which were published in the *Observer* of Sunday last were given to the public nearly two hours sooner than they would have been but for the completion of this small section between Roche's Point and Queenstown."

If we can't bridge the Atlantic with a telegraphic wire, at least we may abridge the time it takes to forward a message *via* Ireland; and what further steps are being taken for this end, the following will show:—

"The other portions of the project, which include the construction of a telegraphic overland line between Cork and Waterford and Wexford, are being pushed forward very rapidly. From Wexford the telegraph becomes a submarine line, and will cross the Channel to St. David's Head, on the Welsh Coast, and be continued *via* Milford to London. When completed, the average saving in point of time will be equal to nearly four hours. About fifty miles of the overland wire have already been erected by Messrs. SILVER and Co., between Cork and Wexford, and the whole of this section will be completed in a few days. The wires are supported upon ebonite insulators, and the experience which has already been obtained proves that those insulators possess great superiority over those made of porcelain, glass, or other partially non-conducting substances. In one part of the new telegraph route it has been necessary to cross a small tidal arm running into the harbour of Queenstown. The cable which has been made for submerging at this point is of extraordinary dimensions. Its weight is upwards of seventeen tons to the mile, and is formed of eighteen thick protecting steel wires, enclosing eleven conductors, each of which is made up of seven strands of copper wire. These are insulated with India rubber, and it forms one of the most perfect and complete specimens of insulation which has yet been made for the purpose of submarine telegraphy."

If MESSIEURS SILVER be successful in their present undertaking, we trust that before long they may be so in a larger one; and that the "great superiority" of their ebonite insulator may enable us to hold discourse with distant countries more swiftly than at present we are competent to do. If they continue to improve our means of wire-drawn intercourse, we may be able before long to waft a sigh, by telegraph, from Indus to the Pole, and possibly transmit a kiss (in writing) from Calcutta to Cornhill. "Speech is Silver," say the moralists; and whatever tales we have to tell the submarines, no doubt the MESSIEURS SILVER will enable us to tell them.

Who was your Sponsor?

AMONG the founders of a certain political association lately formed at Berlin, the *Moniteur* makes mention of a PRINCE BOGUSLAW DE RADZIWIŁŁ. We are surprised at meeting with a Prince called BOGUSLAW. We had no idea that BOGUSLAW had any connection with Royalty; we always supposed that bogus law was an American institution.

"THE CHILDREN OF WEALTH."

Of all the "Children of Wealth" the greatest, without exception, are the ROTHSCHILDREN. So enormous is their wealth, that we are assured by a confidential clerk in their establishment, that many and many a time it has been almost beyond BARING.

SPIRITUAL WEAKNESS.

We have been asked why spirits, such as those that communicate with MR. FOSTER the conjuring "medium," can only write under the table? We answer, Because spirits of that description are below proof.



STINGY LODGER. "Tut, tut, tut; how very careless of me to be sure, not to lock up the Bottle last night. I'll be bound that Servant Gal has been at my Cod Liver Oil!"

A PEER AMONG THE PAUPERS.

"'Tis a rum thing to find a Peer in a Workhouse." The joke is not a bad one for a poor old fellow, the recipient of in-door relief, who made it on his own name. It is a better joke, too, than it seems; for this Peer was a man of mark in his day; one who was on familiar terms indeed with the actual Peerage. MR. PEER used to drive the *Nimrod*—was it not?—fast coach between London and Southampton.

JOHN PEER, once JACK PEER to his noble and gentle familiars, is now an inmate of the West London Union, in which institution he was discovered by MR. M'WHINTE, from whom a letter giving an account of the discovery appeared the other day in the *Times*. PEER was ruined by the railways, which destroyed his professional employment, for the loss whereof he got no compensation, not being an officer of the Insolvent Court, and having no CHELMSFORD to assert his claims.

His generosity prevented the accumulation of any savings which the want of that virtue might possibly have enabled him to put by. He is said, on good authority, to have once given all his money to a young gentleman to get him out of a scrape, which, but for that assistance, would have ruined him.

PEER among the paupers is the model of a gentleman in difficulties, visibly distinguished from his compeers by the quiet dignity and patience with which he accepts his situation. But how much longer is he to remain in the workhouse? That question might easily be settled among the many noble lords and honourable gentlemen who may yet remember sitting on the box in the good old coaching days, and talking with the gallant coachman of whom age and poverty have now got the whip-hand.

MR. PEER's case is noticed in BAILY's *Monthly Magazine* for April, and its statement concludes with the intimation, that any sums remitted to MESSIEURS BAILY BROTHERS, Cornhill, on PEER's behalf, will be duly acknowledged and properly applied.

A Government Office that Pays.

We read that this year, not only has the Mint paid its expenses, but even left a small margin of profit over. The same cannot be said of every public department. However, we must not express our surprise too largely, for it is clear that the Mint must necessarily contain within itself more internal resources for "making money" than any other Government Office.

A COIL OF BROODING MYSTERY.



ERTAINLY it is all very well to take a great interest in the daily incubation of the Python, but we are anxious to know what is to become of the eggs when they are all hatched. It was considered a great miracle of St. Patrick to drive all the reptiles out of Ireland. It strikes us that we are doing the very reverse of that same miracle—for we are doing all we can to introduce the breed into this country. We believe that there are about a hundred of these said eggs. Will the Zoological Gardens kindly inform us what they intend doing with this numerous progeny, supposing every egg brings forth a live Python? A hundred serpents all playing away at once will be, of course, a very pretty exhibition for those

who have a fine ear for such instruments, and we have but little doubt that every member of the "POPE'S BRASS BAND" will make a musical study of going to hear them; but will the residents of the Regent's Park like the propinquity of such slippery, and, at times, burglarious neighbours? We know that we would not live in the vicinity for any inducement. We should not be able to go to bed comfortably for fear of waking up in the middle of the night with a great ugly slimy boa-constrictor coiling round our body, and carrying us off there's no knowing whither, without even having the grace to allow us time sufficient to put on our clothes.

We really hope that the Directors will see that these pretty pets are kept perfectly safe, under the strongest lock and key, or else we mean to say it will be a great stinging shame; for if the whole lot of them

should escape across the Park, we pity the little children and nursery-maids with their attendant life-guardsmen who usually gambol there. The cry of "Mad Bull" will be an angel's whisper compared to the noise that will be raised on that alarming occasion!

Then, there's the dread of their hiding in secret places, and breeding all over the metropolis, and so gradually stretching themselves over the entire kingdom. It's no joke when you take into consideration that a Python lays almost as heavily as any member of the betting ring. It will lay you a hundred at any time; of course, we are talking of eggs. Precautions should decidedly be taken in time to guard against the possibility of any such evil. With so strong a tendency to large families, England would be peopled with Pythons in no time, and then it might defy St. Patrick himself, or the greatest serpent-charmer in the world, to rid us of such a dangerous invasion. We might be meat to them, but they would only be poison to us.

Of course, when they are duly hatched, (what a consternation there will be on that day at Ostend amongst the rabbits!) the Directors will begin to think of giving them away. As a nobleman sends game to his friends, so will the Zoological Gardens send these scaly monsters to the *Jardin des Plantes*, and similar congenial institutions. As for selling them, that will be totally out of the question, for when the supply is so great there will soon be a dreadful fall of serpents. We don't know whether they are good to eat, or what kind of soup they would make, or else our costermongers might drive a brisk trade with them, for doubtless they would be able to sell them quite as cheap as eels. "Here, are your fine live Pythons! two a penny! all alive, oh!" would make a nice cheering cry under one's windows, when one wakes up with a nervous headache. As for us, we must beg that the Directors of the Zoological will not, out of any stupid idea of paying us a compliment, think of sending us a brace of Pythons, "with their respects," or any nonsense of that sort, for we tell them candidly we would not have them in the house for any consideration. Sweet pretty things for

the children to play with! We must say we pity the poor coiled-up creature in her present maternal position. The difficulty with most parents is to bring up a family; with her, the great difficulty is to bring one out. She seems heartily tired of sitting, and, after sitting so long, and yet bringing forth nothing, just like our M.P.'s, now longing for a fortnight's holiday. It is proposed, in order to revive her, and to make her fancy she was in her "native element," to let her have a bath in the Serpentine every morning: for which purpose, in order to be nearer the spot, she and her family are to be removed forthwith, it is said to HATCHETT'S.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.



ADVICE.—There are many persons who continually offer you unsolicited advice, which, when serious, is to do what they would do if they were in your place, and what, if they were so, they, not being you would perhaps be right in doing, more probably wrong, but if you, not being they, were to do, you would certainly be a fool.

When, in difficult circumstances, you ask advice, because you really want it, you will seldom get any of the least use. Few will take the trouble of trying to understand your perplexity, very few of those who try to understand it will be able, and most, if not all, of that few, will confess that they know not what to advise you. Plenty of people will give

you off-hand advice, recommending you to do something which it is either impossible for you to do, or to which it is advisable for you to do exactly the contrary.

Almost the only advice ever worth anything is that which is paid for, and that is not always worth the money. One physician in a thousand may give you good advice. The best advice, on the whole, is that of a respectable solicitor.

MOTHER CHURCH TRIUMPHANT IN SPAIN.

(For the "Tablet.")

DEPRECATING as too severe the lenient sentence of eleven years' penal servitude which has been passed on DON MANUEL MATAMOROS, DON ANGEL ALHAMA, and DON MIGUEL TRIGO, at Granada, for reading the Bible, the *Clamor Publico* asks the following impertinent question:—

"What should we say if, on the plea of reprisals, our brethren living in Protestant countries were compelled to renounce their religion under pain of being punished, for exercising it, with the brand of the reprobate and the chain of the convict?"

The *Clamor Publico*, as a Spanish Journal, belies its name. The clamour of which the above-quoted extract is a specimen is such as might indeed be raised by the heretical British public, but never could have been made by the faithful public of Spain. "To the stake with the apostates! Let the heretics' heads be singed!"—that, in such a case as that of MATAMOROS and his accomplices, would be the natural cry of the Catholic Spanish people.

What would Spanish Catholics say if a British court of justice had condemned DRS. MANNING and NEWMAN to penal servitude for singing Mass? Just what we ourselves should say if the thieves were to get the upper hand in this country and send professors of moral philosophy to the hulks for lecturing against Communism, and maintaining the rights of property. That would be persecution if you like; but there is no persecution in punishing thieves; still less is there any in the punishment of heretics. Heresy is worse than thievery, and a felon is less guilty than a man who presumes to read the Bible without the leave of his priest.

If MATAMOROS and his companions in guilt had not been justly punished for an offence against the faith, if the punishment inflicted on them in the name of religion had not been authorised by the Church, of course the POPE, ever prompt in the denunciation of error, would have reprehended the mistake of its infliction with the utmost alacrity. The Holy Father knows too well that to such acts of faith as the condemnation of the Spanish Bible-readers is mainly owing the detestation in which his paternal authority is so very generally held in these evil times, to the continually extending laceration of his paternal heart.

He is also fully aware that the same causes account for the contemptuous laughter with which the House of Commons is accustomed to receive the complaints of intolerance, and the demands for power, which are so frequently preferred by SIR GEORGE BOWYER, and the other warriors of his Holiness's faithful parliamentary Irish Brigade. Yet the POPE is silent. Of course. How could he disapprove of the consignment of MATAMOROS to the galleys, without condemning those acts of stronger faith, which, in ages of more glowing charity, would have consigned that heretic and his associates to the flames?

THE SICK MAN IN THE MONEY MARKET.

CALL the Turk, if you like it, the sickest of men
And boast Frank than Mussulman wiser;
But I'd give him more rope than I would to the POPE,
To the CZAR, or his neighbour, the KAISER.
Any one of the three I should just like to see,
On our Stock-Exchange coolly descending—
Soldier, Priest or Civilian—to ask for four million,
And find thirty ready for lending!

Though Christians can't bear him, his eunuchs and harem,
And the muftis and moollahs, his masters,
Though financiers blame his wild issuing of caimés,
(Which is Turkish, we're told, for "shin-plasters").
Though for pay his troops clamour, though brought to the
hammer,
Are the late SULTAN'S wives and their jewels,
Let him just draw his bill, and BRITANNIA still,
Will find cash for 't, in spite of renewals.

Yes, he looks very sick . . . is at near his last kick—
When suddenly—*Dictu mirabile*!—
"Ha! ha! cured in an instant!" . . . he's set on his legs
By BRITANNIA'S "*aurum potabile*."
That myst'ry so sought by the sages who wrought
For Alchemy's mighty Arcanum—
The Elixir of Life!—of full hands here's a strife,
Proff'ring draughts—for the sick man to drain 'em!

NUTS FOR CONSERVATIVES.

THE subjoined extract from a weekly contemporary appears to assert the right of a people to choose their form of Government for themselves:—

"We have never disguised our sympathy with the Southern States, nor our ardent hope that they may prove victorious in this great struggle for their independence in their own homes."

What very generous sentiments! If it were not for the fact that the independence of the Southern States will involve the perpetuation of negro slavery, what true Englishman would not avow the same? But why limit sympathetic generosity to the Southern Confederation? Cannot the contemporary from whose columns the foregoing words are taken also affirm that it has never disguised its sympathy with the Roman people, nor its ardent hope that they likewise may prove victorious in that great struggle for their independence in their own homes which they have been so long engaged in? No; for the sympathy of that contemporary with the Southern States is something peculiar; as appears from the continuation of the passage quoted above:—

"Our sympathy with them is strengthened by the fact that the great Liberal Party everywhere desires the success of their enemies."

Take notice that the contemporary whose remarks we have been presenting to you is the *Tablet*. The Romans are regarded as a very different sort of people from the Southerners by the organ of popery. In its estimation the latter are as different from the former as white from black; and if the Southern negroes were in revolt against their masters, our Popish contemporary would probably sympathise as little with them as it does with the Romans, and as much with their masters as it does with the POPE; particularly because the emancipation of both the niggers and Romans is everywhere desired by the great Liberal Party. Indeed we suppose the *Tablet* is ready to maintain that the Romans are niggers, which amounts to no greater absurdity than maintaining white to be black; and that is nothing to a journal holding the still more inconceivable dogmas which the *Tablet* professes. No doubt the *Tablet*, in the interests of its party, is prepared to contend that white is black; and the affirmative of that same proposition would, for the same purpose, be also readily voted by the representatives of that party in the House of Commons who are banded to turn out LORD PALMERSTON'S Government, to the end of reversing his foreign policy. Oyez, oyez, oyez, Conservatives, you increase their number by every Derbyite whom you send to Parliament!



JOHN TOMKINS AND 'ARRY BLOATER.

Time of QUEEN VICTORIA, 1862—not at all scarce.

'Arry (in the Boots of the Period). "YES, THEY 'RE DOOCED COMFORTABLE, AND THEY GIVE ONE A MILITARY AND RATHER SPORTING APPEARANCE, I FANCY."

NO MORE ARMSTRONG GUNS!

THE Great Exhibition of 1862 is destined to cement the whole human brotherhood. That of 1851 was to have done so, but did not; for it was soon followed by the Russian War and Indian Mutiny, and lastly by hostilities with China. In regard to China, however, arrangements have been made with Poo-Loo to repair every breach, as well as to unite any other fracture that may occur elsewhere.

To promote the fraternisation of mankind it is proposed to set the world an example, which cannot but conduce to that desirable result. Measures are in active progress for the embellishment of our public places with the statues of distinguished foreigners.

The statues of DANTE, TASSO, GOETHE, SCHILLER, RACINE, MOLIÈRE, CORNEILLE, and BÉRANGER, will be put up in Westminster Abbey, if there is room for them there; if not they will be placed, with other European celebrities, in Trafalgar Square, that being confessedly the finest site in Europe. In this situation also will be stationed those of CHARLES THE TWELFTH, FREDERICK THE GREAT, MASSÉNA, SOULT, and a few more of NAPOLEON'S Generals. With a view to paying a delicate compliment, the statue of NAPOLEON himself will be set in Waterloo Place.

The Houses of Parliament will be decorated with statues of VOLTAIRE, ROUSSEAU, MIRABEAU, DANTON, MARAT, and ROBESPIERRE; POZZO DI BORGO, METTERNICH, NESSELRODE, and other Continental statesmen and philosophers. BOSSUET will have a statue in Smithfield.

The statues of as many other illustrious strangers as time and money will allow will be reared in various parts of the Metropolis, which will thus acquire quite a cosmopolitan character. The inauguration of these statues will doubtless inaugurate the reign of universal peace in the family of Man, and impel the peoples, now armed to the teeth against each other, to discard their armaments and rush into each other's arms. The only possible objection to the proposed sculptures will be obviated by getting them executed by foreign artists; for if we employed native talent to make them, they might, unfortunately, chance to be mistaken for caricatures.

N.B. Mr. Punch, of 85, Fleet Street, will take care of any money which may be sent to him as a subscription towards the contemplated statues.

REVIVAL OF AN OLD ADELPHI PIECE AT DRURY LANE.—Shakespeare's House to Let.

PUNCH TO LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ERLE.

MY DEAR ERLE,

85, Fleet Street, April 8th.

I AM always glad of any opportunity that brings you and me into communication, for you are, as I have had or made occasion to tell you before, no end of a Brick.

But I am not quite clear that I am satisfied with the definition you laid down on Friday, in the case of the *Morning Post* and the lady who did not like to be laughed at about that dog business. The result of the trial, and the Farthing for the ill-advised lady, were all right, and would leave nothing to regret, but that the *Post* has to pay its own heavy costs, and that you, my dear ERLE, have emitted the unsatisfactory definition.

Definitions are difficult things. SHAKESPEARE intimates that only very scholarly minds should undertake them, when he makes *Armado* say to *Moth*, "Define, define, well-educated infant."

You say, my dear ERLE, that a legitimate press criticism is one which does not make "a rational and sensible person less comfortable in Society."

My dear L. C. J., surely you must see that this is to put down all press criticism, and to bring back the law of libel to what it was in the old days, when a libel was defined to be anything that was in the slightest degree disagreeable to anybody. Surely any person who is censured at all is thereby made less comfortable in Society. Even you yourself, my ERLE, who are one of the most rational and sensible, and also one of the goodest and kindest men going, will be (momentarily only, I hope) rendered less comfortable in Society by knowing that I have signified incomplete satisfaction with one of your *dicta*. Yet, you would not come down on me as a libeller, my dear fellow, would you?

Besides, ought not even a rational and sensible person who does an absurd thing (of course you and I don't talk of women as rational or sensible) to be visited with castigation and discomfort, in his own interest and that of society?

Besides, again, is not the comfort of society to be considered, and

"what thing is more delightful," as CICERO says, than the seeing an acquaintance's goose artfully cooked? The greatest happiness of the greatest number, my dear ERLE.

Just reconsider your definition, will you, and come and tell me that you have done so—dinner at 7 sharp.

Ever yours, my dear L. C. J.,

Most affectionately,

To the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ERLE,
Esq., &c.

PUNCH.

Misapplication of Peter's Pence.

THE Lamoricière Sword Fund has, at GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE'S request, been handed over to the "Peter's Pence Association." According to the *Tablet*, the Secretary to the Lamoricière Testimonial Committee has disappeared, and there is "a very considerable difference between the amount acknowledged by advertisements in the newspapers, and the amount forthcoming." If Peter's Pence have been appropriated by somebody else, we fear it will turn out that the party has not been robbing PETER to pay PAUL. But suppose the pence had all reached Rome. Would PETER not have been robbed to pay CHIAVONE?

Britannia's Shield.

THE good old lady has sent it to Vulcan to have it instantly iron-plated with good four-inch iron-plate at least. She has sufficient sense to understand that, if the waves are to be ruled, it will be done for the future with an iron ruler. England's best shield is Iron. You see BRITANNIA is no fool in the main.

THE LAST REPORT OF THE PYTHON.—"Left Sitting."



FROZEN-OUT MEDIUMS.

"WE'RE NOT WORTH A RAP, AND WE'VE GOT NO WORK TO DO!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 7th, Monday.—A Lord presented a complaint from the Vicar of Woolley, that there is very little fleece on his flock, and he himself is clipped very close by the tax-gatherer. The poor gentleman's case seems a hard one, but we must hope that Providence will temper the wind for the shorn Vicar until good fortune raises it for him. Another Lord urged the expediency of military drill in public schools, and LORD CLARENDON thought the system most desirable, but that it ought not to be compulsory.

Asked whether Government would propose a vote in aid of the ALBERT MONOLITH, PALMERSTON answered, that he did not mean either to be rude or to reply.

MR. DISRAELI then offered some criticisms on the Budget speech of MR. GLADSTONE. Let us interpolate the remark, that one of those calculating idiots who can never see anything without computing what it would be if it were something else which it never can be, has estimated (most likely with perfect inaccuracy) that had the report of MR. GLADSTONE'S speech been printed word after word in a straight line, it would have made 144 yards. The same fool is now calculating how near the moon MR. PEABODY'S gift would reach if it were paid in half-pennies, and these were piled one above the other. He is next going to calculate whether, if every visitor to the International stood upon the shoulders of another, and this one on a third, and so up, the top visitor would be as high as Chimborazo, and he means to complete the cycle of absurd investigation by supposing that the poor Python, instead of having her eggs added to amuse Sunday stargazers, had been allowed to hatch them, and that each young serpent had been as long as its mamma, and the whole family had been arranged in a line, the tail of one in the mouth of the other, and by calculating how many times this line would go round the dome of St. Paul's. It is a pity that there is no stone-breaking or other useful labour provided for such people.

If it be objected that these remarks have nothing to do with MR. DISRAELI'S speech, we reply that we don't care, and also that they have as much to do with MR. DISRAELI'S speech as that speech had with the speaker's subsequent proceeding. For he applied himself to smash up all the calculations of MR. GLADSTONE, to charge him with mystification, with extravagance, with spending seven millions and a half improperly, with stopping Exchequer money "Hounslow fashion," with using rhetoric to bewilder the House, with placing us in a "terrible scrape," with waving an enchanter's wand, with making moonshine, with insinuating that he dislikes the expenditure he encourages, with being a spendthrift who weeps over pence, with being a Penurious Prodigal

with having in other days prattled about political morality, and with defending a system detrimental to the character of public men, and most injurious to the fortunes of the realm. Well, these are good hard words and good hard charges, and if MR. DISRAELI believed them to be just (and a Member of Parliament never says anything unjust), it was his business, one might think, at least to take the sense of the House whether such a wicked Minister should be allowed to push on his nefarious schemes. MR. DISRAELI sat down.

Refreshed by a moral glass of bitter beer, that is, by a sensible little complaint from MR. BASS against the new licence to Brewers, MR. GLADSTONE then replied to MR. DISRAELI. He scoffed at MR. DISRAELI'S talking of the characters of public men, was ironical upon his condemnation of rhetoric and sophistry, said that he had no faith in the financial system at which Parliament has been labouring for twenty years, called him a Ransacker of *Hansard*, accused him of having doubly blundered when Chancellor of the Exchequer, said it was not difficult to bear censures from him, as better men had done, denied all his allegations, and would not have complained of the speech at all, had it been made with an honest purpose.

Hector and Achilles having fought, we presume that few desire to know what small Greeks and Trojans rushed on one another and slew or were slain. BENTINCK, WILLOUGHBY, CECIL, AYRTON, VANCE, LINDSAY, NORTHCOTE emitted dulness, and then MR. GLADSTONE quietly enacted his Income-Tax, his Fair Licences, and his Card Licences, and went home to Homer.

SIR JOHN SHELLEY tried to prevent the Second Reading of the Thames Embankment Bill, and the division shows how admirably this Metropolitan Member represents the feeling of the country. The Bill was read by 116 to 9.

Tuesday. Both Houses seemed to want rest after their labours, and besides, it was the first night of the Opera. GARIBALDI is an interesting person, but *William Tell*, a gentleman in the same line, has also his claims on the attention of the legislature. Nothing of the slightest importance took place in either House of Parliament, but at MR. GYE'S house TAMBERLIK was in the most magnificent voice, and in the words of a critic, "All his previous achievements paled before his magnificent rendering of the famous '*Suivez-moi*;' and here the clear trumpet-tongued vigour with which the Italian tenor hurled forth those startling *ut de poitrine*, which can never fail to rouse the most torpid listener to enthusiasm, electrified the audience as completely as though they had never before heard a C delivered from the chest."

Wednesday was given to oysters, parsons, and sewers. Touching the first, MR. CAVE fittingly asked a question about the bottom of the sea, and an equally unfathomable quarter, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, and was informed that a recent decree of L. N.'s had nothing to do with our oyster-fishery convention. The Bill for releasing from their canonical liabilities the clergymen who desire to abandon the surplice was debated with fairness, and was referred to a Select Committee. A Bill for giving enormous taxing powers to the Metropolitan Board of Works was discussed in committee, and some 86 clauses agreed to. MR. COX will be kind enough to look up the history of Athens, and see what is said about the Thirty Tyrants, as it may shortly be necessary to take some energetic steps in the direction of liberty.

Thursday. Some educational conversation in the Lords, and Peer ELLENBOROUGH regretted that the weakness of Government had compelled them to make important sacrifices of principle in reference to the Revised Code. But he believed that if Parliament would refuse all aid to Education an impetus would be given to it, and it would be gratefully received, whereas gratitude and economy both walked off when public money came in.

On the previous Tuesday a most important experiment was performed at Shoeburyness. The invulnerability of the Iron-Plated Ship, when opposed to the Armstrong Gun, was at issue, and SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG settled the question. A target, made like the side of the Warrior, but stronger, was set up, and he let fly at it from a non-rifled gun, with a 150lb. ball, at 200 yards, and with 40lb. of powder. He smashed right through the target, and had the ship been opposed to that gun we should now have a ship the fewer. On this subject there was, naturally, the utmost interest excited, and in both Houses the Ministers had to answer questions. As to what is to be done next, MR. PUNCH begs to refer mankind to a probable Chronology which will be found in another column. He is glad to add, that CAPTAIN COLES is being properly treated by the Admiralty; a miracle, considering that COLES is an inventor of a valuable affair.

Inquiries were made after the health of the Big Bell. MR. COWPER professed great sorrow for its condition. He had called in medical advice, and had very properly selected DR. PERCY, who is not only our greatest but our biggest metallurgist, to examine the gigantic patient. DR. PERCY thought that the Bell might be used, but would probably crack and come down in pieces, and this catastrophe MR. COWPER did not like to risk, especially as the bell makes a most abominable noise. So the large quarter-bell gives the hour, and MR. COWPER does not mean to do anything more with the wopper at present. Perhaps he

hopes to steal a good bell out of the International when nobody is looking, and we hereby caution the newly enrolled X Division to keep an eye upon him.

Mr. Bass tried it on again with the Hop Duty, but Mr. Buxton said that six big brewers had told him that the change was all right, and after some debate, Mr. Bass corked himself up.

Then did the Government get a beating. Mr. Punch, who foresaw it, as he foresees—or if ADMIRAL CLERK OF THE WEATHER FITZROY, likes it better, “fore-casts”—everything, merely remarked in the most cursory manner, when the Bill for Building Courts of Law in Carey Street was brought in, that “he had heard of that sort of thing before,” meaning, of course, that the measure would be rejected by 83 to 81 on the tenth of April. Which it was, Mr. Punch’s prophetic powers being once more vindicated in the most wonderful manner. The putting the Courts where it was proposed to place them would have the advantage of cutting up an abominable neighbourhood, but would cost an awful quantity of money, whereas there is the site of LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL’s execution ready for the architect. But Government have no business to get themselves beaten—fellows could hardly have gone to hear *William Tell* again, and if they had they ought to have hurried down to help WILLIAM COWPER—the electric telegrams are stuck up in the box lobbies. BRAND should add to the message, “Come down, directly, and be hanged to you, will you?”

Friday. LORD GRANVILLE produced the alterations Government meant to make in the Revised Code. We believe that about one person in five hundred understands the matter, and for the benefit of that intelligent Unit, we will mention that

Part of the grant is to depend on the general inspection of the schools, and not on individual examination. Four shillings a year per head on the average attendance of scholars. Eight shillings for every child who has attended 200 times, and can pass examination in the 3 R’s. There are to be six standards of examination. No grant on account of a child passing in the same standard in which he had succeeded in the previous year. What pupil-teachers may lose by the changes is to be made up to them.

He did not think the changes were improvements, and if further concessions were to be made the scheme would not be worth carrying out at all. There, intelligent Unit, and what are you going to stand?

A Fortifications debate followed. LORD ELLENBOROUGH is convinced

that we shall have to fight for our homes upon the soil of England, and that at present our means of defence are utterly inadequate. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE said that no question had engrossed public attention to such a degree as the question of iron plates and cannon-balls, which sensible remark shows that to a certain extent our GEORGE understands what is going on outside the Oss Guards.

SIR GEORGE GREY has issued an order putting down Perambulators. Materfamilias may be incensed, but he ~~has~~. That is to say, he has commanded—look at the *Gazette*—that no locomotive carriage of any kind shall be allowed in the streets, between seven in the morning and ten at night, “if it is impelled by anything but an Animal.” We think we have you there, M’m, and the abominable child-cart will drive us into the mud and cut our toes no longer. For if an elegant and respectable maid-servant will submit to be called and considered by the police and the public as an Animal, we do not understand servantism, and penny fiction is written in vain. So, away with the Perambulator, scrunched by GREY, who was also legislating against steam carriages.

Answered to SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, MR. COWPER, that Chelsea Bridge was not unsafe, but that it was to be strengthened, as vast crowds would come upon it, we presume *en route* to see the beasts in Battersea Park next July.

The week was finished by an exceedingly good Italian debate, if that can be called a debate in which BOWYER, HENNESSY and MAGUIRE attacked the free institutions of Italy, and these were defended by LAYARD, GLADSTONE, and PALMERSTON. It was hardly fair play for the poor dwarfs, but it was pleasant to hear the giants come out strong. Mr. Punch seldom quotes, out of mercy to those whose pinchbook must suffer so miserably beside his gold, but he must give PAX’s gallant peroration:—

“I trust that Rome may soon be destined to exercise, not an arbitrary power over the world, but a great and distinguished influence over Europe. I trust that when it becomes the capital of Italy it will exercise its power for the development of intellect—the encouragement of the arts and sciences—for improvements of every kind—and for the promotion of commercial activity and political wisdom. When that time arrives, and I trust it is not so distant as hon. gentlemen opposite expect it to be, I shall be willing that posterity shall judge between those who may have contributed to that result by the wisdom of their counsels—by their advice and moral influence; and those who doggedly resisted it, and were the champions and defenders of everything corrupt, tyrannical, and oppressive in the former institutions of Italy. When that time comes, I formally appeal to that tribunal for a decision in our favour. (Cheers.)”

We should think there were. Parliament is up for Easter.]

BEAUTY NOT WITHOUT PAINT.



UT from a column of miscellaneous intelligence in the *Morning Post*, the following paragraph is respectfully submitted to the readers of *Punch*:—

“THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, in his judgment of women, held that it was their business to dress exquisitely and to look lovely, and as a proof how highly the ladies of the present day prize his judgment, enamelling has become quite general amongst the ladies of the *élite* who frequent fashionable and crowded assemblies, being the only method ladies have of displaying their matchless beauty, and the only possessor in the world of that great art is MADAME RACHEL. It is effected by judicious appliances of Arabian herbs, which give a matchless brilliancy and lustre to the hair, teeth, and complexion, rendering woman what she ought to be, beautiful beyond comparison.”

It is not likely that the EMPEROR NAPOLEON would have very much admired the ladies of the *élite* who frequent fashionable and crowded assemblies, if it is true that enamelling is the only way they have of displaying their matchless beauty; a beauty which is matchless only inasmuch as it is unmarriageable, and a drug in the match-market. Such beauty is precisely matched by the loveliness of a whitened sepulchre. If any of the enamelled ladies of the *élite* are wives of the *élite*, the *élite* are not to be envied. A lady whose face wants mending has no business to dress exquisitely, but ought to dress with the plainness which suits her features; and she cannot look lovely, but may look hideous, and makes herself look so by getting her visage enamelled.

To make the insertion of the foregoing recommendation of enamelling, in a paper largely read by fashionable people, pay, the demand for that process must be extensive among the female aristocracy. This would be an appalling consideration for young noblemen and gentlemen if there were any possibility of mistaking an enamelled old hag for a blooming

maiden. Without looking her closely in the mouth, it would be easy enough to tell if her teeth were enamelled by art instead of nature. If the enamel which MADAME RACHEL plasters the face with is the same as that with which she incrusts the teeth, her clients must indeed acquire an ivory complexion. We cannot understand enamelled hair; but should think it must be very stiff.

No enamelling, however, will render any woman beautiful beyond comparison. One comparison has been already suggested. Another is afforded by a certain Queen whose subjects probably included the ancestors of MADAME RACHEL. It is hardly too much to say that the fate of that Princess would be not undeserved by the ladies of the *élite* who resort to the disgusting process of enamelling, and with cheeks daubed with stucco flaunt about in the similitude of painted JEZEBELS.

THE CHARITY EXCHANGE.

GRAND VOTING DAY AT THE LONDON TAVERN.

SCENE:—Of the Greatest Excitement.

TIME:—Within 5 minutes of the Closing of the Poll.

Venerable Lady (almost frantic). Have you got 10 Orphans about your my dear? I want them ever so badly. If you can part with them you must let me have them at any price.

Old Maid (looking at her book). Well, then, I want 5 Benevolent Artists, 4 Distressed Gentlewomen, 6 Incurables, and 3 Decayed Fishmongers with 2 Club Feet. There, you must get me those before Saturday next, and you can have my 10 Orphans; but stop, my dear. As the offer is an extremely moderate one, you must engage also to throw me a couple of Idiots in.

[As there is no time to be lost, in consequence of the almost immediate closing of the poll, the terms are accepted, and the Charity bargain instantly sealed.]

Clever Generalship.

JONES was reading out aloud from the newspaper, that there were 10,000 members of the profession to be met with in the *Law List*, when BROWN, who had been ruined by the lawyers, exclaimed in the most emphatic tone, “Would that there were some general of the present day clever enough to secure the Retreat of those Ten Thousand!” “Ah!” said ROBINSON.

THE O. AND C. BY A PINDAR IN A PUNT.



O they've rowed the Water Derby,
And the Oxford men have won,
Cold, cold the day, *in urbe*,
But there shone a bit of Sun.
The Oxford men are winners,
And the race was all their own,
The stalwart wopping sinners,
Some above a dozen stone.

Let their names be known in story
Those heroes of the Oar,
WYNNE and WOODGATE shared
the glory
With JACOBSON and HOARE.
POOLE he pulled without a shirt
on.*

CARR pulled away like fun,
And MORRISON and BURTON
Made up the boat that won.

Nor was his nob, or top, wood,
Their oxon. Who was he?
Which his name was WILLIAM
HOPWOOD,
And his weight was seven stone
three,
So be kudos theirs, and butter,
The bloaters in dark blue;
Whose well-pulled eight-oared
outter
Did the trick in Sixty Two.

* If he didn't, we apologise to his landress, but we must have a rhyme to his friend in the penultimate line.

THE SABBATARIAN POLICE.

Mr. Punch begs the HOME SECRETARY to accept his congratulations on the manner in which the police of the northern district of this metropolis have been performing their duties in ferreting out publicans offending against the Sunday Act. In the cases of three tavern-keepers pulled up for that crime before MR. BARKER, at Clerkenwell, one day last week, conviction was obtained on the evidence of constables who slunk into the public-houses in plain clothes, and then themselves called and paid for beer. "Set a thief to catch a thief" is a maxim that is more than matched by commissioning officers of justice to instigate people to violate the law and then accuse them. No proceeding can be better calculated to promote respect for the day whose observance the Sunday law is designed to enforce, for all concerned in the administration of that law, and for the Government which presides over them.

A Seeming Good Question.

(BY A POOR POET.)

WHAT is the difference between a coal-pit and a coat?

Why, the seams of the one always are black, and the seams of the other too often are white.

PUNCH TO THE TORIES.

(Manifesto.)

MY BOYS,

Don't make Asses of Yourselfes.

As Representative of all parties everywhere, I feel myself specially impelled to give you the above piece of advice at this moment, when it is obvious to me that certain parties are trying to make you take exactly opposite counsel, and you yourselves are by no means disinclined to be ridiculous.

Hearken unto me.

You are told that you have been gaining a good many elections lately.

You are told that you have obtained a small majority in the House of Commons; that is to say, that on a division, if everybody came up to the scratch and voted according to expectation, you might defeat the Government, and make them go out.

You are told that all this means that the country desires a Tory Government; that is to say, that we should like to see PALMERSTON replaced by DERBY, GLADSTONE by DISRAELI, RUSSELL by MALMESBURY, and ROUNDELL PALMER by CAIRNS.

Now, please hearken unto me.

There is no doubt that, by fair means or foul, you have won a good many elections.

I do not believe that you have a majority in Parliament, but if you have one it is a very little one, and certainly not one on which a Government could work.

But I do believe that if you picked a good quarrel, and DISRAELI managed the battle with tact, you might, with the aid of some of the Irish, manage to place the Government in an awkward position. Your own party, assisted by Popish allies, whom your leader might buy, or indeed force into his ranks, by a judicious resolution on foreign politics, could probably walk into the lobby stronger than PAM's lot. He would have to resign, or to offer to do so.

Then you would find out how you had been done.

The country does not want your men in office.

PAM would either demand a second trial of strength, when the country would put the screw on the House, and reverse the decision you had obtained, or he would dissolve, and ask the country whether it wants LORD DERBY. Then you would have the answer in a strong working majority against you, and you would be far worse off than you are at present.

Now, don't be angry and offended. Most of you are good fellows, and some of you have good sense.

You could not carry the country before, when you were actually in, and had not only all the usual club bribery at command, but Government bribery and intimidation into the bargain—your Irish allies sold

you, and your own Parliament turned your DERBY out. MR. DISRAELI told you on the Budget debate the other night that the operation was "peculiar," and the House laughed, not ill-naturedly. He understands the position, if you don't.

You have not even a recognised daily organ of the slightest weight, and yet you fancy yourselves a Party. Of course I know that there is the dear old *Standard*, with its feeble paper and feeble writing, and its bald provincial puffing of your notoriety; but even when one's whitey-brown is exhausted, the *Standard* seems hardly strong enough for shaving-paper. A Party without an organ!

The English of this is, that we are ALL CONSERVATIVES.

We mean to preserve what good things we have got, and we know that the best way to do so is to improve them, whenever we can.

We hold the Constitution on a repairing lease, and we mean to paint, paper, scour, cleanse, glaze, amend and keep the same in proper order, and if a new roof or new out-buildings are wanting, we are not the tenants to be shabby.

Your men are not Conservatives, and would be bad tenants.

The country knows all about this, and is quite satisfied with PAM, who is a better Conservative than any of your men.

If you are wise, you will be content with the situation in which you are placed, and if you are sincere you will rejoice that the country is content with true Conservatism.

Don't let a pack of Tadpoles and Tapers persuade you that your men ought to be in office. You may stop business, bother trade, and agitate the nation, and when all is done, you will find yourselves in a deeper hole than ever.

Do not say that I did not warn you.

Take things easy, and be patriotic, and let us all go and see the International Exhibition together.

Once more, *Don't make Asses of Yourselfes.*

Your affectionate friend,

85, Fleet Street, April 16, 1862.

PUNCH.

The Pleasantest Picture of Any.

A PICTURE that always maintains its price, and of which the possessor never grows tired, though he can always meet with a ready purchaser for it at a moment's notice, is that likeness of the QUEEN, which invariably sells for a Sovereign. In fact, there are many wealthy holders of this charming picture who are so enamoured of its beauties, that it is only with the greatest difficulty they can be prevailed upon to part with it—not, indeed, unless they can get twice what they gave for it.

LAND SOCIETIES:—Wisacres.

BUILDING SOCIETIES:—Bricks.



A MOUNT IN THE MIDLANDS. APRIL, 1862. DELICIOUS!

HOW VULCAN GAVE IRON ARMOUR TO TAURUS-
NEPTUNUS.

(FROM PUNCH'S HOMER.)

To him the artist-god: "Each fear resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can is ever thine:
For thee, O Taurus, will I forge a plate
Whose strength might scorn the thunder-bolt of fate;
Much more the Dahlgren ball, or onset rude
Of any Swede who ever turnip chewed.
Go, and thy sea-nymphs hither send to bring
An armour worthy of the ocean-king."

Then Taurus went, and thought as he withdrew,
That war was foolish and expensive too,
But none might blame him, arming to defend
His loved BRITANNIA, freedom's honoured friend.

Sudden a rush of wings, fair forms appear,
And silver voices break upon his ear:
The Nereids of the deep his eye surveyed,
Bearing the arms Vulcanic skill had made.
Thalia, Glauce, every watery name,
Nescea mild, and gentler Spio came,
Cymothoe and Cymodoce were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita,
Agave gentle and Amphithoe gay,
And dark Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair;
If more than these the Limer's skill makes seen,
He'll find more names in *Iliad*, B. xviii.

They brought the Iron Arms, and Taurus, glad,
Himself therein impenetrably clad,
And "Now," he said, "come on who dares or can,
Long ranges, or close quarters, I'm his man."

THE ATTACK AND THE DEFENCE.—GLADSTONE'S Budget against
DISRAELI'S Hum-budget.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

ADMIRATION.—HORACE was but partially right in preaching *Nihil admirari*. To admire nothing whatever is far from being the one and only rule that can make and keep people happy. The happiest of men is he who thoroughly admires himself. Self-admiration would render a woman equally happy if she could be content with that; but women are not satisfied without the admiration of other folks. Neither are so many men as might be expected to be, from being endowed with the faculty of reason, which distinguishes man from the lower animals and the fair sex.

Indifference to the admiration of others saves you from all unhappiness but what is caused by poverty, illness, domestic affliction, punishment, and the fear of it.

A man may admire himself in the mirror with much greater delight than that which a woman derives from the same contemplation of her own beauty, or the ugliness which she mistakes for beauty; because he may not care whether anybody else admires him or no, but a woman is always uneasy on that point. Suppose a man is caught by a number of his acquaintance dancing before a looking-glass, as represented in MR. CRUIKSHANK'S caricature, he will, if regardless of others, feel no vexation, except at being interrupted in his enjoyment, and, if the spectators leave him alone, will perhaps go on dancing.

An ill-made, coarse-featured, stupid-looking man, who admires his own person, is as happy in himself as the finest young fellow in the Grenadier Guards, if he is as well off, and perhaps happier if he does not care how his clothes are made, and has no anxiety about his boots.

If you try to be admired, expect to be ridiculed. They who laugh at each other behind one another's backs laugh at you behind yours. If you are not ridiculed, you will be envied. Very likely you will be ridiculed and envied too.

Love of admiration in a wife would be all very well if it centred wholly in her husband; but then she would want to dress every day at home as splendidly as she is drest at evening parties; which would be too expensive for the majority of men: who, as it is, complain that the milliners' bills which they have to pay are excessive.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Our Ironsides—the Navy and Women of England.



VULCAN ARMING NEPTUNE.



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OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



HAR PUNCH,

"I THINK while the St. Stephens theatre is open you cannot have much room for my remarks about the others; and so I shall content myself throughout the Session with giving you a letter once a month or so, and recording only the more striking of the pieces which may chance to be brought out. What is produced at the St. Stephens' house is doubtless of more consequence and interest to the nation even than a *Pomp-a-Day* or a *Colleen Bawn*, and I make no doubt that the sayings of LORD PALMERSTON are looked for still more

eagerly than those of *Lord Dundreary*. Its patrons must however be somewhat disappointed to find, from the prospectus issued by the manager, that there are but few novelties in prospect at this house, and that the season seems to promise to be a sadly dull one. Even that extremely clever actor, MR. GLADSTONE, who has been playing his old part in *Raising the Wind*, has failed in warming up his audience from the apathetic coldness with which all efforts to excite them have been hitherto received. Strange as it must doubtless have appeared to old habitués, but little interest was awakened by the drama of *The Budget*, or *How to Settle Accounts with your Chancellor of the Exchequer*, which was revived the other night before the fullest house this season, in whose presence MR. GLADSTONE took a most tremendous header into such a sea of figures as would have clearly overwhelmed an actor of less strength.

'Spring's delights are now reviving;
'Spite of East wind, rain, and hail;
And 'bout the country, folks are skiving'
To hear the Swedish Nightingale;

—whose sweet throat, it is whispered, is next month to be 'delightful to the ravished sense,' of JENNY-loving London. But alas! in vain I search through MR. GYE's prospectus for her name, although *Roberto* and *La Fidia* are both to be revived. Might not a petition, signed by MR. PUNCH as the mouthpiece of All England, persuade her to exhibit, in this year of Exhibition, her marvellous creations of operatic art? To hear JENNY LIND accompanied by MR. COSTA's band was a treat we were denied when she was singing on the stage, and who that has a soul for music would not give his ears to hear the combination? I know there is a rumour about her M. OTTO, and a music hall. If true, this were something, for there is somebody to whom JENNY LIND's husband would, I think, offer an engagement.

"Meanwhile, the nightingales of Italy have winged again their flight to us; and as this Exhibition year is a year of peace and harmony, the Battle of the Operas will this year again be fought. GENERAL MAPLESON has issued orders to his army, bidding them assemble at Her Majesty's on Saturday the 26th. GENERAL GYE has, however, been the first to take the field, and as his forces are still under the command of CAPTAIN COSTA, we may be pretty sure of the success of their campaign. It augured well, I thought, that ROSSINI took the *pos* of VERDI the first night; and lovers of good music must surely have rejoiced to see how *William Tell* was relished by that crowded audience. I hardly saw a single vacant box or stall, and, while the music was proceeding, there was scarce a single face that showed a vacant look. Say what sceptics may, we English are improving in our taste for music; and men like MR. GYE, who hold a musical command, will do well to note the fact, and assist in our improvement.

"*Friends or Foes* at the St. James's, and the *World of Fashion*, played at the Olympic, are two pleasant little pieces, both taken from the French, and far more to my liking than the picturesque slow-poisonings, for which 'our lively neighbours' entertain such love. One might really be inclined to put some faith in homoeopathy, were its practitioners as skillful, ready-witted, and well-bred, as the young doctor MR. DEWAR so well plays in the first piece; and however much, as fox-hunters, we may condemn the act of vulpicide on which the curtain falls, we cannot but be pleased to see a happy ending brought so sud-

denly about. As for the Olympic, when I say that a Court Milliner is the heroine of the play, and that the audience is permitted to see her on her throne—I mean sitting in her shop—I have surely said enough to make your lady-readers anxious for a peep at her, in the hope that they may spy out some new fashion for a dress.

To stamp this in our memory as an *Asses Mirabilis*, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has graciously been pleased to clear away the interdicts of Cant, and to suffer all the theatres in the week preceding Easter (Friday properly excepted) to keep open their doors. How many a poor actor will thank him for his courage in making this wise change, and in no longer letting the Casinos, Poses Plastiques, and Singing Supper-rooms be the only public pleasures throughout the Holy Week! It is no small loss to a manager to lose a week's receipts, and still less can a poor actor bear the loss of a week's salary, compelling him to fast more than he wills it during Lent. *Cantabit caccus*—that is to say, Cox, the empty head will cant a-bit; but I put very little faith in such old obsolete devices for making folks devout, as this of keeping theatres all shut up during Passion Week, while dancing shops and concert-rooms were flaring in full force.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

"P.S. I must just add a word of thanks to MR. GERRARD REED for his smart rap at the Spirit-rappers in his bright new entertainment. To see a Spirit visibly embodied, coolly smoking a cigar, and fiddling a fantasia of our fashionable airs (such as the *Great Sensation* and the *Perfect Cure*), is surely far more entertaining than to hear one's old dead friends rapping underneath a table to mispell their own names, or to see the words 'JOHN SMITH,' or else 'BELENDA BROWN,' faintly scrawled by means of phosphorus on a Medium's bared arm."

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

FOR daring to publish the pastoral which announced the intended celebration of the tercentenary of the massacre of 4,000 unarmed Huguenots in cold blood and violation of a solemn pact, on the day of Pentecost, the 17th of May, 1562, at Toulouse, all honour to the Archbishop of that see. Consistency for ever! All honour to the Pope for not having condemned the pastoral of this consistent prelate. This was none of your hypocritical effusions of rigmarole, affecting Christian love and compassion for poor lost sheep. It was a bold vindication of what, according to the Archbishop's creed, and the creed of the Roman See, which has sanctioned its publication, is an act of faith, but what the world in general calls an act of murder.

The French Government has prohibited the celebration of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew the Less, so to speak, which the brave old Archbishop intended to commemorate. Herein it has perhaps acted with prudence. It is possible that enemies and persecutors of the Saints, if there are any in Toulouse, would have hissed the holy man, and pelted him at the head of his procession with rotten eggs; thus converting the triumph of the Church into a profane ovation.

The disapproval, however, of the contemplated ceremony, which has been published in the *Moniteur*, must of course be understood with due reservation. The ARCHBISHOP OF TOULOUSE and the Holy See have adopted the Huguenot massacre of 1562—are what we wretched heretics call accessories after the fact. The ex-KING OF NAPLES subsidises the Neapolitan brigands; the POPE harbours the ex-KING OF NAPLES, and French troops uphold the POPE. The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH cannot be considered serious in censuring the ARCHBISHOP OF TOULOUSE, whilst his arms maintain the temporal power of the HOLY FATHER.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, who recently appeared before the public in a new suit, is now, it appears from MR. COWPER's statement, "studying the habits of the Lion." The best place for studying the habits of the latter, would be, we should say, not the Zoological Gardens, but rather some fashionable haunt, like the Horticultural Gardens, where Lions most do congregate, and where you can admire them in all the splendour of their bran-new habits, still lustrous from the master-touch of either BUCKMASTER or POOLE. So dilatory is SIR EDWIN over his commission, that we would recommend ADMIRAL WALCOTT to suggest to the House that JULES-GÉRARD, the notorious Algerian *leur de lions*, should be appointed in the talented but procrastinating R.A.'s stead, for it is well-known that MONSIEUR JULES is the readiest hand of any one of the present day in having a brush with a lion, and besides has the knack of bringing down the greatest number in the smallest possible space of time. It would only be a morning's work for him to knock you up the four that are wanted for that most unfinished work of art in the metropolis, the NELSON'S COLUMN—which, unfinished as it has long been, is placed, inappropriately enough, in the society of that "most finished gentleman in Europe," GEORGE THE FOURTH.

THE LATEST (AND THE GREATEST) ACT OF LEGAL REFORM.—
Chancery Lane is closed!



NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED.

"Love will find out the way."—Old Ballad.

MAXIM FOR EXHIBITION.

APART from the various mechanical implements displayed at the International Exhibition, attention is invited by a wonderful moral saw. Above the space to be occupied by Mr. O'CONNOR's stained glass you will find these words:—

"The progress of the human race, resulting from the common labour of all men, ought to be the final object of the labour of each individual."

There is no denying this exactly, inasmuch as there is no precisely understanding it. The progress of the human race; what does that mean?—progress in the arts and sciences only, or moral and spiritual progress also? Because the moral and spiritual progress of the human race does not result from the common labour of all men, but from the uncommon labour of inspired and master-minds. If human progress, in the widest sense of the word, ought to be the final object of individual labour, it certainly is not. The final object of the labour of almost every individual is, in point of fact, his own aggrandisement. The Great Exhibition owes all the treasures it contains to the acquisitiveness of the individuals who have produced them. An inscription proposing the progress of mankind as the proper object of personal exertion is very appropriate in such a building certainly; just as a legend inculcating sobriety would be in its right place over the door of a public-house.

A Split in the Camp.

We see, from the "Literary Intelligence" of the various papers, that a large portion of the staff of the *Saturday Review* have carried their pens and gall-bags over to the *London Review*. Well, do you think there will be learning and ill-nature enough for two papers? We don't know about the former?

Truly Offensive Taxes.

THE duty on playing cards has been reduced solely for a moral reason. Nobody complained of it, or is relieved by its reduction. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would no longer take tribute of gambling. The money smelt. For the same reason MR. GLADSTONE will doubtless next abolish the tax on Quack Medicines.

PULL ARMSTRONG, PULL ADMIRALTY.

A PROBABLE CHRONOLOGY.

1860. MR. ARMSTRONG, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, invents Rifled Ordnance that will knock any ship to pieces. He is knighted and the Admiralty is benighted.

1861. The Admiralty recovers, and invents iron ships that resist any known cannon-balls.

1862. SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG invents a gun that smashes the Iron Ships into blacksmithereens. The Admiralty collapses.

1863. The Admiralty re-expands and invents Platina Ships fastened with diamond cement, and SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's balls fly to pieces like bon-bons.

MR. GLADSTONE doubles the Income-Tax.

1864. SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG invents Brazen Thunderbolts (supposed to be the original Jupiters) and in a pleasing experiment sends the greater part of the British Fleet to the bottom of the sea.

1865. The Admiralty invents Torpedo vessels which sail under water, and below any range of guns. SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG tears his hair and swears in the Newcastle dialect.

1866. SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG invents a Vertical gun that discharges Greek fire straight down, and a second time he destroys the greater part of the British fleet. The Lords of the Admiralty are about to hang themselves, when a thought strikes them, and they don't.

MR. GLADSTONE again doubles the Income-Tax.

1867. DR. CUMMING, who has for some weeks been having in his coals by the sack only, suddenly proclaims the Millennium. As there is now to be peace everywhere, the Admiralty does not invent anything, but waits to see.

In order to test DR. CUMMING's veracity, and to find out whether lions will lie down with kids, the Zoological Society (against the advice of their excellent Secretary, MR. SCLATER) lets loose their biggest lion

while a charity school is in the Gardens. As the lion, instead of lying down with a kid, only lies down to digest him, the Admiralty thinks there is some mistake somewhere, and determines to invent a new fleet.

MR. GLADSTONE once more doubles the Income-Tax.

1868. The Admiralty invents a Stone Fleet, with cork keels, and defies SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

1869. SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG invents the Hannibal, or Alp-Shell, which contains the strongest vinegar, and melts the Stone ships. Having for the third time destroyed the British Fleet, he is raised to the peerage as LORD BOMB.

1870. The Admiralty invents an Aërial Fleet, which sails in the clouds, out of shot range, and the First Lord takes a double sight at SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

MR. GLADSTONE a fourth time doubles the Income-Tax.

1871. LORD BOMB invents a Balloon battering-train, and in an experimental discharge brings down all the British fleet into the German ocean.

1872. The Admiralty, in desperation, invents a Subterranean Fleet, which is to be conveyed by tunnels to all the Colonies, but MR. GLADSTONE blandly suggests that as everybody now pays twice his income in taxes, the people may object to further imposts unless some proof of economy is given.

Government therefore stop the pensions of a hundred superannuated clerks, discharge some extra night-porters at the Treasury, and bring in Estimates for the Subterranean Fleet.

1873. LORD BOMB invents his Typhæons, or Earthquake Shells, and suffocates the British Fleet in the Tasmania Tunnel.

MR. GLADSTONE a fifth time doubles the Income-Tax.

1874. THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH proclaims the Millennium, which of course immediately occurs, no more warships are wanted, and the collectors remit the quarter's Income-Tax not yet due. LORD BOMB invents his Volcano Fireworks in honour of the occasion, and by some accident burns up the Public.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S SENTENCE OUT OF HIS OWN MOUTH.



T the Leith Industrial School, PROFESSOR BLACKIE called the reporters "his greatest enemies." And why were they his enemies? Because they took down every word he said. He confessed he talked "nonsense"—which for a man, like PROFESSOR BLACKIE, with more than his fair share of Caledonian conceit, is a most wonderful confession to make:—

"Now (he said, addressing the reporters), don't take that nonsense down—(renewed laughter)—use a little discretion—the nonsense is the best part of it here, but the worst part of it when it goes abroad. (Laughter.)"

Now, doesn't PROFESSOR BLACKIE himself go abroad (that is to say, supposing a Scotchman ever does such a thing?) when he talks nonsense? Why blame the reporters, and call them his "enemies?" Doesn't the remedy rest rather with himself than with them? If, instead of telling them to use "a little discretion," he exercised a little more himself, he need not stand so much in fear of them. The remedy simply consists in his talking sense. To be sure, we are taking

it for granted that such a remedy is within the reach of the Professor, for we must acknowledge he has never yet given us any proof of it. His great forte, as it is, also, according to his admission, his great weakness, seems to be to talk nothing but nonsense.

Poor reporters, they are doubly to be pitied! Not only are they condemned to listen to PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S speeches, but they are, also, doomed to be abused afterwards for reporting them. If they did neither, we are inclined to think that the world would continue to go round.

THE PECULIARITIES OF A SMOKY CHIMNEY.

In a lodging-house, the following peculiar characteristics are pretty sure to be found connected with a smoky chimney:—

"This is the first complaint that has ever been made about it."

"It's very strange! It never was known to smoke before!"

"It only smokes when the wind is in a particular direction" (that direction being generally all points of the compass).

"If the front kitchen door is only opened a bit, it will soon give over smoking."

"It's all owing to JANE not knowing how to light the fire. That foolish girl will never follow the instructions that are given her. Why will she persist in laying the coals at the bottom, and the wood on the top?"

"The truth is, the chimney is a little damp from the quantity of rain that has lately fallen. Only be patient with it five minutes, and it will soon give over."

"Does it want sweeping? Oh! Lor bless you—no, Sir—it's as clean 'as you are—why it was only swept a week or two ago!"

"It is very troublesome to be sure!" (This is when the room is as full of smoke as it can hold.) "If you can throw all the windows and doors open only for a quarter of an hour, you'll find it go as sweetly as possible. It never does pull properly, until it has fully warmed up to its work."

"The cause of its smoking is, because you put on too many coals, Sir. You shouldn't put on more than a handful at a time." (Of course, this is when you pay a specified sum per week for what they call "firing.")

"It always is the case, Sir, when they're taking up the gas-pipes in the street opposite. The reason is, you see, Sir, it creates too strong a draught!"

[And many other reasons, equally ingenious, and true.]

Geography Corrected.

THE World, we were told at school, is divided into four quarters. This is all very well for any one who is attached, either by birth, or association, to a particular country, but your Cosmopolitan, your true Citizen of the World, soars far above such narrow limits or notions. He is able to find his quarters in any part of the globe, wherever he may be.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.

CONSIDERING the value of CAPTAIN COLES'S new castles, or cupolas on board ship, *Punch* suggests that if that officer is to be knighted, it should be under the designation 'SIR NEWCASTLE COLES.'

NAVAL RACING INTELLIGENCE.—BRITANNIA has entered her Sea-horses for the Plate.

THE DAYS WHEN WE WORE STRAPS.

In the days when we wore straps,
MELBOURNE ruled the commonweal,
Taking—we were then young chaps—
Turns with WELLINGTON and PEARL;
Most of all our rising men
Puling in their nurses' laps:
Some were not in being then,
In the days when we wore straps.

Railways were a wonder new,
In those days, beneath the sun;
Old stage-coaches, one or two,
Did continue still to run.
Telegraphic wires were not;
Several days had to elapse
Ere our foreign news we got,
In the days when we wore straps.

Indian-rubber then was dear,
Gutta-percha not yet known;
No rare thing was good strong beer,
Brewed with malt and hops alone;
Beer of which the likeness flows
From but few existing taps;
None did bitter ale compose
In the days when we wore straps.

Science had not yet to bear
Brought the Sun's pictorial rays;
Photographs not any were
Published in those other days.
Every Christian's chin was shorn,
Saving only MUNTZ, perhaps,
Beards by none but Jews were worn
In the days when we wore straps.

Sides of ladies, robe and skirt
Moderate of dimensions, clad,
Filled no doorway, swept no dirt;
Petticoats had not gone mad.
Hideous hoops revived we've seen,
Hoops, to hinder their collapse!
Folly wore no Crinoline
In the days when we wore straps.

Then Retrenchment was the word;
Estimates afforded room
For the censures, duly heard,
Of unflinching JOSEPH HUME.
Fleets and troops we durst reduce,
In our armour leaving gaps;
Ironsides were not in use
In the days when we wore straps.

Peace, if Plenty did not reign,
Britain's isles with safety blest;
Ireland only, and insane
Chartists, troubled England's rest.
Tranquil were the United States;
France to change her neighbours' maps
Sought not at those distant dates,
In the days when we wore straps.

Then, as we were wont to boast,
Was the schoolmaster abroad,
Whipping every witch and ghost
Into nothing with his rod.
Spirits, under tables heard,
Through a "Medium," giving rays,
Would have been thought too absurd
In the days when we wore straps.

Though fine things of every kind
Were not, as at present, cheap,
Folks of a contented mind
Moderate means would better keep;
What they did not throw away,
They could save, against mishaps;
With no Income-Tax to pay
In the days when we wore straps.



"A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."

Mrs. Colley Wobble. "H'm, so they are going to tax people who make their own beer, are they? Then I don't brew any more!"

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR PYTHONESS.

'On rot the British public, thanks to whom my eggs have rotted,
Not one of all my brood preserved, except the one they've potted!
And that's a half-grown thing, that gives impression false as may be
Of the true length, breadth, and thickness of a new-born Python baby.

Zoology's a great thing, but humanity's a greater;
Just let me get a chance, some day, of squeezing DR. SCLATER!
The coil that I'd keep about him, some small return should be,
For the coil that he's been keeping these eight months about me.

We snakes have sensibilities, and when we're in the state
A Pythoness would fain be in who loves her Python mate,
We've a horror of intrusion, from such scientific noddies,
As your A.S.S. and fellows of other learned bodies.

All a snake-mother asks is peace to warn and range and rank its
Precious ovarian treasure, safe and snug, beneath the blankets.
But if folks keep pulling, poking, peeping, prying, fiddle-faddling,
It will end, as it has ended, sure as eggs is eggs, in addling.

Think what it is, when wrapped in dreams of Pythonacles in embryo,
(With this vile English spring, too, drawing chilly and November on),
To have one's blanket whipped off by a fellow, come to get his
Reading off of one's vital heat, from his ZAMBRA AND NEGRETTI'S.*

Or when lapped in trance lethargic, and beatific vision,
Of tropic suns and tropic skies, and jungle-heat Elysian,
With sudden chill to wake, and feel British north-easter blowin'
Round one's bare coils, unblanketted, to please PROFESSOR OWEN.

The end of all is, I lie here, unblest—of all my batch
Not so much as one Pythonacle brought to a prosperous hatch!

* The great thermometer-makers.

INDIGNATION MAKING VERSES.

WE have received a very indignant letter from an American Correspondent, who states that in his opinion Poets have no right to compose verses which will not lend themselves to paraphrase. He has been trying, he says, all the morning, (and with his coat off,) to fit the Laureate's Balaklava Poem to the subject of the Advance of the Grand Army of the Potomac, and in a perfect fury he encloses this specimen, as all that he has been able to make of it. He considers that the conduct of the English at Balaklava in being only Six Hundred, and that of the Laureate in not making verses that would do for the far more glorious Six Hundred Thousand, are perfectly offensive, and he threatens that when the South is put down, we shall hear more about it. Meantime we hasten to try and assuage his fiery wrath by printing his lines.

THE VALLEY OF MUD.

Into the Valley of Mud'
Went the Six Hundred Thousand,
All of them awfully
Splashing their Trousers.
Officers on the right of them,
Officers on the left of them,
Officers in the middle of them,
Blustered and thundered;
But in that Virginian muck
Stiffly each hero stuck,
And all at M'CLELLAN's pluck
Gloriously wondered.
In they went, on they went,
Fat sides and thin bones,
Till they sunk over shoes,
And indeed over their shin bones.

Here our Correspondent, apparently in the same case as the heroes he celebrates, sticks. We can but print his verses.

No Foundation for Alarm.

THE Thames Embankment is to be built out of City Coals. This proves that there is no apprehension of the Board of Works ever setting the Thames on fire. Don't you see it? We can't help that.

ZODIACAL SIGN FOR THE BRITISH FLEET.—The Ram.

And all because those fellows—those *soi-disant* men of science,
On time and kindly nature are too clever for reliance.

Like boys, who when they've sowed a seed, still of its progress doubting,
Will pull it up from time to time, to see if it is sprouting,
So you in your anxiety to see my Pythons small,
Have poked and pulled and fingered me, till you've got none at all.

It serves you right, of course it does—but think of me forlorn,
Who captive here see chilling night succeed to sunless morn;
Think of the thrill that swept me through—as the electric fire
Pulses, with speed that mocks the light along the cable-wire,

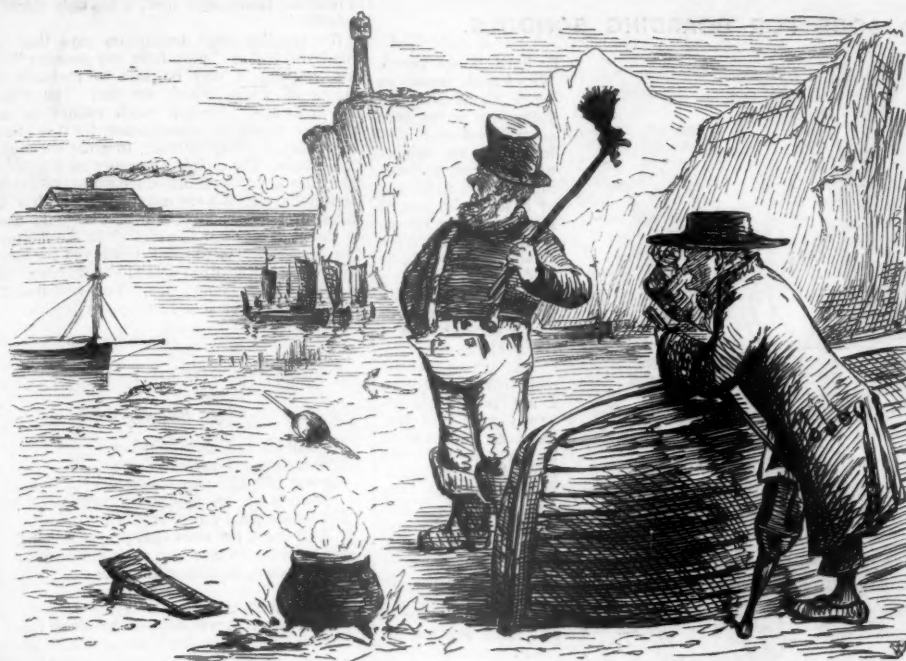
When first I felt the stirrings blend, beneath my scaly skin,
That told me of the mother's work at length begun within;
Think of my pride, my happiness, when, guerdon of my toils,
A hundred clustered eggs lay warm beneath my loving coils!

And now—hard-hearted fellows—but what use in these revealings?
As if you men would credit a Pythoness with feelings!
Sermons in stones there may be, e'en a slate turn pulpit-prater,
But in a slate who'd seek for heart, and, still more in a SCLATER?

Hey, Preston, Begone!

PRESTON has been electing a Member; that is, both sides have been bribing and treating their hardest, with the understanding that neither was to prosecute, and the longest purse, the Tory one, has won. And the place calls itself "Proud Preston." *Soit.* Let it retain the name, and be treated, Parliamentarily, as a doctor treats proud flesh.

DIFFERENCE BETWIXT (SEA) CHIPS OF AN OLD (LAND) BLOCK
BY LAND AND SEA.—COLE's Ironsides in 1862 and CROMWELL's
Ironsides in 1642.



A TRIFLING CHRONOLOGICAL ERROR.

Our Veteran mistakes one of the new Iron-plated Frigates for Noah's Ark, by Jingo!

"LET GLASGOW FLOURISH."

GLASGOW, we believe, claims to be considered the capital of Scotland, *vice* Edinburgh. Glasgow rests its claim to the honour, we are further given to understand, upon its enormous population, its well-kept Cathedral, its splendid supply of water from Loch Katrine, the awfully tall stalk of a chemist's works, an erection which is either 400 or 4000 feet high, and the most wickedly tempting Luncheon House in which a man ever spoiled his dinner. These are not bad claims to the position demanded, and as we—in common with the world—like to heap wealth upon the rich, we will suggest another basis on which Glasgow may rest its claim. It seems to have an appreciation for something better than mere trade, though that is a good thing too. We perceive by the *Glasgow Herald* that there has been a large gathering, headed by one of the Members for the city, to do honour to an individual, and to present him with his Bust. Of course this individual was the DUKE OF BRAEMORE, or the MARQUIS OF MOSSGIEL, or SIR DUNCAN MACSPLEUCHAN, or THE TODDIE OF TODDIE. No such thing. Then it was some highly opulent gentleman of private renown. It was BAILIE BAWBEE or COUNCILLOR HADDOCK, or SHERIFF SAWLIE. Again no such thing. Then it was a thunderous Minister of the Kirk, or a U.P. celebrity, the REV. DAVID M'CALVIN, or the REV. GOLIAH M'SABBATH. Again wrong. The party to whom honour was done in this way, a way usually reserved in Scotland, and in that part of the kingdom of Scotland called England, for Swells by birth or by accumulation, was simply a Painter. Yes, just that. An Artist-body, DANIEL MACNEE, of the Royal Scottish Academy. There seems to have been much sound sense talked by the speakers, but had their orations been far worse than they were, the fact, that in a commercial metropolis, the chief men of the synagogue are moved to assemble to do honour to a Mere Artist, would have been eloquent enough. But that it may be seen that Glasgow is quite in earnest in its art enthusiasm, and that this is no mere sentimental spurt in favour of a friend, here is a bit from the speech of the excellent and accomplished SHERIFF BELL:—

"When I look abroad at the present state of art in this country, I find that what is commonly talked of as the English school, and it is a very eminent school, should with great truth and accuracy of language be called the Scottish school—(hear, hear)—because I find that in every department of art the most eminent artists belong to this country. (Applause.) When I visit the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, and look round its walls for the most beautiful and interesting portraits, I find that they are painted by SIR JNO. WATSON GORDON, the President of the Royal Scottish Academy, by FRANCIS GRANT, by GRAHAM GILBERT, by MACNEE, by SWINTON, and by other eminent Scotchmen. (Cheers.) When I look for the most

beautiful and interesting figure portraits, I find none more entitled to admiration than those that have been painted by FAED, by MILLAR, by PHILIP, by NOEL PATON, by GEO. HARVEY, and by LAUDER. (Applause.) When I look to the landscapes, I see no landscape more inspired with poetical beauty, more full of everything that delights the eye in landscape than the landscapes of HORATIO MACCULLOCH—(cheers)—and I often find by his side, at least not far from him, what I may call the architectural landscapes of another great and most eminent Scotchman, and an old friend of MACNEE'S, DAVID ROBERTS."

We are not going to quarrel with any part of this statement (MR. MILLAR, we believe, is from that part of Scotland called Jersey), but upon consideration, it appears to us that perhaps Glasgow is going to put in a claim to be the capital of England. In that case we beg to make terms at once—anything is better than fighting. We will compromise, and surrender Edinburgh to Saint Mungo, conditionally on being allowed to hold our own. But, meantime, Mr. Punch rejoiceth to see so wholesome a state of feeling in Glasgow, and regards Mr. EWING'S bust of MR. DANIEL MACNEE as a memorial not only of an admirable artist, but of honour paid to Art.

PROMOTION WELL EARNED.

CONSIDERING what a rich reward may be obtained by acting tolerably well on the stage, we wonder to see what a comparatively poor recompense usually awaits a performer of great excellence in actual life. We suppose, however, that some good thing is in store for the meritorious officer named in the subjoined extract from the *Army and Navy Gazette*:—

"We are gratified to find that it is the intention of the Government to recommend CAPTAIN BROWN, the Registrar-General of Seamen to the QUEEN, for some mark of her Gracious Majesty's approbation for the distinguished services he has rendered to the country in connection with that admirably working institution, the Royal Naval Reserve."

COMMODORE BROWN'S exertions, literary and professional, have raised him to the eminence which he now occupies, and we rejoiced to hear that he was about to occupy one a peg higher. The honour which has been conferred upon CAPTAIN BROWN, will, we trust, be attended with a slice of that solid pudding without which empty praise, or distinction equally empty, is as worthless as the paper of the United States.

A SEQUITUR.—JACK ought to revive his pig-tail, now he is to go the whole Hog-in-armour.

VIVAT REGINA!

ON Maundy Thursday among the customary Royal charities distributed at Whitehall, there was a number of white purses, each white purse containing the "Maundy coin," namely, fourpenny, threepenny, twopenny, and penny pieces in silver, amounting together to forty-three pence, the age of Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN. We wish we may live to record a distribution of these purses some years hence, and then be enabled to state that each of them contained eight-and-fourpence.

A Peace Preserver.

WE understand that the Peace Society has organised a subscription for the purpose of having a monster iron vessel with several cupolas constructed by CAPTAIN COLES, their intention being to present it to Government with a request that it may be stationed at Spithead, and be called the *John Bright Floating Battery*.

A REVISED CODE FOR BOARDING SCHOOLS.



In the education of this young gentleman the rod has been entirely dispensed with. You will suggest that its moderate use might have increased his erudition. I think not. Nor is he a young dunce; but only rather idle and inattentive. Severe and merciless flogging might have made him learn a little more; and detest learning for ever.

"I wish to propose a plan of tuition whereby the young idea may be taught to shoot independently of birchen twigs; these being left to flourish on the parent tree, or properly applied in the shape of brooms.

"All people, not idiots, will learn what they needs must, in order to live. I would have boys obliged to earn not exactly their bread, but their bread-and-butter. Performance of tasks should be the necessary condition to enjoyment of butter, and not only enjoyment of butter, but also enjoyment of pudding, or pie, or anything whatever more savoury than bread and meat, and skyblue. Any lesson remaining unlearned, no luxury allowed.

"The discipline of a school would thus resemble that of a workhouse, with this difference, that the latter is simply penal and vindictive, like that of a place dissimilar to a workhouse chiefly in being open not only to the Pauper, but also to the Rich Man. Besides the school-system would afford a place of repentance to the defaulter, which the workhouse does not, any more than the other place. Privation would cease on the instant of amendment. Moreover there would be no stint as to quantity of nourishment; no semi-starvation. The portion of indolence would be a coarser kind of food, indeed, but enough of that. Since, however, a coarser kind of food is more filling than a daintier, it is altogether more economical. Therefore I should think the dietetic system of school discipline must commend itself especially to principals of Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial Academies, Establishments, and Boarding Schools in general, whose profits are in chief part derived from boarding young gentlemen, remarkable for an alacrity at alimentary consumption much exceeding their appetite for knowledge.

"As a friend of education, especially desirous of having youth well grounded in the rudiments of learning, permit me to subscribe myself, "A. B. C."

ABD-EL-KADER AND HIS HORSE.

ABD-EL-KADER has been presenting to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON a most wonderful Arabian colt, "whose pedigree can be traced fifty generations back, and pure from any crossing." This is very kind of the exiled Emir. We recollect how in the Algerian wars with LOUIS PHILIPPE, ABD-EL-KADER's horse was being continually shot in the bulletins. The French always got near enough to shoot the Arab chief's horse, but they could never get sufficiently near to apprehend the Arab chief himself: though one would imagine that, when a rider's horse had been shot under him, it would be no very difficult matter to capture the rider! Why, the number of ABD-EL-KADER's horses killed in that long war must have been equal fully to the number of bulletins issued. We wonder that the equine race was not wholly exterminated in the neighbourhood of the Kabyles. However, the above gift proves ABD-EL-KADER to be an extremely grateful man. He displays the best form of gratitude—forgiveness of past injuries. Though the French took hundreds and hundreds of horses, literally, from under him, he is not above sending them the best one he can find

in return. Generosity, now, is his only *cheval de bataille*.

We see that the description says that this wonderful colt is "pure from any crossing." In this respect, it may be said to resemble the streets of Paris, which are also "pure from any crossings," though much cannot be said for their purity in consequence, for it is almost impossible, in rainy weather, to cross the muddy Boulevards. The crossing-sweeper as a civilising agent has never been introduced into the French metropolis. If it were not for the length of the ladies' dresses, the streets of Paris would never be swept at all after five o'clock in the morning. The best thing is to wait, until you see a lady going over to the other side of the way, and then to follow close behind her. You will find the road-way swept cleaner than by any broom.

ROGUES OF THE WORLD.

(A Bellow.)

My hand is ever in my pocket,
And ever out again as fast;
My war-bill, like an endless rocket,
Mounts up, but mounting grows more vast.
No sooner am I out of trouble,
And thank my stars that plague is gone,
When, quick, a new woe costs me double:
One down, another still comes on.

I had to reconstruct my Navy,
When canvas was deposed by steam;
I poured my riches forth like gravy,
And then indulged a pleasing dream
That now 'twas all my safety needed;
But here I'm forced, too sanguine then,
Since iron wood has superseded,
To reconstruct it o'er again.

My plans of progress all are undone
By mere demands for self-defence.
How I should like to rebuild London!
And might, except for that expense,
How fain the arts of use and beauty
Would I pursue, my huge police
Not forced to keep on constant duty,
Against the world to guard my peace!

I do not care a straw for glory;
I hate and scorn the brutes who do;
Have no increase of territory,
No gain at others' loss, in view.
I seek no pretext or occasion
To vindicate a tyrant's cause;
I meditate no base invasion
Of neighbours' liberties and laws.

Then why, oh why, with execration
Do foreign nations load my name,
And my supreme humiliation
Approaching, evermore proclaim?
Why go exhausting their resources
To injure me with effort vain?
Superior still I make my forces;
And where they were they there remain.

I can but form one supposition;
And that the heart within me grieves.
Why they all compass my perdition.
Is, I have wealth and they are thieves.
The more I thrive, the more I flourish,
The more I must expect to spend,
My goods, against the rogues who nourish
Designs against me, to defend.

Easter Amusements.

A BANQUET is to be given to the O'DONOGHUE at Thurles shortly after Easter. The greatest treat is anticipated. It is the only burlesque we shall go to this season.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.



TIMES! TELEGRAPH! NEW NUMBER OF PUNCH!

fast enough, unless she looks old enough to be considered marriageable, and is not.

Age, in meat, is corrected by cookery; old fowls are best curried or stewed. A man or woman that is no chicken should dress themselves accordingly, like old birds as they are. Stained hair and whiskers set off a withered face the wrong way, so as to aggravate its decrepitude, whereas, if the fool who dyed them had let them alone, their natural hue might have characterised it with dignity. An old gentleman or lady, wearing a pork-pie hat, for the matter of taste might as well eat bacon with roast beef, or mint-sauce with leg-of-mutton.

GE.—It is not true that every woman always objects to tell her age. Some women will readily own their age when they have lived to be 80 or 90 years old, and have given up the expectation of being married if single, or of getting re-married if their husbands should die. A very aged lady who has sense enough to know that she can, and could under any circumstances, no longer hope for a wooer, will even spontaneously proclaim her age when that information is likely to elicit the remark, that she is a wonderful woman.

A woman will also declare her age, if she is so young-looking as to be liable to be mistaken for a child. She will not mind telling her age if she looks very old, but is not nearly so old as she looks.

A girl who, if she were much older would not tell her age, will tell her youth.

THE PLEASURES OF PARIS.

MY DEAR JONES,

You will doubtless recollect how the last time that I dined with you we had a little talk, when the ladies had retired, about the nuisance of one's having to turn out at ten o'clock at night to take one's wife and daughter to a dance or an 'At Home.' We agreed, you will remember, that steps ought to be taken to stop this monstrous custom, which is ruining our digestions, our tempers, and our healths, and which, unless it soon be checked, will probably be carried to a dangerous excess, and tend to bring our grey hairs prematurely to the grave. How right we were in nurturing these terrible forebodings, a glance at this brief paragraph will, I think, suffice to show:—

"PARISIAN DISSIPATION.—A Paris letter says:—'For the present every one here belonging to the upper classes seems to be bent upon pursuing a round of dissipation too fatiguing to be sociable. The Countess FERRIGNY has brought in, by giving her last ball at midnight, a fashion in a fair way of being widely adopted, as well as one that will make the sociability of the brilliant world more life-consuming than it ever has been. Soirées now commence long after ten, private concerts at about eleven, and balls at twelve. When they end may easily be inferred from the time of their beginning. The wearing effects of such unnatural hours on the constitution are warded off by the ladies, and, indeed, often by gentlemen, in a manner so ingenious that it deserves to be recorded. Dinners are ordered half an hour earlier than they are usually served, and, instead of being finished at half-past seven or eight, are over at seven and half-past seven, so that persons of quality can go to bed and have a long sleep before they dress to go out at midnight.'—Globe.

There, my dear friend, is not this a truly fearful picture? Just imagine yourself, JONES, you who relish a good dinner, and, therefore, like to take a cosy, comfortable time at it—I say, imagine yourself daily scrambling through that meal, so as to get it over by seven or half-past, and then hurrying off to bed in the serenity of fulness, with the certainty that nightmare will afflict you if you sleep. Then fancy the delight of having to get up again a little before midnight, and shave and wash, and dress yourself in your most gorgeous raiment, and then drive through the bleak night-damp to a suffocating *soirée*, where society expects you to stand for some six hours with a smile upon your face. What you'll have to do when this your martyrdom is over, whether you'll be told to go to bed again till noon, or will be started off to business with an early, lonely breakfast (the ladies taking theirs at leisure some time in the afternoon)—on this point I at present cannot undertake to prophesy, and the subject is so painful that I shrink from giving thought to it more than I can help.

Meanwhile, my dear old boy, bless your stars, as I do mine, that you were born a Briton: and that, whatever social tortures cruel fate may have in store for us, we are at present not afflicted so severely as

Age is generally called venerable, and considered ridiculous. Small boys are apt, as it were by instinct, to make faces behind the backs of their aged relatives and preceptors, some of whom, if they catch them doing so, are so incensed as to scold them, making, themselves, in their fury, faces still more grotesque. Men to whom age brings wisdom, which it does not bring to everybody, will, if their dispositions are kindly and genial, cheerfully acquiesce in that appointment of nature whereby the temporary absurdities of their external appearance enable them, like toys, or figures of fun, to afford innocent but short-lived amusement to simple minds.

BISHOP GARIBALDI FOR POPE.

OUR friend GARIBALDI has often shown that he knows how to charge the enemy, but it was but the other day that he proved his fitness to charge the clergy. In the course of his Italian Visitation, the excellent BISHOP GARIBALDI, addressing a body of worthy priests, said, "I have had to denounce the evil priests of Rome, but what have I to say to you? You teach the people the Word, and enforce their duties upon them." We have some good and clever men among our hierarchy, but we do not know that any of them could give a better and briefer pastoral charge than this. We invite the attention of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH to the charge. Does it not show His Majesty a course which will avoid all the difficulties just now besetting a Catholic Sovereign who is a friend of Liberty? GARIBALDI has shown that he is fit to be Pope. Send over old PIUS to MIVART'S, and order the Cardinals to choose POPE JOSEPH.

we should be were we resident in Paris, and sharing the enjoyments (?) of its fashionable world.

With kind regards to MRS. JONES, whose little *thé parlant* I should with rapture have attended, but my ecclesiastical scruples keep me prisoner in Lent, believe me, my dear friend, with never-ceasing sympathy,

Your fellow-martyr,

PUNCH.

P.S. I rather think I heard our dear friend Mrs. BROWN projecting a small *soirée* for—I could not catch the night. When you receive her cards, don't forget to recollect that you are pledged to dine with me to meet the Rajah of Ramjangbung, who (you may hint to MRS. JONES) is nobly liberal in shawls to the ladies whom he likes.

P.P.S. (*Private*.) Of course you know the R. of R. is our old school-chum BOBBY BRIGHT. He has chambers close to mine, and if I give him a day's notice he is always game for Greenwich.

THE CHANCELLOR'S GHOST.

Saunders' News Letter contains a story from a "London Correspondent," which therefore must be true. It is stated that LORD WESTBURY, the Chancellor, has bought a ghost. That is to say, he has bought Hackwood House, near Basingstoke, and in it a Woman in Grey, who comes into his bedroom, stands against the wall, and shines phosphorically, and is generally intrusive. The lady has appeared to the Chancellor himself, who, not being easily discomposed, took notes of her behaviour, and read them after breakfast. We are rather glad of this, because there is now a chance of a ghost-story being fairly sifted. SIR RICHARD BETHELL, that was, is not the man to be content with diluted evidence, or to make up his mind that he has got a ghost, except upon full proof, cogent enough to justify an order in Chancery. He will either proclaim the whole affair to be a bit of correspondent's mendacity, or we shall have such a set of ghostly interrogatories as have never yet been applied in a case of the supernatural. The ghosts have caught a Tartar at last, and we should not wonder if there were a considerable sensation in the spirit world, and a vote of censure passed on the venturesome ghost.

STAR-GAZING EXTRAORDINARY.—A Tory gives as his opinion for taking in the *Morning Star*, that "it is always as well to look on the BRIGHT side of things."



A PROPER PRECAUTION.

Mistress. "THERE, SIR! THERE'S A BOTTLE OF EAU DE COLOGNE FOR YOU, AND DON'T LET ME HAVE OCCASION TO COMPLAIN AGAIN!"
Stirrups (the Party who looks after the Horse and Chaise). "YES, MUM! BUT BE O! TO DRINK IT?"

Mistress. "NO, SIR; YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT AT TABLE TO-NIGHT, AND YOU ARE TO SPRINKLE IT OVER YOUR BEST LIVERY, THAT YOU MAY NOT BRING INTO THE HOUSE THAT DREADFUL EFFLUVIUM FROM THE STABLE THAT YOU HAVE HITHERTO DONE!"

HOW LONG?

How long, Elect of France, must hope
 Deferred Italian hearts make sick,
 While troops of thine uphold the POPE,
 As despot of his bishopric,
 In "right divine to govern wrong?"

How long? How long?

How long shall Bourbon FRANCIS find
 A harbour in the Holy See,
 With miscreants of every kind;
 Ruffians of high and low degree:
 A mercenary brigand throng?

How long? How long?

How long shall he those villains hire,
 And arm, and wilt thou still connive,
 Whilst they go forth with sword and fire
 Rob, mutilate, and burn alive,
 In thy protection only strong?

How long? How long?

How long shall Roman sacred domes
 Give shelter to the routed horde?
 How long shall the Apostles' Tombs
 Those rascals sanctuary afford,
 Retreats, when chased to hide among?

How long? How long?

How long, thou Ruler of the French,
 Shall priests be rulers over thee,
 Conspiring liberty to quench,
 And re-enslave freed Italy?
 Ah, hear the burden of her song!

How long? How long?

A WOMAN AND A CAT.

THEY say there is no such thing as an indisputable truth. *Mr. Punch* fearlessly asserts that he has found one, and here it is.

It is better to be a Cat in Zug than a Woman in London.

A short time ago, a man in Zug stole a Cat, named *ERMINIE*, and having probably acquired a taste for that kind of nutriment at two-franc restaurants during some visit to Paris, he slew *Puss*, and cooked her for his dinner.

For this offence he was condemned to about nine distinct punishments:—

1. He was imprisoned.
2. He was fined.
3. He was made to pay the value of the Cat.
4. He was put down in a black list.
5. He was put for two years under the eye of the police.
6. He was forbidden to leave his own parish for four years.
7. He was ordered to receive a slight flogging.

And there were two or three other punishments, which we forget, but a kind of Zug cat-o'-nine Tails descended on him.

A short time ago a man in London beat his wife, named *ELIZABETH HUBBARD*, and dreadfully injured her eye, and she died. She was ill when he beat her, and the doctor and the jury agreed in saying that she died of fever, accelerated by disease of the heart, and the man, (who had tried to smuggle his wife into the grave, and to get rid of her child who had seen her beaten, and had been beaten himself) was neither imprisoned, fined, put on a black list, flogged, nor otherwise given to understand that he was a brute.

So it is better to be a Cat in Zug than a Woman in London, for very few Zug Cats will henceforth be stolen and eaten, whereas several London women have been beaten nearly to death since a timid doctor and a foolish jury united to acquit *MR. WILLIAM HUBBARD*.



THE POPISH ORGAN NUISANCE.

PAM TO NAP. "WHY DON'T YOU MAKE HIM 'MOVE ON?' HE DISTURBS THE PEACE OF THE ENTIRE HOTEL."



THE POLISH ORIGIN MESSAGE

THE POLISH ORIGIN MESSAGE

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AN EMBLEM OF DOMESTIC BLISS.



HAT celebrated statue, the "Tinted Venus," of Mr. Gimson, is to be shown in the Brompton International Exhibition. According to the *Times* :—

"Mr. Gimson has represented his Venus as the Goddess of Marriage, a dignified and beautiful matron, with a tortoise at her feet."

There is something not easily intelligible in the idea of a tortoise at the feet of Venus. That situation indeed might be suitably occupied by a turtle; still more suitably by a pair of turtles: of the winged species and not the reptile. Is the tortoise, to which it is difficult to imagine the Goddess

of Love standing in any relation, supposed to be a symbol of marriage? In that case the tortoise at Venus's feet will perhaps be regarded as embodying the fast man's opinion, that married life is slow.

TO CHARLOTTE WITH HER PHOTOGRAPH.

DEPICTED by the solar rays,
What loveliness this form displays!
The figure, what surpassing grace!
What radiant harmony the face!
Who such a likeness could have done?
No meaner artist than the Sun.

You see yourself within this frame,
And, in a looking-glass, the same.
The glass, though, must reflect your eyes,
Or straight the charming image flies:
But fixed you have your shadow here,
So that it cannot disappear.

This portrait as it is will last;
And, when some twice ten years have passed,
Will truly show you what you were;
How elegant, how fresh and fair.
I wonder what the mirror will,
Compared with it, exhibit still.

SCARBOROUGH TRADE REPORT.—Crinoline has risen suddenly to a very high point in consequence of the late gales.

CABMEN'S INDIGNATION MEETING.

In accordance with notice, a large meeting of London Cabmen was held on Friday last at the Cabman's Hall, Commercial Road. The object of the meeting was to consider what steps should be taken to promote the general and individual interest of the Cabmen of London, during the period of the International Exhibition.

The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY had been invited to take the chair, but a letter from his Lordship, excusing himself, and enclosing some tracts, (including the celebrated *Where are you Driving to?*) was read. In the absence of the noble Earl, Mr. SMOUT, a driver of some years sitting, was unanimously called to the office of chairman, by loud cries of "Jump in!"

The Chairman said that he did not enjoy the advantage of speaking promiscuously which was manifested by the noble Earl as had been invited, but he flattered himself as he could come to the point. (*Cries of "Make it a quart!"*) There was to be a great Show, which he had heard was called the Irrational Show at Brompton, and there would be a vast conflux of folks from all parts, and mainly from foreign parts. He had also heard as there was to be the usual attempt at interference with the vested rights of the Cabman, which attempt he hoped the meeting would make up its mind to drive over. He would say no more, but leave it to other gents to come the drydactylic. (*Cheers.*)

MR. GALL WINNER said that the occasion was a very interesting one. There was a noble harvest about to be opened to the Cabman, and if he went to work well, and had tolerable luck, he might make a good thing of the X. But it behooved them to be wide awake, and likewise determined. He had heard of all sorts of new lists of cab fares (*himes*), yes, so they were called, though he thought a better name would be cab fouts (*laughter and cheers*), and that Guides were to be sent on to the cabstands to see that tickets were given (*shame*), and that strangers knew the amount which they could legally be called on to pay. (*Sensation.*) He should like to see a fellow like that on his stand. They mightn't agree as to a sixpence, but he'd let such an hinterloper know pretty clear what a kick meant. (*Applause.*) As for the waterman, he had nothing to say against him, he stood in with the Cabman, told lies for him when he was away at the bar, and never knew anything about fares, or anything against cabby. But as for Guides and spies, let them give him a wide berth. What he said was, Live and Let Live (*applause*), and what was sauce for goose was sauce for gander, not, of course, that Cabmen knew much about sauce. (*Cheers.*) This here X was a dodge of the swells to put money in their purses, and why shouldn't the Cabman come in for a share? Let them get what they could out of everybody. The London folks had no call to complain, they knew the fares, and weren't any wuss off because the Cabman might try to make a trifle out of the Provincials and foreign beggars. Was he to have no evening of life, and sit down calm under his own tree and smoke in peace. (*Sensation.*) Then let the swells let him make his A while the sun shone, and not make a shine about a few shillings. (*Loud cheers.*)

MR. SPAYVIN said he had read with intense disgust that SIR RICHARD MAYNE had been asked to order the police to see the tickets given to fares whether required or not. It was bad enough to have to do it at all on compulsion, and he flattered himself that nobody ever saw him in a hurry to obey. First he always said he was afeared he had left the

tickets at home, then he searched all his pockets five times, looking his fare steady in the face all the while. Then he looked in the nose bag, and under all the cushions, and at the bottom of the cab. Once he looked in the oss's mouth, but that time his fare happened to be an Irish gent as gave him a such a topper to help him that he never tried that again. Then he walked round the cab, and tried at the other door, and need not tell his friends that if it was a rainy day, it was pleasant for the fare by this time. But if the fare was stubborn, he got it at last, for he, the speaker, kept the tickets in his hat. (*Cheers.*) Now all this defensive business, as he might say, was to be done away, if SIR RICHARD MAYNE was to come the arbitrary.

MR. SLASHER said that he was not much afraid of the ticket business. Several gents present knew how that could be managed, and whether the number on the back of the cab was always *exactly* that on the card, and likewise whether the card was writ out quite correct in other respects. But the public was afraid to ask for tickets, it seemed like starting on the journey with a bad feeling. SIR RICHARD MAYNE might do as he liked, but they need not care, unless there was a penalty to an informer, and then it might be awkward certainly. Ladies and gents had no time to hunt a fellow down, and hang about a dirty police court, but if an informer could do it, things would be different, and he hoped that no such harbitrary and dishonest plan would be adopted.

MR. JOBLE said that there ought to be a law protecting cabmen from a great wrong, he meant from gents stopping at home in their houses in the suburbs. (*Hear, hear!*) He had lately been a victim to that hambush. He had drove a lady from Piccadilly to Regent's Park, and the fare on the book was a shilling. He only charged her two shillings, and followed her into the hall to require it, thinking of course that in the middle of the day there were only women in the house. Out of a door bounced a gent who had been meanly stopping at home, and he blew up, took the card, took the number, writing it down for fear of horror, called him, the speaker, a cowardly thief for trying to impose on helpless women, and though he, the speaker, said he was very sorry, and offered to give back sixpence, he was summonsed and fined. (*Shame!*) Now he asked if it wasn't un-English to lie in wait like that, and trap a poor cove as was only trying to help himself? (*Cheers.*)

MR. FLANKER said that they might make up their minds that a bad time was coming. There would be some new laws soon as would make it hardly worth a fellow's while to drive a cab. At present it was pleasant to a fellow of spirit, as being the nearest approach to highway robbery, like that of the good old days. But that had been put down, and so would their freedom be. He believed the time would come when a couple of young ladies would take a cab from Westbourne Grove to Whitechapel, and not be charged a farthing over the rate. (*Sensation on.*) Yes he did, and therefore they had better, as another speaker said, make their A while the sun shone.

After some other speeches, it was unanimously resolved,

That the Cabmen of London would get as much as they possibly could out of the British and Foreign public, during the Exhibition, and would resist either peaceably or by force, as might be advisable, any attempt to interfere with the rights of labour.

After a vote of thanks to LORD SHAFTESBURY, and after singing the Cabman's Hymn (*What though I am a Scowling Cove*), the meeting went on the rank.



PLAYGOER. "Two-pence? Oh! then I won't have a bill; I've only got a penny."
 BOY. "Then pray don't mention it, Sir. Never mind the hextra penny. I respects gentee poverty."

A SENSATION POLICE CASE.

On Saturday last, a gentleman who would not give his name or address, and who seemed deeply to feel his unfortunate position, was brought up on the charge of having made some unfavourable remarks in the pit of the Adelphi Theatre, whilst the celebrated Cave Scene of the *Colleen Bawn* was being performed "for the last time at present."

MR. DION BOUCICAULT, who could scarcely control his indignation, said he brought forward the matter purely on public grounds. It was of the most vital importance to himself that no opinion, other than favourable, should be expressed on his productions.

The MAGISTRATE ventured to inquire what was the nature of the offence?

MR. DION BOUCICAULT (*violently affected*). Whilst I was taking my celebrated Header the prisoner made a remark audible to the whole house, and I nearly, from rage or nervousness, lost my balance, and it was a positive miracle I wasn't precipitated into the Orchestra, where I might have met with an ignominious death in the interior of a big drum. (*Great Sensation.*) As it was impossible the piece could proceed with such interruptions, I had the man removed. I have no wish to be vindictive, Sir, but I must insist upon the very severest penalties the law affords being enforced in this instance.

The MAGISTRATE inquired if MR. BOUCICAULT (whom he begged to congratulate on his miraculous escape, as his loss to the stage never would have been repaired, either by himself or anyone else) could prove that there was any damage done?

MR. BOUCICAULT. No, Sir, nothing fortunately beyond the straining to my nerves, and a slight injury inflicted on the rope; but the disrespect shown—the insult, I may call it—might have the most injurious effect upon my future works, of which I have no fewer than seventy-two, another at present on its way from America, and another so far advanced, as only to require the plot to complete it—and all of which are entirely original, being constructed with variations with the most scrupulous fidelity, from the French dramas and Irish novels—

The MAGISTRATE (*checking him*) ventured to suggest that his question still remained unanswered.

A FAREWELL TO THE FLEET.

BY AN OLD SALT.

Now farewell, my trim three-decker,
 Sails and spars and all farewell:
 Iron's proved of wood a wrecker,
 Where 'twill steer us who can tell?

In glorious NELSON's days, d'ye mind them,
 Our tars were sailors every inch:
 Stout hearts, with pigtailed stout behind them,
 And ne'er a man to skulk or flinch.

But now—my dear eyes! British sailors
 Half soldiers and half stokers are;
 And if we manned the fleet with tailors,
 'Twould in a month be fit for war.

In battle now there ain't no danger,
 Good seamanship is at an end:
 To reefing every hand 's a stranger,
 For why?—no canvas now we bend.

Our ships are hearts of oak no longer,
 But floating forts with iron cased:
 Than Armstrong guns need be arms stronger,
 Ere through our sides a shot be placed.

Bomb-proof, hull-sunk, iron-roofed, we steam on,
 Nor ball nor boarder fear we now:
 And when our foe we run abeam on,
 He sinks at once beneath our prow.

Them Yankee swabs, from shot a-shrinking,
 Fight under water, so they tell:
 Dear eyes! our Navy soon, I'm thinking,
 Will be a fleet of diving bells!

Law and Fact.

"No man can be twice punished for the same offence." This is a law maxim. JONES, formerly but not now a widower, denies its truth. His only offence has been Matrimony, and his experience, he says, negatives the above rule.

MR. BOUCICAULT. Only consider, Sir, if I once were to lose the respect of the public, what would become of me? I have reckoned upon those pieces running up to my 87th year, and if they are suddenly interrupted in their career, I should be the loser, Sir, perhaps of millions. I have already made by the *Colleen Bawn* upwards of £66,000. Please multiply that amount by seventy-two, and you can easily conceive, Sir, what my loss would be!

The MAGISTRATE sincerely sympathised with him. He would like to be informed what was meant by being original?

MR. BOUCICAULT explained that it was an idea copied from some one else, but improved upon a little bit by yourself, so as to enable you to swear it was your own.

The PRISONER said he had merely whispered to a friend of his in the pit that the water-scene in *Colleen Bawn* had been repeatedly done before, and was nothing new, when he was at once seized by the collar, dragged out of the theatre, and taken to the Station House. If he had done any wrong, he was unfeignedly sorry for it.

POLICEMAN Q 25,478 said he took the prisoner into custody. He was sure he was an old offender. He saw him cracking nuts at one of the most pathetic parts, when every one else, down to those who sold apples, oranges and ginger-beer, were all bathed in tears. He yawned, too, once or twice, and in fact paid very little attention to what was going on on the stage.

The MAGISTRATE said this was one of the most flagitious and heart-rending cases that had ever been brought before him. MR. BOUCICAULT deserved the thanks of the public at large for having taken the initiative in the matter, and he would take the liberty of proposing that a Brazen Head should be presented to MR. B. as a Testimonial. He should be most happy to head the subscription himself with sixpence out of the poor-box.

MR. BOUCICAULT thanked the worthy Magistrate, and, after congratulating him on his very successful "header," of which he felt half envious, accepted both the suggestion and the money that so gracefully inaugurated it.

In conclusion, the MAGISTRATE said that with regard to the unfor-

fortunate man in the dock, if he hadn't expressed his regret, he should certainly have condemned him to penal servitude for life. The magnitude of the offence would have amply justified the severity of the punishment.

Having distributed photographs of himself all round, amid the loud plaudits of the Court, MR. BOUCHICAUT jumped on a very high horse, which he has been riding lately, and, preceded by seven grooms to clear the way for him, and followed by as many more behind to prevent the admiring multitude coming too near to his person, he proceeded leisurely in the direction of Piccadilly, saluting with the most graceful urbanity all the well-dressed persons who passed him.

PLUSH IN A FUSS.



ONED MISTER PUNCH,

"U'VE sevril times been good enough for to admit of my Poetical corntributions to your columns, and I'm obliged to you for doink so, and so I dessay are your other readers. But what I ave to rite just now hain't Potry, but its Hinsult—a Hinjury to Plush, and a Houtrage upon Hus—and so I thinks it best to say what I ave to say in good plain matterofack Prose, and not go mountink of my Pegasus for the mounting of Parnassass.

"Sir, jist you read this hear, and say if it taint disgustink! I cobby it from the outside of a printed Phoolsap sheet (a cap I'd like to fit upon the Phool's ead who corncocted it) which were left for Master tuther morning by the Tax-gatherer, leastways it wasn't E but one of is E Missaries, imps who say as they *can't* help it when they sticks your Hincim Taxes sum-

mings in your ands. The paper's on the outside eaded 'ASSESSED TAXES', and purports to contain a 'Return for the Assessment on Articles (mind that) kept between' the days as you'll e mentioned in this ear, which its a parrygraft what's printed immejetly below, on the houtside of the phoolsap:—

"TAKE NOTICE

"That in pursuance of the Acts of Parliament relating to the Duties of Assessed Taxes, you are required, under the Penalty of FIFTY POUNDS, to make out a List or Lists within Twenty-one Days after the Date hereof, according to the proper Forms as within set forth, as far as the same may be applicable to your Case, containing an Account of the GREATEST NUMBER OF MALE SERVANTS, and other Articles, Matters, or Things herein referred to, RETAINED, EMPLOYED, KEPT, OR USED AT ANY ONE TIME between the 5th APRIL, 1861, and the 6th APRIL, 1862, and deliver the same to me at my Dwelling House."

"Sir, when I'd red this here, which I couldn't elp a doink afore taking it to the Guvnor, I called a Hindignation Meetink in the Suvnts Awl, for to partest against this hinfimus and haggeriwatink hinsult. The hidee of this here hignorant and hawkerd hindiwiggle a darink for to speak of all us male suvnts as 'Harticles!' I declare it reelly takes my breadth away to think of it. Yet there's no mistake about the matter, as U C. The fool says plane enuff 'the greatest number of Male Servants, and other Articles, Matters or Things.' So I spose if we hobjex to be henterd hup as 'Harticles,' we ave the privily hof being so as heither 'Matters hor Things.'

"Sir, is this here a Phree Country, that's what we wants to No. Cos if Suvvinks is called 'things,' one might as well be in the Slave states, where a nigger's called a 'chattle,' which it aint as I fust thort another way of spellink 'cattle,' though no doubt there is drivers who treat their slaves like Beasts. But 'chattle' is a legil word as means the same as 'thing,' and if our Guvnink tell their tax-gatherers to talk of Hus as *things*, why to my mind it's ekwivalink to letting it be known that in *their* site we're no better than a erd of slave-born niggers, we Brittiniks who was born on Halbion's appy land, and ave it put to music in our glorious magnar Charter that suvints who is Hinglish never never never will be Slaves!

"Mister Punch we nose you've got some hinfuence with LORD PARMERSTONE, so we opes as you'll report this Houtridge to is lordship, and get the Guvnink clark as corncocted that there notice kicked out of is Plaice, for the hinsult he ave parsed upon hus Gentleming in

Plush. Hif so be he won't do that, nor take no notice of the notice, you may tell him with hour compliments as he aint No Good, and the sooner as we ave LORD DABBY in the Better.

"Yours, restpeckfully, Mr. Punch, halthoug I ham a Harticle,

"JOHN TOMMUS,
"As were wunst the Poet of Belgravia."

"P.S. We ad intended a sendink of some Conscience Money to old GLADSTING this year Yeaster. What with puckwisits and pickinks we've most on us been haddink pretty reglar to hour hinkims, and none of us as hever dreamt of paying any tacks for it. But in coarse they can't xpeck as 'Things' shoold pay a hinkintax, and as for 'Harticles' or 'Matters' avink hany Conscience, why U might as well expeck to hear a Poken preach a serming, or a Phootstool play a solo on the phiddle or the Phloot."

THE GIFTS OF THE SOUTH.

"The Ladies of Charleston are contributing their plate, spoons, watches, and jewellery, to the common stock, and the planters have brought in to GENERAL BRADSHAW their plantation-bells to cast into cannon."—*Correspondence from the Seat of War in America*

LET the ladies of the South give their silver plate and gold,
Their bracelets and their brooches to coin for soldier's pay:
As once the dames of Corinth, magnanimous and bold,
Cut their hair to twist for bowstrings, when their town beleag uered lay.

Whate'er the givers' cause may be, a blessing's on the gift
That's offered in self-sacrifice, and faith, that moves the world;
Though brothers' blazon deck the flags these adverse hosts uplift,
Though dark and dim the struggle ere in peace those flags are furled.

And with their proud and earnest dames, their gifts the planters bring
Their mules and sheaves—their hogs and beeves—the corn their
barns that fills:

Into the piled-up cotton-pens themselves the torch they'll fling,
Ere they shall help the Northern needs, or feed the Northern mills—

"Here's bell-metal—cast more guns—we are wearied out at last
Of a tie that is a fetter on Southern souls and soil. . . ."
But pause on that last gift, can good come of cannon cast
From the bells that waked the slaves to their heavy hopeless toil?

Ah, there it peeps—the canker that spreads from head to heel!
The leprosy that mines beneath, though with no warning smart;
The vile alloy of Slavery takes edge from Southern steel,
And Slavery's base metal lies at their cannon's heart.

An ominous black shadow broods their boasts and bravery o'er,
The rattle of their arms doth seem of clanking gyves to tell:
And for all your daring against odds, still in your cannon's roar
We hear the dreary ringing of the vile Plantation Bell.

THE PULSE OF TURKEY.

It was the fashion at one time to compare Turkey to the position of a "Sick man." In short, we suppose the SULTAN was no other than the original "*Habitans in Sicc*." But Turkey, it seems, is getting quite round again, as every fat, contented Pasha properly should be. In time, perhaps, she may actually get a constitution of her own, not so robust perhaps as that of England, but infinitely stronger than that of Spain. We beg to congratulate Turkey upon her change, which is certainly one for the better, considering the lot of English money which has recently been introduced into the country. Judging from the Turkish Loan, her circulation must have wonderfully improved. Never did Turkey boast of a healthier pulse. So much the better—it will be all the stronger in preventing Russia to take the field against her.

NATANT APPLES.

SINCE the celebrated article in the *Norfolk Biffin* (or whatever was the name of the distinguished journal) which took credit to itself for having compelled the House of Lords to pass the Reform Bill, we have not seen a neater thing, in better English, than this, which appeared in MR. BRECHT'S organ of Saturday:—

"The opinions expressed in the *Morning Star* and *Dial* on Thursday last, as to the necessity of some limit being imperatively fixed for the reception of goods, has at length attracted the attention of the Commissioners, and an official notice has been issued that 'they will cancel all allotments of space for goods,' &c."

We had fears for the health of these Commissioners, who seem to have a good deal to do; but if they have leisure to study the *Star*, they are not so much to be pitied—at least on account of over-work.



COOK. "Lawks, Miss, it's beautiful; but I'd no idea your Pa was a Portrait Painter!"

THE BORE OF A BREWING LICENCE.

MR. GLADSTONE tells the House of Commons that:—

"The proposal of the Government with regard to a licence in respect of private brewing was not announced to the House as one of great financial importance."

Why did he propose it then; and why has he insisted on it? His answer is:—

"What I said to the House was, we are going to require from brewers for sale a payment in hard cash for every pound of hops they are estimated to use, and we cannot fairly make that demand upon them if we give to persons who choose to brew in private a positive premium by telling them that they shall have their hops free of duty without any payment at all."

If the private brewing-licence is not one of great financial importance, the liberty of unlicensed brewing would have been no great premium given to private brewers. It would therefore have involved no great unfairness to brewers for sale. The private brewing-licence is a nominal tax, and will prove a source of nominal revenue. MR. GLADSTONE proposed it, and insists upon it, merely out of abstract regard to fiscal symmetry. This is a cheering indication. If he cannot bear the idea of a theoretical partiality in the pressure of the brewing-licence, how will he any longer be able to stand the fact of an enormous practical injustice in the incidence of the Income-Tax? MR. GLADSTONE is evidently ready to adopt the proposals of MR. HUBBARD, or to produce better.

The sums to be charged for the private brewing-licences are so small that their amount will be of no great fiscal importance. The private brewing-licence will be therefore simply a bore to those who will be under the necessity of procuring one, but who will, many of them, forget to observe that precaution, and consequently expose themselves to the depredations of informers. It will be necessary to take the trouble of going and getting a licence in order to try the experiment of making a little beer! The effect of the law imposing the purchase of a licence on the private brewer will be that of entangling individuals in liability to penalties, without at all profiting the public, or even the public-house.

We will not impute to MR. GLADSTONE the atrocious design of putting a stop to private brewing, and checking instead of encouraging the production of home-brewed beer. But he has, in mere pedantry,

imposed one more restraint, unnecessary by his own showing, on the liberty of the subject; and liberty, especially in the matter of beer, is better than licence.

DEPLORABLE PREJUDICE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"AN article in the *Post* upon the late trial of three unfortunate gentlemen for forging Russian bank notes, contains the following remark:—

"The prisoners convicted on the first day's trial were WOOLFF HARWITZ, calling himself a doctor, and CHLOMAN REICHBERG, and ABRAHAM JOSEPHSON, jewellers—all the three being Jews, of course."

"Why of course? GENERAL WOLFE was not a Jew, and there are many people besides Jews who are called HARWITZ or HARRIS. CHLOMAN is not equivalent to Clo'man, neither is it a corruption of SOLOMON, like SLOMAN, and REICHBERG is no more Hebrew than REICHENBACH, a name celebrated as that of the discoverer of the Od force, and not odious through any association with clo', for it has before it the Christian name of CHARLES; but even if the distinguished chemist had been named CHLOMAN, the abbreviation, CHLO, would only have suggested chloroform. There are plenty of Christian ISAACSONS and JOSEPHSONS, and of Christians who are named ABRAHAM; as, for example, ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Why, then, all three Jews, of course? Because one was a quack-doctor, and another a jeweller, and a third an accomplice with the other two in a forgery? These appear to be the only premises which led to that conclusion. Such illiberality is too bad."

"I have the honour to be, Mr. Punch, your diligent reader,

"House of Commons, April, 1862."

"PHILO-SMOUCHY."

Timber Superseded.

THERE is, or used to be, a sort of plate which was called Britannia-metal. Let us hope that the substance which our ships of war are to be plated with is destined to prove Rule-Britannia-metal.

EPITAPH ON AUNT SALLY.—"Buona Sera."



THE PIONEER.

MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE WIFE. "Oh, it's sweetly becoming, Dear, but I've just had a capital idea, and if you'll promise me to take great care of it, I'll lend you my Garden Roller!"

IL PIO NONO.

WHAT operative people those foreigners are! According to a telegram from Rome on Easter Sunday:—

"The POPE gave a solemn benediction (*urbi et orbi*) in the Vatican to-day.
"The whole of the French and Pontifical troops were present.
"An immense crowd assembled, and shouts were raised of '*Viva il Papa!*'"

The scene thus described seems exactly like something that we have often witnessed at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, or HER MAJESTY'S Theatre. We imagine the French and Pontifical troops under arms, represented by a corps of supernumeraries, with some of the chorus-singers of the establishment in the front rank, whilst the rest are stationed at the head of other supernumeraries who constitute the crowd; the double chorus singing at the top of their voices *Viva il Papa!* to the accompaniment of a noisy orchestra. Then, before our mind's eye out in a balcony comes the old POPE in full costume, accompanied by Cardinals, Officers, Guards, a Crossbearer, and other attendants. Then the chorus of soldiers and citizens leave off singing, and the Pontiff, stretching out his hands, opens his mouth to its utmost width, and delivers in a deep bass recitative a few words which we are unable to catch. Whereupon immediately the mob and the military again strike up *Viva il Papa!* and the supers who are not musical wave their hats, or throw up their caps; all forming altogether a grand *tableau* on which down comes the act-drop.

There, however, the resemblance ends. What would complete it is the applause of the British Public; but that is wanting. There are hisses instead. The POPE may keep the keys of a certain place, but here his own performance would be—unsuccessful. JOHN BULL, however, would willingly shout *Viva il Papa!* too if his Holiness of Rome would confer a real benediction *urbi et orbi*, by resigning his temporal dominion over the former, and leaving the latter to perform its revolutions in peace.

CONDENSED REPORT OF A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

BREVITY's the soul of wit.
MIRÈS said, quick-witted,
"You acquit, or else I split:—"
And MIRÈS is acquitted.

HOW TO MAKE A PERFECT BEAST OF YOURSELF.—We have been told of a lawyer's clerk who has succeeded in doing so by continually eating THORLEY'S Food for Cattle.

"WE WISH YOU MAY EVER SEE IT AGAIN."

THE following advertisements appeared in the same day's paper of the *Times*:—

VERITÉ!—WRITE me, either here or to K. C. Tell me where, when I can see thee. The same ever.—C. F.

It is a curious sign of the degenerate age we live in when a person is obliged to advertise for the Truth. There are many more despairing individuals, who, like C. F., would like to be told when, and where they could see *la Vérité*. We wonder how many answers this aspiring lover received to his advertisement? However, we have one bit of consolation for him. If C. F. is so very anxious to see the Truth, why doesn't he look in the pages of *Punch* every week?

The second advertisement tells the truth at once:—

MR. MARSH, 175, Piccadilly, requests the UMBRELLA may be RETURNED, which was taken, in mistake, from his hair-cutting establishment, by a gentleman, on April 19.

The above may be cited as a proof of the old caution that it is not advisable to speak the truth at all times. Was it discreet of MR. MARSH to let the public into the secret that gentlemen were in the habit of taking away umbrellas from his establishment, even "in mistake?" We should be rather timid in such a place, lest whilst our hair was being cut off by one of the oily operators, our *parapluie* might be similarly treated behind our back by some other operator not less oily and cutting in his actions. Besides, there is an absurd hopelessness in the appeal. We know there are strange, punctilious persons who occasionally send "Conscience-Money" to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, but whoever heard of a man's conscience prompting him

so far as to return an umbrella? The latter must have a sharp point to it indeed to prick any one to that extent. A child may be clever that knows his own father, but after all, what is his cleverness compared to that of an umbrella that knows its own owner?

A COCK THAT DIED GAME.

At the Paris International Exhibition of poultry, our farm-wives will be delighted to hear that the finest cocks and hens came from England. Amongst the former there was one of the game breed, who (we are quoting from the *Morning Star*)—

"Was pronounced to be a perfect nonpareil. But hearing his neighbours caw continually, irritated him to such a degree that he killed himself, trying to break the bars of his cage, and get out to fight them."

He must have been playing at the old game of French and English. As an Englishman in former days fancied he could thrash any three Frenchmen easily, so you may be sure that this cock, who was evidently one of the old school, had been brought up with similar prejudices. Spurred on by ambition, he was anxious to prove that he was game to fight any number of French cocks—even including the celebrated *Cog Gaslois* himself, if he would but come up to the scratch. His pluck, being bigger than his body, was clearly the death of him. He was the bravest of the brave, bar none. It was reported that this fine spirited martyr of the gallinaceous tribe had been bred by SIR ROBERT PEEL, who plumed himself considerably, it was said, upon its plucky propensities. In our opinion, this pugnacious rooster is much more likely to have been contributed by MR. JOHN BRIGHT. By the bye, the most appropriate place for this exhibition of poultry would have been the neighbouring village of Pecq.



TEMPTING.

MAIDEN AUNT (sweetly). "Run away, Harry, darling, and get me my Work-box, and I'll give you a Kiss."

HARRY, DARLING. "Then I won't go."

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

APPEARANCE.—All appearance finer than what you would sport if you were *Robinson Crusoe*, with no *Friday* for a spectator, is not, perhaps, mere ostentation. Other motives than vanity may induce a man to keep up a preposterous or extravagant appearance; for he may be a kind husband, and loth to grieve his wife. Or, although single, he may have to get his living by customers, clients, or patients, who are attracted by splendour as moths are allured by a candle. If he were to reduce his appearance to reasonable plainness, they would think his business was decreasing, and accordingly forsake him; for most people are apt to be quick in getting out of the way of anybody who seems going to the dogs. Many a poor and prudent person, whose calling is genteel, is obliged to maintain a corresponding appearance, which subjects him to be surcharged for Income-Tax; because if it were as shabby as it ought to be, he would earn no income at all.

Be sure to cultivate a professional appearance if you are a practising member of any profession, unless you want to get rid of your practice. Particularly observe this rule if your profession is the medical, and, for example, do not go about in a shooting-jacket and a cap or a wide-awake; for people employ you not so much for you to cure them as to worship them, and they will be offended with your appearance if they imagine it to show unconcern about their opinion amounting to unconsciousness of dependence on their favour.

An excessively sumptuous appearance is not always so necessary for purposes of business as people who are fond of display persuade themselves that it is. Beware of outshining those whom you wish to conciliate, for they will either account for your magnificence by supposing that you are very rich, and then they will envy you, and, what is worse, perhaps want you to lend them money; or if they know that you are not rich, they will impute your display to vanity and folly, and, if they are nettled by the superiority of your style to their own, they will perhaps also regard it as the expression of insolence, which they will resent.

A philosopher adapts his appearance to his circumstances if he can

OUR ANCHOR AT THE EXHIBITION.

A RUSSIAN War, an Indian Mutiny

By strong arm, fire, and crushing steel suppressed,
The fight for Freedom waged in Italy,

Which Austria's Vulture partly dispossessed,
And now America's inhuman strife,
Brothers with brothers warring to the knife,
These horrors, following on our first World's Fair,
When sanguine prophets bade us to prepare
For the Millennium's near approaching reign,
Forbidden us to predict the like again.

No talk of Universal Brotherhood,

To date from this, our second vast Work-Show!

For evil still divides this world with good,

As when CAIN murdered ABEL long ago.
Nay, rather come, ye Nations, and behold
Our shattered target, plated manifold,
And take a hint from that Cyclopean gun,
And thunderbolt, wherewith such wrack is done,
That Peace may gather all the hope it can
From their impression on our Fellow-man.

Yet did we fail so utterly before,

As Earth, of violence full, would seem to say;
Much misery and blood might have been more;

We still have tried to lead the better way.
Of peaceful toil the fruit if we have lost,
What fruit below is safe from blight and frost?
Our little efforts must at tillage stop;
We plough, sow, irrigate—improve the crop.

At last the needful aid we may obtain,
And find that we worked not all in vain,
Hard though the labour be,
In Nomine Domini.

"Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi."

KING OTHO has made such a mess of Greece, in the constant broils in which he has been engaged with his subjects, that one is not surprised to find at last that "all the fat is in the fire," or, in other words, that Greece is flaring up against its Bavarian ruler. The *Almanach de Gotha* informs us he is of the family of Wittolsbach. Surely this must be an error of the press. OTHO's real family is that of Wittol's-head.

do so without taking any trouble. If he is wealthy, his appearance, if not splendid is at least decent; for it is easier to show good taste than to affect bad, besides that anybody capable of affecting bad taste would be an uncommon fool. A rich philosopher, then, will employ the best tailor that he knows of; a poor one will be content to clothe himself with the strongest slops he can buy. He will dress with a simple view to cheapness and convenience, regardless of every other consideration. His clothes will last him as long as they are comfortable, and, for some considerable time before they are worn out, will give him an appearance which will have the advantage of exempting him from the annoyance of finding his meditations, during his walks, interrupted by beggars.

It will also ensure him against being treated with obsequious or even ordinary politeness by shopkeepers, railway-clerks and other servants, except waiters, who know that civility costs nothing, whereas incivility will forfeit the chance of a penny. It will, to be sure, render him liable to be occasionally asked to hold a gentleman's horse. When at length he comes out in a new suit, the lower orders will cringe to him, and the superior classes will treat him with some respect; and he will sometimes find a change in people's demeanour towards him produced merely by the glossy appearance exhibited by an old hat, not too much battered, that has been carefully wiped and put by after having been drenched with rain.

"How will it look?" is a woman's question, which you may as well consider when it does not imply, as it not seldom does, discontent with an appearance as fine as you can afford. But women really do not consider this question half so much as men fancy they do. They are anxious that whatever they wear should look fashionable, but for the most part do not care a pin if it also looks ridiculous, so that they are in a great measure regardless of appearance, such as that presented by Crinoline.

TAUTOLOGY AT BRIGHTON.—Calling certain volunteer Lawyers, the Devil's Own, and The enemy.

A MART FOR ART.



Just opposite the Great Exhibition certain enterprising persons have established a smaller one. It is called the International Bazaar, and is intended, as we understand, as a place where, when a person has seen anything in the Big Show that he would like to

buy, he may go and perform that feat, as the Bazaar is to contain its own specimens of all portable productions. We intend to buy an Armstrong Gun, a locomotive, a ring of church bells, and a Shoebunness target, the very first day, as little presents for young lady friends. We think the Bazaar notion a very good one, and perfectly in keeping with the legitimate objects of the Great Show, and the place is fitted up, by a French decorative artist, in a very elegant fashion. Mr. Punch's own smoking saloon is not much more tastefully adorned with flags and banners. But why do not the promoters of the Bazaar complete the rivalry, issue a proclamation (we'll lend them a *Lindley Murray*), and have an inauguration, an ode, and a procession? Mr. Punch would run over and take a part in the proceedings, and would write to Mr. TUPPER to do a poem at the shortest notice. Then we would have it set, and get up a little quarrel on the subject, and HERR VON JOEL, who might be engaged (with his whistling *bâton*) to conduct, might refuse to conduct one of the polkas, and the manager would have to engage somebody else for the purpose. MR. SPURGEON might come over and enact the Archbishop, and though Brompton might find it as difficult to find a second DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE as Lambeth does to find a second W. WILLIAMS, the thing is not impossible. We hear that the refreshment department at the Bazaar is to be managed in capital style, and this is wise—men's hearts open, and so do their purses, as wives know, after a good lunch, and we would bet that most purchases are made after one o'clock. We have no idea whether the Bazaar notion originated in a freak, but the notion itself is an extremely sensible one, and Punch hereby crowns it with success.

THE CRY FOR CONSERVATIVES.

THE Tories once, as well is known,
Stood by the Altar and the Throne;
In point of Church their views were High:
But their principle was evermore "No Popery!"

When Catholics, with rights denied,
Had reason clearly on their side,
The Tories, till their throats were dry,
Were accustomed to vociferate, "No Popery!"

But now that common cause unites
The Papists and the Derbyites:
'Tis time for Punch to raise the cry,
Of LORD PALMERSTON for ever and "No Popery!"

THE IRON AGE AFLOAT.

THERE seems very little doubt that steam and iron will between them turn the sailors of our Navy into stokers and sea-soldiers, and effect a revolution in the commonest naval matters. If the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* be taken as our models, our fleet will soon consist of mastless iron ships, and anything like seamanship of course will not be needed in them. The duties of a sailor on board a ship of war will be confined to work between decks, such as cleaning out the stoke hole and keeping a good fire up. He will no more be roused out to reef topsails, for there will be none to reef; nor will he ever have to go aloft and hang on by his eyelids, as, if we credit the sea-novelists, he used formerly to do.

Besides, when ships are without masts, of course the men on board of them can no more be mastheaded, and martinetts will have to turn their minds to hit upon some other form of punishment. Funnel-heading would perhaps be a fit thing to introduce, and men might be sent up to sit upon the chimney-top until they were well smoked. We can fancy what a picture a young midny would present, after dangling his legs upon the funnel for an hour or two. Even if he had the fortune to escape suffocation, he would very certainly be soon as black in the

face as though he had been choked. On the whole we think that chimney-potting, as it might be called, would be quite as efficacious and unpleasant as mastheading, and the middies will no doubt much thank us for suggesting it.

A SNUFFLE FROM A SAINT.

To the Editor of the "Record."

"VERILY, my dear friend, we live in dreadful times. Calamity and innovation (words to my mind quite synonymous) attack us on all sides. One wonders what new danger to the State will next afflict us. Why here the theatres have actually been opened during Passion Week and yet we still continue to be called a Christian nation! Painful to relate, with your own pious exception, the Press have not protested, but mostly have applauded this new act of iniquity. Hear, however, what a Bishop—he of Oxford—has to say of it:—

"The present was an instance of the manner in which great evils were continually creeping on. The introduction of the concert was now the plea for opening the theatres altogether, and, now that the other days of Passion Week were given up, the next step would be to give up Good Friday. This was the way in which all reverence for holy seasons was swallowed up among us."

"Swallowed up! yes alas! We well know who it is that promenade about the country like a devouring lion, and now that he has swallowed up our reverence for Passion Week, there really is no saying what he next will make a meal of. Good Friday will of course next year be "given up" to him, and in the course of a brief time there will be no such thing as Sunday. Playhouses will be open day and night throughout the year, and these vile dens of iniquity will ere long become so numerous, that churches, chapels, and cathedrals will be pulled down to make room for them. Playgoers may allege that hearing SHAKESPEARE is as morally improving to a man as seeing people risk their necks on the *trapèze*, or indulging in a beery dance at a Casino. Such resorts as these were until this year the only public pleasures during Passion Week, that is to say for people who were resident in London, for out of it the theatres were suffered to be open, being licensed by the Magistrates and not by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, in whose keeping are the morals of all dwellers in Cockaigne. But a Bishop must of course know better than a playgoer what goes on at a theatre, and how much less moral harm is done by Virtuous Casinos than by Vicious Comedies like those which SHAKESPEARE wrote.

"Sir, I never go to theatres, and as the closing of them cannot in the least affect my comfort, I am strongly of opinion that at Christmas time and Easter, and all other holy seasons, their doors ought to be kept shut. Depend on it if playhouses are open during Passion Week, something dreadful to the nation will happen before long. I leave to DR. CUMMING to foretell what it will be, but I really quite expect to live to see the time when our holy seasons will be treated so irreverently that we shall no longer enjoy a Christmas pudding or a hot-cross bun.

"Groaning in spirit for this fearful state of things,

"Believe me, your afflicted,

"JEREMIAH JOWLS."

COSTUMES OF FEMALE NATIVES.

JAPAN has some name for polish, and its credit in that respect appears to have been well sustained by the Japanese Ambassadors in Paris, to whose good taste the correspondent of the *Post* at that capital bears the following testimony:—

"They consider the ordinary Parisian *modes* a wicked and painful artifice for deforming female loveliness, and think it would be a considerable improvement if the EMPEROR NAPOLEON would issue a proclamation that no Crinolines should be bought. One or two of the suite have bought specimens of these 'cage' abominations to take home as a specimen of the eccentricities of European civilisation."

And so the detestable cages which depraved vanity has invented to conceal three-quarters of a woman's figure under a scaffolding of drapery will be taken to Jeddo, and there no doubt exhibited at the Japanese Museum, if there is such an institution at that capital, just as the barbarous trappings and accoutrements of Red Indians, Southsea Islanders, and other savages, are shown at our own British. But the Japanese Ambassadors are coming over here, and what will they think of our position in the scale of humanity, when they find that the women of England have also the bad taste to screen their fair proportions with a mechanism of steel? Of course they will look upon the natives of this island as a race still more degraded than the neighbours from whom our most fashionable ladies have borrowed a barbarism. Accustomed as they are to regard "Happy Despatch" as a civilised institution, they will surely wonder that we do not adopt that practice, inasmuch as, in tolerating the cages of our wives and daughters, we suffer female grace to commit suicide.

"THE WORLD'S FAIR."—It's not true (says a confirmed cynic), for generally speaking the world's extremely unfair.



A TORY PARTY! (SAVE THE MARK.)

Mrs. Harris (a struggling News-vendor). "STANERD! STANERD! ONLY A PENNY! PLEASE SUPPORT AN OLD 'OOMAN, DEAR GENTS!"
D-r-y (to Dizzy). "FOR GOODNESS SAKE GIVE HER A PENNY, AND TELL THE OLD GOOSE WE DON'T WANT HER CACKLE—PEOPLE WILL THINK SHE BELONGS TO US—JUST OPPOSITE THE CLUB TOO!"

MRS. HARRIS'S PHOENIX.

MRS. GAMP, as you remember, through Life's wale when we two wandered,
 You was then the *Mornin' Herald*, I at that time, was the *Standard*,
 Which, although I say it as shouldn't, and we was jeered by some tommoddies,
 In them days we good old souls was two respectable old bodies.

I agree with you, Mum, no delights as tresteral bein yields is
 To be named with sitch as we tastes in these here Elysium fieldses;
 Nothink nigh to this here nectar, tea, nor gin, or other sperrits;
 Buttered crumpets with hambrosiar no comparin as to merits.

Bein in this blessed state convinced as heartly life's a bubble,
 I'm well aware no mortal cares our buzzums didn't ought to trouble,
 And here, where no rheumatics ails, and grief and woe no more can't
 find us,

We orten't for to fret our sides 'bout rubbidge as we've left behind us.

But, Mum, I'll own to you a thought there is my cup of joy that dashes,
 When I thinks what a Phoenix has arose up out of my old hashies;
 A Phoenix which I am ashamed of bein' counted for its mother.
 If in my time I was a Goose, at least I wasn't sitch another.

A trumpety paper, read by few, although 'tis written for the many!
 A flimsy penny-halfpenny print!—I beg your parding, price one penny,
 And dear at that, a scrag, a scrap, a shred, a rag, and nothink better!
 A smudge that spiles its readers' eyes, leastways if they can read a
 letter!

But there, if that was all—for 'tis their fault as chooses to be blinded,
 And poverty's no sin, in course,—I shouldn't werry much have minded.
 But oh that down from fippence to a penny come, and which no
 bargain,
 My old remains should come to be converted to a Popish horgan!

The ribbles! 'Tis enough to wake the dead. The waggabones! Ah, drat 'em!
 In these here sperrit-rappin times they might have know'd they'd have
 me at 'em:
 And I shall be, if sitch like games them bage aposticks further carries,
 About their house in Shoe Lane by-and-by as sure as my name's 'ARRIS!

HOW TO CHRISTEN OUR IRONSIDES.

THE reconstruction of the British Navy will require a change of its nomenclature. Our oak Leviathans are now to be replaced with iron monsters of the deep. Plated, as it were, with a skin of armour, a man-of-war will henceforth resemble a pachydermatous or a crustaceous animal. For a ship of the line, therefore, the proper sort of name will be that of the *Rhinoceros* or the *Elephant*, or, what would be still better, the *Whale*, a whale being a marine pachyderm; and a steam-ram might be named the *Narwhal*, as the creature so called, otherwise the Sea Unicorn, is not only a whale, but is armed with a horn corresponding to the beak which steam-rams are to carry at the bows. Frigates and smaller vessels could go under the denomination of the *Hippopotamus*, the *Porpoise*, the *Grampus*, the *Hog-in-Armour*, the *Armadillo*, or even the *Crab* and the *Lobster*. Another view, to be sure, may perhaps be taken of the style of name which will be that most appropriate to our new Ironsides. It may be urged with some reason, that they would be best denominated by such titles as the *Lambkin*, the *Dove*, and the *Olive*, which denote emblems of Peace, and may, it is to be hoped, be applicable to our iron fleet otherwise than ironically.

Sumptuary Regulation.

THE Commissioners of the International Exhibition have revoked their first regulation, and have now decided that all salads and *magnanaises* may be allowed the privilege of admission into the Exhibition without being previously full-dressed.



PEACE.

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN FOR A COLOSSAL STATUE, WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN PLACED IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL CANAL - 1812



J. K. R. 1812

THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL CANAL - 1812
CONTAINING A DESCRIPTION OF THE CANAL AND ITS BRIDGES
AND A HISTORY OF THE CANAL AND ITS BRIDGES

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THE OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH'S CHORALE, (unaccountably declined by the Commissioners, in favour of the Post Laureate's very much inferior Ode).

I.—THE JAM OUTSIDE.

WIDEN the streets! Policemen A to X,
Bid the obstructive multitudes move on;
Nor ye, oh season-ticket-holders, vex
Commissioners, who have bare time to
do
Their suits of Court, and the dress-sword, that
decks
Each portly side, and now hits sharp upon
Silk-stockinged legs, now hath betwixt them
gone—
As swords unwonted wearers will perplex—
Lo! the procession waits—and COLE must
walk A one.

II.—THE CLEARING OF THE NAVE.

Clear from out the cumbered Nave,
Box and barrel, spar and stave,
Spite of all that workmen pray,
Or exhibitors essay,
Britishers who growl and swear,
Foreigners who rend the hair—
They had time their work to press
To completion and success,—
Trophies to bedeck and rear,
In their various ugliness,—
Show-cases to glaze and dress—
Bare boards to bid disappear,
Under varnish and veneer,
Flattening white, or colour queer—
If they would not, could not do
What our orders bade them to,
They the consequence must take—
Clear the Nave, a road to make!

III.—THE PROCESSION.

Lo! The great procession comes
To the sound of trumps and drums!
Lo! the Pageant's foremost actors,
Sup'rintendents of Contractors!
Sup'rintendents, too, of works,
(Whom their court-dress sorely irks)
Architect—great CAPTAIN FOWKE,
(Fain "till jaw gae by" he'd "jowk" *)
Crowned with his own dome in little,
Like inverted semi-skittle,
Or the frame wherewith his greens
The careful market-gardener screens,
As if the plan that makes cucumbers swell
Would suit the fruits of industry as well.
With him Contractors KILK and LUCAS pace,
With him the daring decorator, CRACE,
'Twas his to make with polychromic skill
What first was ugly uglier still.
For his queer building FOWKE had claimed
The crown,
But CRACE arose, and colouring, with a frown,
"The crown be mine," said he, "for placing
here
On FOWKE's queer lines a colour yet more
queer."
Till the Commissioners the strife bade cease,
And honoured CRACE and FOWKE with half-a-
crown apiece.
Lo! Doomed to quarrels, grumblings and es-
trangerments,
Here come the Sup'rintendents of Arrange-
ments!

And, nighed 'twixt these, and Provosts and
Lord Mayors,
—The Laurel green above his flowing hairs—
Our TENNYSON his blooming honours wears!
Uneasily, from side to side,
The Post's glances stealthy glide—
Watch him, oh closely watch—or, he'll bolt up
the stairs!

And now, a pause, until the acclamations,
That greet the Muse's latest, best-loved,
son,
Unto this gathering of the toil of nations,
Their course of long reverberant peals have
run;
And while we pause, let the Macebearer by,
And eke the civic Sword held high,
The Sheriffs, and the Councils of Societies,
In all their polysyllabled varieties,
The Deputation of ten Guarantors,
Upon whose I O Us, like concrete floors,
Are reared these miles of iron, hills of brick—
A monster monument to British Tick!
Special Commissioners and Juries' Chairmen—
And these, a crowd of tall, short, black and fair
men,

Commissioners for every realm and race
That boasts a consul or has asked for space;
Commissioners for Eighteen-fifty-one,
That saw the Hyde Park Crystal Palace
rise,
Like fairy palace sparkling to the sun
Before the world's entranced and wondering
eyes—

Say, are they here to contrast, or commend,
This road so different, to the self-same end—
Industry with her wonders here again,
But lodged as basely now, as she was nobly
then?

And Lo! a vacant space—
SIR JOSEPH PAXTON's place—
The brain whence, fused in quick inventions
glow,

The Crystal Palace sprang, all diamond-clear—
Like BRUTUS' statue at the CÆSAR's show,
Seen all the more, because he is not here.

Now trumpets shrill your piercingest too-too,
Double, oh drums! your rattling row-de-
dow—

Lo, the Commissioners of Sixty-two
Advance the shapely leg, and bend the
blushing brow!

And hark! above the shattering trumpets blare,
Above the drum's sonorous roll,
A shout that stills the reverential air—
The mighty name of COLE!

The COLE that light on all things throws—
The COLE, whom poking cannot break or
bend—

The COLE, whose undeveloped measures,
Subserve alike our business and our pleasures—
The COLE, that on and on and on still goes,
And never seems to come to his Walls' end!

Who after COLE, has eyes to condescend,
On Bishops, Ministers or Lords,
Or ean to Royal personages bend,

Or gentlemen attending on the same,
Or, spite of breast-plates, helms and swords,
Stoop to dismounted Guards in scarlet coats
of flame?

IV.—THE MUSIC IN THE ORCHESTRA.

Now lift the pealing hymn of praise,
From brass, and wood, and string,
And let the loud orchestra raise
Two thousand throats to sing—
Though VERDI was too late,
The theme to celebrate,
And costive COSTA should disdain to ply
The *adagio* unto BENNETT's melody—
And what should be our song,
These crowded works of industry among,
But "Welcome white-robed Peace, to this our
peaceful throng"?
Where lingers she—the meek-eyed gentle queen—
Soft-floating, in her robe of olive-green,
The doves that draw her car, with downy wing
The noiseless air dividing;
With happy Hours, for harbingers, to fling
Lush May-flowers on the path where she comes
riding?

We cannot see her in the air,
Nor hear her at the door,
Nor smell the breath of May-flowers fair,
That strew her pathway o'er.

V.—THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE.

Perhaps ye look too high—
Look down, with humbled eye:
And see, from out yon trophy tall
That lifteth an embattled wall,
All rayed with tubes and blades of war,
And many a radiant bayonet-star,
Rolleth a mighty Armstrong gun—
Whereon, as on a car of state,
Disconsolately sitteth one,
Sad as a bird without her mate:
'Tis Peace, poor queen, thus fain to ride
Upon Bellona's iron car,
Her doves reluctant waved aside,
Her happy herald Hours,
Unloaded of their flowers,
Left weeping mournfully, forlorn and far:
Sadly and strangely gazeth she,
On us who strangely gaze on her—

"And is this Peace—can it be she,
That sets this monster gun astir?"

"Yes, I am Peace and woe is me,
That this my vehicle should be.
Ten years have past, since first ye reared
A hallowed temple in my name,
And at its altar I appeared,
And men to do me homage came.
Since then, in East or Western world,
The war-flags have not once been furled,
Across the Atlantic now they float,
Where brother's hand's at brother's throat,
And here, in Europe, nations arm,
In sullen, dim, unshaped alarm;
The huge steam-hammers rise and fall,
To forge the great ship's armour-wall,
The workshops ring with eager toil,
The cannon grows of welded coil;
The shell, the fuse, the rifle—these
The produce of men's industries?
And I, invited here to-day,
Reluctantly at home must stay,
Or change seats, from my dove-drawn car's,
For this, politely lent by Mars!"

* A wise Scotch proverb, recommends people, whose persons or works are ridiculed, to "jowk (i. e. crouch down), till the jaw gae by."

Another Illusion Gone.

We see that Japan is governed by an Emperor, like France, and not by a Monarch, like ourselves. We are deceived again, for we always laboured under the illusion that the great lustre of the country was principally derived, not from an Emperor, but from its Japan Black-King!

Theatrical News.

THE French drama called *Les Volontaires* was produced on Wednesday in Paris, and condemned. An English drama of the same name was produced on the previous Monday at Brighton, and was triumphantly successful. Evidently the National Anthem of France is not a Voluntary.



1ST VOLUNTEER. "How are you? How do you feel after Brighton? Footsore?"
2ND VOLUNTEER (painfully). "Um. Not exactly. I was mounted."

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

MR. PUNCH is loth to criticise men who, like himself, work hard to please the Universe; and he is very well aware that the gentlemen who have the charge of the World's Show have had a world to do, and that their attempts to please the world, although proverbially impossible, have in most cases proved successful. Anyone who saw inside the Show a fortnight since could have scarcely thought that such a Chaos of confusion could in a dozen working days be brought to anything like order; but this has been achieved by the hearty help and handiwork of every one concerned, from that zealouslest of secretaries, Mr. F. R. SANDFORD, down to the smallest of the small boys who have run about on errands, or have stood upon their tiptoes to hand the working-men their tools.

But, while extending thus his praise to all who have had anything to do with the great work, Mr. Punch must be permitted to have a little laugh at the persons who prepared the programme of the Opening. Mr. Punch feels sure that, from the vagueness of the language which is there employed, very many of the spectators will be grievously misled by it. For instance, though it is expressly stated that "all persons in the procession will be in Official, Academical, or Court Dress, or Uniform," not a syllable is said as to who will be in which; and Mr. Punch feels sure that every lady will agree with him that this is a most interesting and important point. Of course the ladies will be anxious, if the gentlemen are not, to know the difference between official, court, and academical costume; and the most absurd mistakes will happen if some guide to recognition be not somehow pointed out. Again, although the various processionists are in the programme specially numbered and divided into groups, who, pray, is to tell Number Six from Number Seven: or Number Fifteen, the Chairmen the Juries, from HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, who are Number Twenty-three? If it be too late to devise some change of dress which would make recognition easy, Mr. Punch would just suggest that a dozen of policemen should be armed with bits of chalk, to mark on every person's back the number in the programme whereto he belongs, which extremely simple method would at least prevent young ladies

THE PALACE OF ART.

A PARODY WHICH IT IS REQUESTED MAY NOT OCCUR TO ANYBODY DURING THE INAUGURATION OF THE EXHIBITION.

I BUILT my COLE a lordly pleasure house,
Wherein to walk like any Swell:
I said, "O COLE, make merry and carouse,
Dear COLE, for all is well."

(Here follows an exquisite description of the said pleasure house, also known as the International Exhibition. After four hundred and ninety-seven verses comes the last.)

BUT COLE, C.B., replied, "'Tis long, your story,
And here's a Rummy Start:
DLIKE walks in glory with a Hand that's Gory,
While I am not a Bart."

The O'Donoghue Banquet.

THE principal dish at this Tipperary entertainment will consist of Bubble and Squeak. The first will be supplied by the speakers themselves from the frothy rhodomontade of their speeches, and the second will be furnished by MR. SMITH O'BRIEN direct from his celebrated cabbage-garden, which he has nearly stript of every leaf, leaving himself scarcely any laurels for a future occasion. However, this liberality does not so much matter in his instance, as MR. SMITH O'BRIEN is not one of those Irish patriots who has any necessity to say, "unaccustomed as I am to public squeaking."

SOME MORE OF PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S NONSENSE.

WHAT is the difference between a cradle and a Scotchman's infant?

The one is a Child's Cot, and the other is a Scot's Child.

[We beg to say that we will not stand any more of the Professor's nonsense.—Ed.]

BEAUREGARD'S SPEECH, WHEN DEFEATED NEAR PURDY.
—Perdidit diem.

from mistaking MR. GLADSTONE for one of the Contractors, or LORD PALMERSTON, when figuring in Court suit, for the LORD MAYOR.

Moreover, how many of the thirty thousand visitors expected can be counted on as knowing MR. TENNYSON by sight; and is it not presumable that when the programme tells them to behold the Poet Laureate, their eyes will by sheer instinct look for Mr. Punch? Then, too, how on earth is No. 25, the "Royal Personages," to be distinguished by spectators from No. 26, consisting of the "gentlemen who are in attendance" on them? To know at sight a Royal person from a gentleman, is what we hope not many eyes are competent to do; and as loyal minds must shrink from entertaining the idea that Royal persons are no gentlemen, the labour of distinction will be difficult enough. Royal persons, such for instance as the King of the Cannibal Islands, may be recognised perhaps by their peculiar costume; but unless they wear their crowns, or are labelled on the back, more civilised "Royal Personages" may pass along unnoticed, or be mistaken for the commonest of commoners in the crowd.

Perhaps, however, the most puzzling of all the day's proceedings (worse even than the labour of catching the eye of your own footman in the flock of powdered gentlemen in waiting at the doors) will be the problem of explaining to the fair creature in crinoline whom your bliss is to escort, the real meaning of the words "Foreign Acting Commissioners," which are set against the numbers 17 and 18. Of course, the only acting she knows anything about is that which takes place on the stage, and she will most likely look for M. FECHTER to step forward as the Acting Commissioner for France, while my LORD DUNDREARY, she will think the proper person to be "acting" for the States, and MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER for the United Kingdom.

Amiable Excuses.

WE don't think that STERNDALÉ BENNETT has a right to complain that MR. COSTA, will not conduct him, at the Inauguration. COSTA sometimes does not even know how to conduct himself. Besides, he perhaps wanted to show, by making the exception, that he was not an omnibus conductor—in spite of what might have been inferred, from his manners touching this matter.

ADDITIONAL REGULATIONS.

FOR THE CONDUCT OF THE PUBLIC DURING THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



OME additional directions have been just issued to the Public by the Commissioners, and it is hoped that they will be understood and observed:—

1. The Public is to walk up and down, but not run against itself, that is, when some are going one way and some another, they are not to go both ways at once, but any person is to be at liberty to go anywhere he pleases (subject to the orders of the police) if there is nobody else in the way.

2. No person is to make rude remarks, in the building, about the trophies in the Nave, which are all very beautiful, and if the public does not

comprehend this, it is because they have not taken a catholic view of the Exhibition. But people may say what they like to one another after they have got home.

3. Persons, especially the young, are not to come to this building in an undisciplined state of mind, but for two hours, at least, before leaving their homes, are to peruse improving works upon the subjects illustrated in the Exhibition. The police have orders to remove any young persons who may evidently have come for the sake of flirtation.

4. The public is not to go staring at things merely because they are pretty, or celebrated, but is to go regularly and reverentially through the whole building, and is specially to make itself master of every part of the Machinery Exhibition before venturing to examine the products of machinery. The public will be directed in this matter by the police, all of whom have been properly educated for the purpose.

5. Any person who makes a remark upon the difference between the building of 1851 and the present one, and does not distinctly declare the latter to be immeasurably the superior, is to be immediately removed by the police.

6. Nothing whatever is to be said about the Crystal Palace, and any person who shall propose to go from South Kensington to the Crystal Palace shall forfeit his season ticket, if he has one, and if not, shall be at once conducted outside the building.

7. No mention is to be made of any supposed difficulty between certain musical persons. It is enough for the public to know that the Commissioners permitted M. COSTA to dictate his own terms as to the composers whose works he would conduct, and that everything has been done properly. Infringement of this order will be followed by immediate exclusion.

8. The public is permitted to refresh itself in moderation at both the French and English restaurants, but as the International Exhibition is a place for business and for instruction, persons are not to talk of "lunch," far less of "dinner," as a feature in the visit. Any such departure from the principles of high art will be noticed by the police.

9. The public is informed that the International Exhibition is a grand success, and the noblest thing ever heard of. The police have instructions to enforce the universal acknowledgment of this sentiment.

A Catch for a King.

KING OF PRUSSIA, mind your eye,
Rule not with a hand too high,
Or you'll be obliged to fly
In a hurry, by-and-by.

SOMETHING IN INITIALS, IF NOT IN A NAME.

We have little wish to croak about the weakness of our Naval forces. But it is clear that our three-deckers have long since had their day, and the four e's to rely on now are CAPTAIN COWPER COLES'S CUPOLAS.

THE INNOCENCE OF A BANKRUPTCY COMMISSIONER.

IN a recent trial before COMMISSIONER FANE, the following elegant conversation is reported to have taken place:—

"The COMMISSIONER. What do you mean by 'duplicates'?"

"Witness. The bankrupt called them duplicates."

"The COMMISSIONER. He talks gibberish, and you talk gibberish."

"MR. TRACKER. The duplicates were pawn-tickets."

Is it not most charming to hear a Commissioner of Bankruptcy inquiring what is the meaning of a "duplicate?" One would imagine that FANE had been sitting in a commercial Arcadia all his life, full of flowers and sunny purity, in which the only bills seen were those of love birds, and the only notes exchanged were those that were heard issuing from their pretty throats. Who would expect such a Paradise of simplicity in Basinghall Street? Decidedly, COMMISSIONER FANE must be a young man who has just come up from the country. For childish ingenuousness, we should say it would be extremely difficult to find his duplicate anywhere; though, when found, we doubt if any one would feel inclined, in spite of its exceeding value owing to the rarity of the article, to make the smallest advance upon it. The next sentence somewhat rubs the bloom off this flowery prettiness. It brings us up by a sudden jerk from the pensive quietude of the country to the distracting turmoil of town. We scarcely expected a man, who had been dealing with bankrupts all his life, and didn't know what "a duplicate" was, to make use of such a term as "gibberish."

To say the least, it is extremely low and vestry-like, and is about the last flower of speech that we should have thought had been gathered in the poetical garden that COMMISSIONER FANE has evidently been roaming in ever since he was promoted to the Bench. Again, we were disappointed at his not inquiring what a "pawn-ticket" was. Is the difference between a duplicate and a pawn-ticket so very great, that a judge can be ignorant of the one, and yet be acquainted with the other? We will not accuse COMMISSIONER FANE, as he did the witness, of talking "gibberish," because we know, from the character of the Bankruptcy Court, it is only natural to meet there (as the *London Gazette* proves to us) nothing but "broken English."

OUT WITH RUSSELL.

(From the "New York Herald.")

RELEASED, thanks to the manly and noble conduct of PRESIDENT LINCOLN, from the humiliating presence of RUSSELL, the British Aristocracy's spy, we venture to predict that the Star of the Republic will be once more in the ascendant, and that we shall have to record an interminable series of glorious victories for the Union flag. It was impossible for our brave generals, children of the People, to do their duty under the cold chill of the Aristocratic spy, and it may easily be imagined that the pen which had chronicled the deeds of lords, and earls, and baronets, and the rest of the titled herd in the Crimea and India, turned reluctantly to describe the feats of arms of a hero who, before seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth, had frothed beer into bubbles for his compatriots. But RUSSELL is gone, and the bird of freedom soars triumphant on exulting wings. We are in a condition to state that New York may prepare itself to be delirious with joy, for we have the permission of MR. STANTON, our unequalled Secretary at War, to say that the armies of the North have just gained nine great Victories. At least 175,000 rebels have been sacrificed upon the altar of offended Vengeance, and we have taken 215,633 prisoners, and twelve trains of Armstrong guns, sent out to the rebels by sympathising aristocrats in Belgravia. The heroic M'LELLAN has stormed Yorktown, and will sup in Richmond at five-and-twenty minutes to nine on Monday. New Orleans has long been in the hands of BURNSIDE, but the news was suppressed in compliment to the gallant Princes of that House who have thrown in their lot with us; the Mississippi is on fire from Memphis to Baton Rouge, and the whole of the negroes have joined the Army of the North. Now what does the "Little Villain" say? Now what says MASSA GREELEY? Now what are the base thoughts of the fiendly BEECHER? These are some of the fruits of the brave conduct of the President in expelling the Aristocrat spy, and there are more in rapid progress. The entire rebellion will be extinct on Wednesday fortnight, and we shall then have ample leisure to consider whether Canada or Cuba, or both, shall be annexed in the Fall.

The Head to Make a Fortune.

It is a great mistake to suppose it requires any overwhelming amount of genius to accumulate a large property. On the contrary, it is generally your pudding-headed man who dies worth a plum or two.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION FOR THE HUNDRED EGGS OF THE PYTHONESS:—"Eggscount Ownes."



BRIGHTON, APRIL 21, 1862.

ADJUTANT (mounted). "Don't fall out, whatever you do. Don't fall out, Mr. Buffles. Double up! double up!"

THE TOXICOLOGY OF SHAKSPEARE.

OF course nobody ever suspects *Punch* of joking, as gentlemen say when *Mr. Punch* has been treading upon their corns, otherwise the subjoined extract out of a Morning Paper, which it has been faithfully copied from, would be set down at once as one of his facetious inventions:—

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

SHAKSPEARE ON POISONS, anticipating the Hygeian system of JAMES MORISON, the Hygeist:—

"The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with the blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset,
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome BLOOD."—*Hamlet*, Act I. s. 5.

"Issued by the British College of Health, Euston Road, London, for the Society of Hygeists. The above sublime passage deserves to be written in letters of gold in every city of the world.

** Thicken.

† Sour—acid."

There can be no difficulty whatever in agreeing with the British College of Health and the Society of Hygeists that "the above sublime passage deserves to be written in letters of gold in every city of the world." To be sure, most people are sufficiently well acquainted with it to know that it occurs in the tragedy of *Hamlet*, and is the *Ghost's* description of poison. The particular poison to which it relates they also know to be hebenon or henbane, but perhaps nobody before reading it as quoted in the foregoing advertisement, had any idea that it was likewise applicable to the medicine employed in the Hygeian system of JAMES MORISON. It did not indeed, need a ghost come from the grave to tell us that people were generally aware that MORISON'S medicine is professed to be of a vegetable nature, and also that there is such a substance as the extract of henbane or hyoscyamus, which is poisonous, but few, if any, ever heretofore supposed that extract from a noxious herb to be the vegetable matter out of which MORISON'S Universal Vegetable Pills are made. If "SHAKSPEARE on poisons"

wrote the lines "issued by the British College of Health, for the Society of Hygeists," as we are told that he did, "anticipating the Hygeian system of JAMES MORISON the Hygeist," it would seem that, according to the Society of Hygeists and the British College of Health, the "juice of cursed hebenon in a vial" and a box of MORISON'S Pills are virtually the same thing; perhaps that the pills are simply the inspissated juice of the hebenon. If this is so, the authors of the advertisement which is the subject of these remarks, deserve great credit for their very disinterested candour, whereunto the public is indebted for a salutary caution which will, we trust, be posted as it ought to be in golden letters at least throughout every city in HER MAJESTY'S dominions. Thus forewarned the British Public would be in no danger of drugging themselves with a "leperous distilment" calculated to produce those frightful effects on the system, and especially the circulating fluid, which are mentioned by "SHAKSPEARE on poisons," anticipating the Hygeian system of JAMES MORISON, the Hygeist."

A POLICEMAN WORTHY OF PROMOTION.

ON Wednesday last, at the Westminster Police Court, a lad, eighteen years of age, was brought up before MR. PAYNTER, charged with robbing his master of muffins. On being searched, no less than fourteen muffins were found in different pieces in his pockets. "What is this boy?" inquired the Magistrate. "A Ragamuffin!" was the instantaneous reply of a Policeman present. As a proof how very little reporters in general understand their business, will it be believed that in not one of the reports that appeared in the next morning's papers did the brilliant definition of that worthy functionary (Z. 454) appear? In the hope that it may lead to his speedy promotion, we beg to supply the omission. COMMISSIONER MAYNE, mind you look to it!

Q. and A.

WHY is the *Standard* like QUEEN ANNE?
Because it is generally believed to be dead.



Miss Lajeune (who has been slightly indisposed), is ordered to her Native Hills, and already feels the invigorating effects of the Hampstead Breezes.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

WHILE LORD GRANVILLE was reading that long document on Thursday, Mr. Punch and LORD PALMERSTON were conversing, in the most affable manner, upon the beauty of the Inauguration day, upon the choice things which would be found in the Building, upon the capital music, upon the fitness of STERNDALE BENNETT'S composition to the poetry of the Laureate, upon the different beauty of the ladies who were around, and upon other matters not now necessary to be narrated.

"By the way, PAM," said Mr. Punch, "when do the Houses meet?"

"Not bad," said PAM.

"Well, I suppose it is not bad, as you say so," returned Mr. Punch, laughing, "and what do you mean?"

"Don't sell a cove," said PAM.

"Sell be hanged," said Mr. Punch, "I never do those things."

"Don't you know that we met on Monday?" said PAM.

"Bother!" said Mr. Punch.

"Fact!" said PAM.

"BRAND ought to have reminded me," said Mr. Punch.

"Well, you've lost nothing," said PAM. "On Monday [we took some money for Civil Service Estimates, and STANLEY suggested that one day in the week there should be a charge for entrance to the National Gallery.]

"What for?"

"Because, he says, that ladies would like to see the pictures without being elbow'd by private soldiers and nursery maids."

"Don't stand that. There are plenty of picture collections [where ladies can go without fear of being elbow'd by their inferiors.]

"Of course. Well, we took money for the New Foreign Office and Westminster Bridge approaches, and WHALLEY tried to knock off the item of £500 for Catholic chaplains to gaoles."

"That would not do, of course. Why, fifteen per cent. of the criminals in our gaoles are Catholics."

"I dare say they are," said PAM. "I don't care. We didn't let WHALLEY carry it, you may be sure."

"I suppose not, especially as the Irish are so desperately in love with you just now. Did you get beaten?"

A KING WITH A STRANGE TASTE FOR MUSIC.

HERR WAGNER, the great composer, "for the future" (A.D. 1962), has received sharp orders from the King of SAXONY to return home instantly. Is the King jealous that other parts of the Continent should have so much of the services of his Kapellmeister, and he comparatively so little? He probably wishes to have WAGNER all to himself. Far from quarrelling with the desired monopoly, in the cause of music we heartily rejoice at it. The royal edict will have the effect of narrowing the evil of contaminating compositions. It is tantamount to a musical quarantine. Travellers must not venture too near, or else they may be infected with one of his malignant airs, which are not so catching, perhaps, as they are lowering, leaving a fearful sense of depression behind them. Henceforth, the flights of *The Flying Dutchman* will be restricted to one kingdom instead of half-a-dozen. We hope WAGNER will be confined to Dresden all his life. Our Philharmonic will gain from his imprisonment. It will run no further risk of being nearly knocked on the head from another blow of his erratic *bâton*. However, it is but right that tourists should be made acquainted with the above fact. If, in their next autumnal excursions, they visit Saxony, they will know precisely what to expect.

CLOSE ULTRAMONTANE CONGRESS.

The following item of intelligence appears in the *Tablet*:

"The Papal Secretaryship of State has already received notification of the intended arrival of 400 Bishops in Rome for the great Festival."

At this time of day the above-quoted announcement will be read without alarm. The mediæval habits of Romish bishops have been—we believe—generally discarded by their modern successors, few of whom are now suspected of wearing horsehair shirts next their skin and never having that truly Irish linen washed. The prelates of the unchanging Church, as they call it, now change their underclothing, however, and when the four hundred bishops mentioned by the *Tablet* meet together in Rome, there can be no reasonable fear that they will generate a pestilence whereof other people as well as themselves will die in the odour of sanctity.

"Only once."

"Careless fellows you are. Majority?"

"48 to 24."

"By Jove! What was it?"

"Highland roads and Scotch bridges—vote for £5000."

"Deuced careless, I tell you, and if I go North this year, and get abused on your account, I'll make no fight for you."

"One can't attend to everything."

"No, you're not attending to GRANVILLE's reading, for instance. But I repeat that you ought not to be always getting yourselves beaten. Anything else?"

"Not on Monday. On Tuesday, LAYARD told KINNAIRD that our Consul at Seville had been obliged to suspend Protestant Worship in his house. We'll have a row about that."

"Do—for more reasons than one."

"I understand, and DISRAELI is looking at us. There was the new writ for Oldham."

"Eh? O, ah. We've heard a good deal of the Last Words of MR. FITZ, so we have the Last Words of Mr. Fox, for a change. He's a clever man, bitter, and telling. I'm sorry he resigns."

"I don't care about it," said PAM. "Then BAILLIE COCHRANE moved for a commission to inquire into the sale of public buildings, and was floored by 116 to 49."

"There's a good deal to be said about that, though."

"I dare say there is," said PAM. "A good deal was said. I don't care. What a lovely face that woman has, the third from the column."

"Yes, she is a relation of mine, and thought to be like me," said Mr. Punch. "What did you do yesterday?"

"Nothing worth mention—squabbles over some of the clauses in the Metropolitan Management Bill. Sit to-night at six. Oh, here's GRANNY at the end of his tether. Now, GEORGE, up and at 'em."

Upon looking at the papers Mr. Punch ascertained that his friend the PREMIER had, in his jaunty way, given a very fair account of the first part of the Parliamentary week, and there has been nothing later which calls for much notice. On Thursday there was a discussion on a Bill providing a registration of births and deaths in Ireland. Mr. Punch is occasionally written to by an infuriated Hibernian who unjustly charges him with over-severity in regard to the Irish. Look at this bit, cut out of the speech of MR. MAGUIRE, an editor of a leading Irish paper, and

the Mayor of and Member for the beautiful city of Cork, *statio bene fide carnis*:-

"MR. MAGUIRE said the population of Ireland would do their utmost to defeat the measure, if the police were employed as registrars. It was true that COLONEL BACONSWORTH had said that the constabulary would best carry out the scheme; but he added that it would be an auxiliary in the detection of crime. (Hear, hear.) Would that be likely to render it popular? A Bill like the present would fill the public mind with suspicion, and raise up every man of the humbler classes in Ireland to defeat it if possible."

There! What kind of pestilent savages is MR. MAGUIRE talking about? Kaffirs, or Hottentots, or escaped Sepoys anxious to commit murder with impunity? No, the police-hating people are the Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland, sketched by one of their own advocates, who had not a word of condemnation for their wickedness. Don't let MR. PUNCH be appealed to again, until MR. MAGUIRE's allegations have been met.

On Friday there was little to notice in either House. On the discussion of a Bill about Dilapidations—a constant clerical grievance—the BISHOP of LINCOLN enunciated a proposition which appears to MR. PUNCH to be almost irrefragable. His Lordship said that the Bill would not, he thought, relieve the present race of incumbents from hardships, because, with scarcely an exception, it did not apply to them. In the Commons, the MAYOR of CORK, who is the hero of the week, and who in fact quite makes an Exhibition of himself, brought forward divers cases of Irish distress, and demanded public aid. SIR ROBERT PEEL sought to demolish MR. MAGUIRE's case, and did so to a great extent. Clearly, knowing what is going on among the deserving operatives of Lancashire, we should pause before we leave them to starve, and relieve persons who spend their money (as shown in the debate) on masses instead of coffins, and who shoot the landlords for trying to give the labourer the means of helping himself, by cultivating improved land. The subject was "dropped."

NOT HALF A WORLD'S FAIR.



IN consideration we are almost inclined to question the propriety of calling the International Exhibition at the Brick Palace the World's Fair. Several essentials, as they are generally regarded, of a Fair, are absent therefrom. In the first place there are no wild beasts in it; an omission which in a World's Fair, of all Fairs, is very unsuitable. Then, not only is there no menagerie, but there is no circus, and nothing in the shape of RICHARDSON'S; there is no giant, no dwarf, no fat lady, no albino; nor is there any learned

pig, or lamb with six legs; if there is any gingerbread it is not gilt; there are no swings nor roundabouts; there is not a dancing-booth; there is no greased pole to climb; no jumping in sacks; no shying at snuff-boxes; and although some representatives of such queer-looking natives as the Mongolian races have stalls in this so-styled World's Fair, and saddlery abounds, there is no grinning through the horse-collar; and lastly, nothing is seen or heard of that well-known ingenious plaything which is indispensable to the "fun of the fair."

THE TWO SIDES OF A "SHILLING."

THE police authorities at Munich have compelled a coffee-house keeper to alter the sign of his shop, which he had christened the "CAFÉ SCHELLING." They made him remove the "SCHELLING," as they considered it derogatory to have a name so revered in literature associated with a coffee, or beer establishment. The Commissioners of the International Exhibition clearly entertain a similar horror. From the high figure at which they have fixed for some time to come the prices of admission, it is evident they are anxious to avoid, as long as they can, the notion of anything like a Shilling being connected with a building so extremely lofty and aristocratic. They unquestionably consider the "Shilling" would be too lowering.

THE FIVE GARTERS.

THE following letter was received by MR. PUNCH on Saturday week:-

"My dear PUNCH,—I have now Five Garters to give away. Will you have one of them, or all?" "Ever yours, affectionately, PAM."

"MR. PUNCH."

To which MR. PUNCH returned the following reply:-

"My dear PAM,—I have not Five Legs, and if I had, I always wear socks. So dispose of your ribbon as you like, but I think JOHNNY ought to have a yard."

"Yours, most devotedly,

"PUNCH."

"Lord Palmerston, K.G."

The Viscount replied as follows:-

"My dear PUNCH,—Of course I will give one to JOHNNY, and make it additionally welcome by telling him that it was your suggestion. But as to the other four? Do you see any objection to this list?"

"SHAFTESBURY."

"CANNING."

"FITZWILLIAM."

"SOMERSET."

"Or does anybody else occur to you? I should like to have it off my mind before Exhibition day."

"Ever yours,

"PAM."

"MR. PUNCH."

MR. PUNCH's rejoinder was this:-

"My dear PAM,—I have considered your list."

"SHAFTESBURY. Well. It's a pomp and a vanity, rather, but if the Bishop of Shaftesbury thinks that Exeter Hall will be pleased, I see no reason against your decorating your spiritual adviser. He is a brick in most respects."

"CANNING. Certainly. You could not do better. He was not over-wise in the Sepoy business, and I decorated him myself in my own way, but let that pass. Besides, you remember his father, and so do I."

"FITZWILLIAM. Is this a mistake—you write a splendid hand, so there's no misreading? Who's FITZWILLIAM? I see a peer of that name who is licensed to call himself WENTWORTH. If you mean an extra compliment to DILKE's family, I see no objection, but I never heard of the party you propose to honour, nor, I suppose, has anybody else."

"SOMERSET. Hm. He's a Duke, and a Whig, and has brains—well, garter him, but you really ought to tell Garter King to alter the motto a little for him. Make it *Honi soit qui poli parle*—and see if he speaks perlite when you read him this bit."

"When you have cut off the five slices, if you have a little bit over, send it to COLE C. B. on account."

"Ever yours,

"PUNCH."

"Lord Palmerston."

So on the Monday morning the world was informed that the five Garters were given as mentioned, but we have not yet heard anything about the extra bit.

EXHIBITION OF PROTECTIVE INVENTIONS.

WARLIKE implements of destruction are very properly included in the International Exhibition at the Brick Palace, because in the first place they afford a warning to those whom it may concern, and secondly they serve to remind us how very much lower we are than the angels, or at least that we partake of the same human nature with some foreigners who are very little above the fiends; considerations which should make us humble.

If, however, we exhibit engines and other weapons wherewith mankind are accustomed to inflict diabolical outrages on each other, our enemies for the sake of glory and plunder, but ourselves under necessity of self-defence, why do we not also exhibit other machines and instruments which we also use for protection against our evil brethren, and which differ from arms chiefly in answering that purpose without inflicting excessive torment and hideous mutilation? There is the crank, there is the treadmill, there is the cat o' nine tails, why don't we show them? The world is invited to inspect a cannon which blows you into smithereens and another state of existence; but we do not offer to the contemplation of our fellow-man the apparatus whereby a murderer is launched into eternity. Everyone, almost, is eager for the display of the Armstrong Gun, but nobody says a word for the exhibition of the Gallows.

A Pedestrian Public.

ON Thursday last week, by way of celebrating May Day, the London General Omnibus Company raised their fares on nearly the whole of their line; in some cases to double. The consequence is, that when the conductors cry "Benk! Benk!" the disgusted public very generally reply, "Walker!"

THE DISSENTING PROCESSION.

The Commissioners for the International Exhibition present their compliments to the Editor of the *Morning Star*, and have observed the following remark in his article in the procession on the opening day:—

"THE CHURCH IS NO LESS WELCOME, THOUGH IT MIGHT BE BORNE IN MIND THAT THERE ARE OTHER CHRISTIAN COMMUNIONS THAN THE PROTESTANT AND EPISCOPAL."

They beg to state that, fully recognising the fact, they have made the following arrangement by which the various Dissenting bodies may form part of the procession at the close of the Exhibition:—

The Beadles of the Church of England.
Methodists, with Statue of JOHN WESLEY.
Independents, walking independently.
Roman Catholics, with banner of QUEEN MARY I.
REV. DR. ADLER and his congregation.
The Hebrew Barons.
MR. DISRAELI.
The Kirk of Scotland.
The U. P. Kirk.
DR. GUTHRIE, bearing his Geographical Grammar,
REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, bearing "Good Words."
Several Ministers unable to bear anybody else.
English Presbyterians with banner of PETER JOHN.
Brownists, in Brown.
Quakers, with Hats of the Period.
MR. BRIGHT.
Swedenborgians, with banner inscribed 1757.
Plymouth Brethren, making Plymouth and other Sounds.
Sandemanians, with sandy manes.
Distinct Baptists.
Indistinct Baptists.
Sublapsarians and Superlapsarians.
Keeper from Hanwell.
Shakers.
Dunkers or Tunkers with wooden pillows.
Followers of JOANNA SOUTHCOPE, with Cradle.
Muggletonians, with Banner of Ludovick, and spinning wheel,
Jerkers and Barkers, jerking and barking.
Mormonites.
Each gentleman attended by five female slaves.
Mystics, with Statue of MADAME GUYON.
MR. ROEBUCK, dissenting from everybody.
More Beadles.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

BEAUTY.—Women, because beauty is supposed to be peculiar to them, are called the fair sex, but throughout nearly all foreign nations the women are no more beautiful than the men, and most of the men are hideously ugly. In England there are more beautiful women than there are anywhere else; but even here female beauty is so much the reverse of common, that a woman herself, meaning to say that another is ugly, will term her ordinary, or as that word is too generally pronounced, ornary.

A beautiful girl, red and white, much resembles an apple tree out in bloom; only apple-bloom fades rather faster than beauty. At twenty, beauty, like the *Gravedigger's* tanner, "will last you nine year"; perhaps a year or two more; very likely not so many years: but its decay, though quickly observed, is slowly felt. Loss of beauty is of not much consequence to a wife; for a husband soon gets used to his wife's beauty, and then, if ever so great, it is just as if it were not; girls had therefore better not accept men who want to marry them for their beauty; and a girl able to get a husband by more durable attractions is likely to be happier in marriage without beauty than she would be with it.

Beauty is chiefly a matter of limited roundness of form, relative proportion, and colour in the right place; for colour in the wrong place is not beautiful; for instance red at the end of the nose. When rotundity exceeds a certain arch, the form which was beautiful grows funny. Beauty of figure and complexion is best preserved by moderation in eating, not to say drinking, plenty of exercise, and the use of soft water, without any other cosmetic than soap, of which the best is yellow. Beauty of feature is kept longest by discarding envy, hatred, malice, small vanity, and anxiety about money matters; emotions which gradually muddle the eye, and pull the outlines of the face out of shape; anxiety about money matters especially having the effect of causing a dull unhappy scowl, and distorting the mouth. Hence matronly beauty is rather often spoiled by engrossing attention to domestic economy; whilst on the other hand, so very lively a beauty distinguishes unmarried girls and young wives who repose implicit confidence in the solvency of their husbands and fathers, as many of them do although the income of those gentlemen depends upon their personal industry.

Habitual regardlessness of expense is the chief cause of the superior beauty of the superior classes, especially the aristocracy, producing that beautiful serenity of countenance which reclining in the carriages that revolve around the Ring in Hyde Park, they most of them exhibit in strong contrast with the sordid uneasiness generally remarkable in the clouded and puckered visages of those who have, as the saying is, to pull the devil by the tail.

The only perennial beauty is that which is sublimated by cultivating the moral sentiments and the intellect. It is very rare indeed. The rest is merely animal beauty, and when the beauty goes the animal only remains; the grace of the fawn is replaced by the clumsiness of the cow, the plump elegant young lady expands into the bulky middle-aged woman; and the fine girl that once was becomes what she and the dandies who then dangled after her used contemptuously to call an "elderly party." Here, a woman who had never any animal beauty to lose, but who has some spiritual beauty which is not to be lost, catches the other up and passes her by. Let this be a consolation to every plain sensible girl whose personal defects are the subject of satire, if such a girl can ever survive such satire.



INCONCEIVABLE FATUITY.

A MAN has just brought an action against a chemist for giving him medicine which did not suit the complaint. The plaintiff stated that he was recommended to go to the person in question by the Beadle! The jury, of course, burst out laughing and found for the defendant, who we trust has since been locked up, for a person who would ask a Beadle for advice on any subject cannot be one who should be trusted abroad. We are far from justifying the conduct of two low fellows who went into the other extreme, and also into the Lowther Arcade, the other night, and kicked the Beadle there, on the ground that he was only a Beadle, nay, we are very glad that they were severely dealt with. But if it be right to fine a man who kicks a Beadle, what should be done unto the man who asks him to recommend a medical attendant? The only extenuating circumstance seems to have been that the Beadle in question was not also a Sexton, so the plaintiff could not exactly be charged with suicidal intentions. We have seldom read of a case where such hopeless feebleness of mind was manifested, in fact its extraordinary character knocks us into a moral Cocked Hat.

The Bare Idea!

A LADY and Gentleman were looking down into the bear-pit at the Zoological Gardens, when the lady (MRS. JONES, of Camden Town) exclaimed quite impulsively, "Oh! look at these dear little bears. Why, what a darling lot of 'em!" "Yes, my dear," answered the gentleman, (MR. JONES, of the same locality), "I declare it's quite an-aw-sa-ry—almost as full as our own." The lady agreed with her husband, and even laughed, though it was morally impossible she could have understood the wretch's joke. We envy MRS. JONES her ignorance.

SO VERY BECOMING.

THE obstinacy with which, in spite of remonstrance and ridicule, ladies persist in wearing hoops amounts to a pig-headedness which is aptly crowned by the pork-pie hat.



AFTER DUNDREARY.

First Suell. "A-A-WAW! WAW! WAW! How did you like him?"

Second Do. "WAW-WAW-WAW. NO FELLOW EVAW SAW SUCH A FELLOW. GWOSS CAWICATURE-WAW!"

A FAIR WORD FOR A FAIR PLACE.

SYNCHRONOUSLY with the opening of the World's Work Exhibition, the Crystal Palace on May Day began another season. We hope that no one of the thousands who were present at South Kensington lessened their enjoyment by comparisons with Sydenham. Comparisons are odorous, as *Mrs. Malaprop* does not observe, although mis-quoters have continually put the words into her mouth; and to compare the Crystal Palace with the House that FOWKE built would clearly not conduce to the advantage of the latter. The Crystal Palace is all brightness, both inside and out; there is nothing ugly or unsightly in the building; when first shown, in slightly different form, in 1851, we all thought it still more wondrous than the wonders it contained. But as for the New Edifice—well, we can see how it is domed, and we could wish that it were doomed; and we only hope all foreigners who criticise it cruelly will just jump into a cab and see our Crystal Palace, before they say that England cannot build a handsome building.

We hope too as the Palace is a pride as well as pleasure to us, that the nation will consider it a duty to support it. Now that season tickets may be had for but a guinea, stingy fathers of a family have but half the grounds they had last year to say they can't afford one. Of course we shrink from putting forth un-Christianlike advice; but if ladies and their daughters resolve to plague Papa at dinner until he buys them each a ticket, he really will be only getting his desert. And don't let him imagine that the money will be wasted. People can't well go to Sydenham without taking lots of exercise (if you doubt it, MR. PATER, just go and count the stairs), and many a young lady has in our belief been saved a visit to the doctor by visiting the place where she may see the famous Fountain; at which in 1851 there were so many happy meetings, whence so many happy matches resulted in due course.

WE ASK ONLY FOR INFORMATION.—"MR. GLADSTONE" begins a journal, "has been blessing the people in the north." We wonder what the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said. Was it *Tas sobiscum*?

THE OMNIBUS TYRANTS.

"RAISING OF OMNIBUS FARES.—On Thursday, pursuant to public notice, the London General Omnibus Company raised their fares on nearly the whole of their line of omnibuses. In some cases the rise amounted to a doubling of the fares."

WERE there really Free Trade in Omnibus traffic, there could be no objection to this act of rapacity. BUGGINS has a right to charge a pound, instead of ten shillings, for a hat, if you can go over to SNOGGINS, and get a hat for ten bob. But the Omnibus Company have driven, or tried to drive, every competitor off the road; and, as capital must succeed in such attempts, we are at the mercy of the L. G. O. C. Now, when the Cabmen revolted, Parliament smashed them, and, *pro bono publico*, we are far from sure that this Omnibus extortion does not afford a case for an exceptional return to Protection. The greatest happiness of the greatest number is the true rule; and there is no happiness whatever in walking to Brompton, especially in heat and dust. Where's BOB LOWE? If he wants to go in for a bit of popularity, of which he has not too much, let him deal with these omnibus folks. Let the cry be LOWE FARES! Go it, BOB!

What to Call It.

THE long word "International"
Is pedantic and irrational,
"Show" is vulgar, and unfit for pomes;
So let's silence all revolvers,
And because we've got THE BOILERS,
Let us christen the new place THE DOMES.

TRIFLING ERRATUM.

By Telegram from America.

FOR "the Federals gained a splendid victory at Pittsburg," read "the Federals sustained a terrible defeat, &c." Union journals, Please Copy.

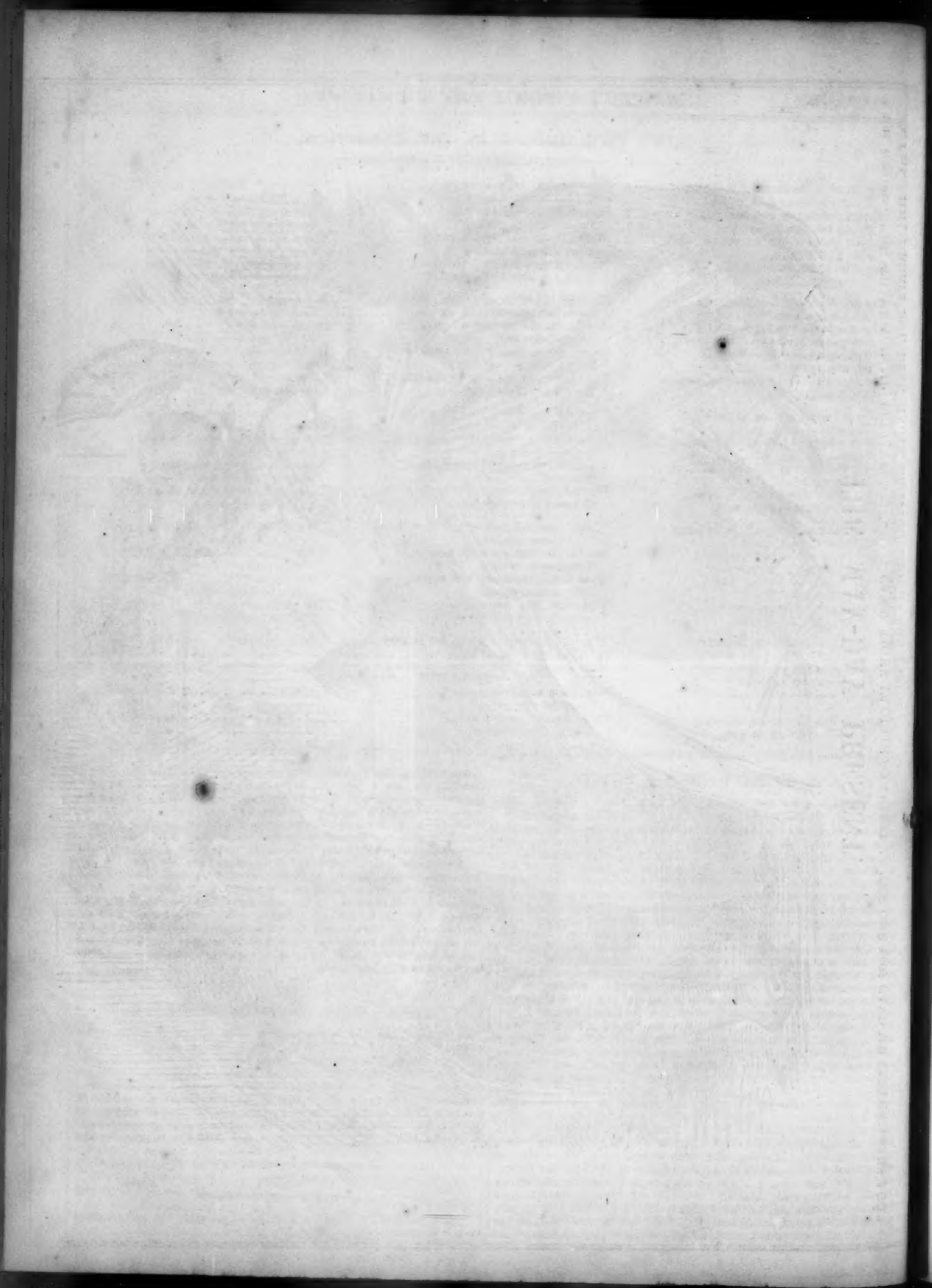


THE MAY-DAY PRESENT.

Mrs. BATTANIA. "OH, THANK YOU, MR. BULL, VERY MUCH! I CAN'T THINK IT QUITE SO PRETTY AS THE ONE YOU GAVE ME ELEVEN YEARS AGO."
 Mr. BULL. "HMI P'RHAPS NOT, DEAR MADAM—BUT YOU SHOULD SEE INSIDE!"

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THE TWO QUEENS IN THE EXHIBITION.

(On the Night of May 1st, 1862.)

MIDNIGHT in the monster Building,
The day's labour done,
Silence, where two thousand voices
Pealed but now like one;
For the crowd of thrice three thousand,
Here I pace alone,
From the orchestra deserted
To the empty throne.

Through the vasty void of silence
Did I hear a sound?
Was it my own echoing foot-fall?
Fireman on his round?
Or Policeman slow patrolling
Transept, nave, and aisle?
Was that gleam his bull's-eye streaming,
Or his moon-lit tile?

Ne'er fell tread of mine so stately,
Walks no fireman so:
Not thus sounds policeman's blucher,
Heavy-heeled and slow.
Never flashed from blinding bull's-eye
Radiance like that:
Never moon with such an aureole
Crowned policeman's hat.

Lo, two shapes from out the darkness
Of the nave have grown!
Hand in hand they near the dais,
Near the empty throne.
By the beamy crown that circles
Either radiant brow,
By their royal orbs and sceptres,
These be Queens I trow.

Strong the one of thew and sinew,
Giant-like of limb;
Coal-black is the robe upon her,
Fire her crown doth rim;
And her sceptre is a hammer
Like Great Thor's of old;
And her feet, they clank like iron,
'Neath her garment's fold.

Fair the other, with a beauty
Passing human far;
Star-bedropped her azure raiment,
And her crown a star.
Perfect shape with perfect feature
Bleat in form and face,
When she ope her lips, 'tis music,
When she moves, 'tis grace.

Straight to me, through their unlikeness,
These two Queens were known,
And I marked how each on other
Pressed the vacant throne.
Strong Queen Handicraft to honour
Fair Queen Art was fain:
Fair Queen Art, with sweet resistance,
Waived the throne again.

"Yours," quoth Art, "is this profusion
Of the fruits of toil,
Loom and forge-work, clay and crystal,
Growth of seed and soil.
Yours this spinning of men-spiders,
Honey of men's hives;
What creates or costs men comfort,
Makes or mars their lives."

"Nay," quoth Handicraft, "the roughing
Of the mass is mine;
But 'tis thy hand gives the beauty,
Moulding by design.
Thine the forms of clay and crystal,
Iron, brass and gold,
Textile pattern, woven colour,—
Gorgeous to behold!"

"Spak'st thou sooth," fair Art protested,
'Thou prevail'st no more;
Mine the hand which shapes the coinage,
Thine which digs the ore.
I am but a humble handmaid,
Chain'd to thy behest.
Thou, that in this age of iron
Dost as likes thee best."

"Nay, but," Handicraft retorted,
"On the upper floor
Moved I not through long-drawn galleries,
Graced with all thy store?
Where on canvas or in marble
Thou thy might hast shown—
Man and beast, sea, earth and cloudland,
Claiming for thine own?"

So was urged these Queens' contention,
Each, in answer fit,
Giving reasons why the other
On the throne should sit.
Till at last quoth Art,—divided
Between smile and sigh,—
"Needs there proof, that to this throning
Ne'er a claim have I?"

"Look around; though all these treasures
Of thy wide domain
Bore my seal, that here I'm alien,
It would still be plain.
In the Building that contains them
Place nor part I owe,
From the domes that rise above us,
To the sheds below.

"Can I take this throne, surrounded
By so many a sign,
Whose owns this realm's allegiance,
'Tis no realm of mine?
These glazed-sashes, factory-patterned,
Courts of shops run wild,
And where space had lent a beauty,
Hideous trophies piled?"

"To my galleries I'll betake me,
There apart I'll reign:
Strive who will, no force shall make me
Own this my domain.
Lost the chance that here had throned us,
Joint Queens, side by side;
Toil with Taste, and Use with Beauty
Empire to divide."

SOMETHING LIKE A MAYOR.

If we were not *Punch*, we would be the MAYOR OF DOVER. That eminent individual—we have not the faintest idea of his private name—must be always living in a state of intellectual *qui vive*, which, next to doing nothing at all, is the happiest state in which a man can exist. He must always be dressed, day and night, in beautiful clothes, and his mind must also be always in full dress, and his tongue prompt with affluent eloquence. For he never knows at what hour of the Twenty-four periods into which our troubles are divided he may not have to bounce out of his house, rush down to the harbour to receive somebody, and instantly begin to thank that Party for coming to England. The study of that Mayor's mind would be an interesting one. His whole life—that is while he is Mayor—must be one constant Look Out. He must have a neat sentence perpetually trembling on his lips, and we make no doubt that when he is suddenly awakened in the morning by the housemaid's knock and the announcement of shaving-water, his first inarticulate answer shapes itself into something like a complimentary congratulation. His nightmares must be white horses moving in procession, and making such a clatter that his oration cannot be heard. And we should like to know whether the Beadle of Dover knows of a private bell which will ring the Mayor up into smiles and eloquence at the smallest of the small hours, if a King, or an Archduke, or an Ambassador, or a Returned Proconsul, or a Liberator, or a Royal Sweetheart, or an expatriated Patriot is signalled as feeling a little better now he is in smooth water, and wanting a speech from the Mayor in ten minutes. The Mayors of other places are not much annoyed in this way, and as for our LORD MAYOR, no kings and liberators and that sort of folks dare to pop in upon him—he invites them, or they stay away. But the MAYOR OF DOVER never knows when he will be wanted with something in the way of a speech from the throne, only in good English. It is a noble position, but a trying one, and we thought of him with sympathy the other day when LORD CANNING suddenly appeared, and the Mayor had to rush down with a recapitulation of the history of India since July 1855, and an essay upon LORD C's policy as distinguished from that of all other Indian rulers since

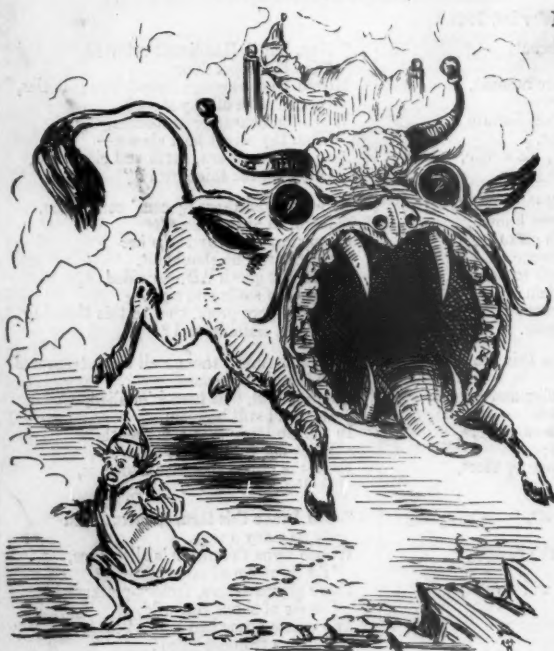
LORD CLIVE. We should think that a tremendous re-action must set in when the Mayor goes out, and that after a year of preternaturally elaborate compliment at all hours, he must subside into a social cynic. Instead of saluting his acquaintance with a graceful "Ah, my dear friend, I had a presentiment of pleasure, but believe me when I assure you that the gratification of encountering you thus unexpectedly transcends my expectations," the ex-Mayor will be perfectly justified in condensing his ecstasies for the rest of his life into "Hullo! KNOCKER, is that you?" Is there no special testimonial presented to the MAYOR OF DOVER on his quitting office? There certainly ought to be a mark of distinction for the man who when Dover's Powder has been exhibited in the form of a Salute, comes forward and interprets the voice of the cannon into QUEEN'S English. And the inscription should be *Suave Mayori magno*, which would in the most subtle manner hint at the sweetness of his speeches, and the element whence the auditor arrives to hear them."

A COMPLIMENT TO A GALLANT COLONEL.

We understand that a subscription is in course of being raised amongst the officers of HER MAJESTY'S troops, and other persons interested in the maintenance of the character of the British Army, for the presentation of a testimonial to COLONEL BENTINCK of the 4th Dragoon Guards, to mark their sense of the conduct as an officer and a gentleman whereby he distinguished himself in his treatment of CAPTAIN ROBERTSON, and also as a witness on the Court Martial lately held on that officer. The testimonial is to consist of an ebony back-board, inlaid with an inscription in red and gold letters recording its intention as a richly deserved acknowledgment. To this honourable token of respect and esteem will be affixed a round robin whereon will be emblazoned the names of the donors.

THE QUESTION OF PETER'S PEECE.—Gentleman, ar yer got ar a copper to relieve a poor old Pope?

[THE UNKNOWN BULL.]



IN the eve of May Day, in answer to a question from MR. KINNAIRD:—

"MR. LAYARD regretted to say that information had been received that, owing to the interference of the Spanish authorities at Seville, the English chaplain had been compelled to suspend the celebration of protestant worship on the consular premises."

What a shame it is, if his Holiness the POPE has really sent the QUEEN OF SPAIN a bull commanding her not to allow Protestants to be persecuted in her dominions, because persecution is un-Christian, and because Protestant governments might be thereby tempted to practise corresponding intolerance, that the British public are kept in ignorance of that signal and creditable act of Papal liberality!

CUT THE CADS.

WHAT does the *Morning Star* say to this, which we take from the leading New York newspaper? After a denunciatory reference to the recent passage of arms between Lords WESTBURY and CHELMSFORD (falsely described, of course) the organ of Americanism (April 9) says—

"Before the English obtained a penny press such scenes and such language, on the part of public men and newspapers, were unheard of."

Is not this ungrateful? This is the return which Americanism makes to Englishmen who fawn upon it. The implied charge is a lie, the penny journals are generally written as decorously, if not in as educated a style, as were their predecessors, but those who have truckled to Yankeeism are really served right. Come, here is a good opportunity for "sweeping the kitchen," and we hope to see it done with a will. The *Star* will never stand this.

The Great American Question.

If the North should conquest win
In yon fratricidal fray,
For the Northern debt let in
Will the South its quota pay?
Failing, will the North submit
To its burden, or eschew
Taxes; and its lenders, bit,
Have to whistle for their due?

"THE POET'S CORNER."—Anything but the Cornucopia.

BIRDS AND BEASTS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"SAME time as your gurt Exhibition's open out there at Brompton we've got one of our own hereabouts; the leaves and vlowers openun vor the summer, which in my pinion beats all your fine furnitur; but there, I be only a clown. Besides a Exhibition, Sur, we've likewise got a consart wherein the chief performers is the drush, blackbird, goldfinch, greenfinch, chink, linnut, nightungal, and other wobblers. As I be fond o' this here music o' natur, I've been pleased to see as how they've bin zendun out zong-birds to Austrahier, transpourtun of um, as I may zay, to Botany Bay; and I was glad t'other day to zee the follern passidge, or wotever you calls it, in the peeper:—

"A NOVEL IMPORTATION.—Nine magpies, seven quails, three laughing jackasses, twelve rose-breasted cockatoos, and one wallaby have been imported into Auckland, New Zealand, by the Acclimatisation Society. Two of the magpies were let loose and immediately commenced work by killing grubs and caterpillars in a garden."

"May be as how you'll think magpies, quails, and cockatoos, with laafun jackasses to help um, and a wallaby, wotever that is, besides, oodn't make much of a fill armonie. I daresay the laaf of a laafun jackass ain't partickler musical. But that ain't the pint. I be lookun to the magpies, as zoon as they was let goo, zettun to a killun the grubs and cattypillers. Now, as to that there operashun, the little zingun birds is as useful as the magpies. With that fact afore a feller's eyes it puts un out o' pashunne to rade sitch ignorunce as this here out o' the *Stamford Mercury*:—

"In this district unemployed young labourers and itinerants are turning their attention to a new mode of obtaining a livelihood. Some of these men have appeared the last two or three market days at Spalding and Holbeach with hundreds of linnets, finches, sparrows, and other small birds (which they had poisoned) strung around them like beads as trophies and an advertisement of their odious calling."

"And then it went on to say that wot these here wagabunds pizuns the little birds wi is mostly assnic, stricknine, and fosferus—a pretty sart o' stuff to lave about for game and pidguns, if not Christians, to ate as well as little birds! I wish these here goouns on was confined to Lincunsheer, but I be zorry to zay that we be flat countrymen enuff about here, zum on us, to incurridge the zame barbarous perceduns, and pizon off all the little birds wot destroys the hinsex.

"If varmers dwoan't mind, in a short time there wun't be nare a lark nor a finch o' no kind, and not a tomtitt nor a yallerhammer left. Wot a shame and a pity to goo destroyun the purty wobblun quier vrom off the veace o' the urth just like zmokun zo much blight! 'Tis all along o' bein unbelievun Jews; there is no baitun into their heads that small birds baint varmant, but instead o' that ates the varmant up and zo zaves the varmer dree or vower, ate, nine, or ten times as much as

wot grain they puts away in their little gizzards, and why begridge it um? In zum pleece I understands varmers has wot they calls sparrer-feasts to jollify over the zlaughter on 'em; and I've know'd um gee the parish boys a varden for the head of every sparrer they brought um. I wish you'd zend one o' your young men down in these parts to gie my nabers a leetor or two on naturl histry, a subjeck about which they be as ignorant as vorreners, and wuss, for I see the French have a bin turnen their tention to putten a stop to bird-zlaughter, or as I calls ut dickydeide, witch them as commits sarve um right if their crops was all dewoured by cockchafer-grubs, and wire-wurms, and half his vast taters." I be, Sur, et zettir,

"Maybush, May Day, 1862.

"COCK ROBIN."

* The insect meant by our correspondent is conjectured to be the *Aphis vastator*—Ed.

"THIS COMES HOPPING."

WE see that a deputation has been waiting on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on the subject of "hop drawbacks." Of course, these allude to the ladies' long dresses, expansive skirts, and monster crinolines; for such are the greatest "hop drawbacks" that we are acquainted with, inasmuch as they naturally interfere with the grace and facility of dancing. All the great celebrities connected with our Casinos, Caldwells, and Cremornes, who make a pursuit of Terpsichore, were doubtlessly to be seen amongst the deputation. If poor BARON NATHAN had been alive, how gracefully and pointedly he would have described the entire thing with his toe! He need not have spoken—he would have danced. He would have laid his grievances at the CHANCELLOR's feet through the graphic medium of a *ballet*, and the figures he would have brought forward would have had that entraining force and impulsive *elan* in them that GLADSTONE must have been irresistibly carried away with them!

Good Popish News.

CARDINAL DE ANGELIS, Archbishop of Parma, has, it is said, been chosen to succeed POPE PIUS THE NINTH, when the latter shall be really *de angelis*. There is a sort of gleam of comfort in this, for ANGELUS is "a name implying a duty," and if we are to have any more Popes, it would be convenient that they should recognise such things as duties. Moreover, an Angel means one who is sent, and the name holds good omen of its owner soon being sent about his business. So, *bibimus Papaliter* in honour of his Holiness elect.

FROZEN OUT SAILORS.



ow that floating iron shot-towers are to constitute our fleet, and apparently there soon will be no ships used in our service, there comes the question what our naval sailors are to do to get a living, for it is clear that they will soon be no more wanted in the Navy. When there are no more ships to sail, there can be no more need of sailors; and as for paying able seamen to man a fleet of flat-irons with neither masts nor spars, this would be no less a waste of wages than an insult to our tars. Steam is bad enough in the opinion of old salts, and doubtless many a strong adjective has

been hurled upon the heads of the lubbers who invented it. But though steam in a great measure has superseded sails, in the Navy it has mostly been used as an auxiliary; and until such floating forts as the *Merrimac* were thought of, the Navy still had ships, and although they had steam-engines in them they had also masts and sails. Now, however, if the cupolas succeed, the Navy will consist of shot-towers, not ships: and our sailors must look out for other means of livelihood, as their naval occupation will of course be at an end. As for getting them to serve on board of "them blanked flat-irons," that will certainly be hopeless, and indeed it were a waste of money if we could, for to do mere stoker's work one does not want a skilful sailor. We can fancy the disgust with which a man-o'-war's man, one of the old school, would hear that he was wanted to serve on board a cupola! We should think he would as lief be clapped in irons out and out, as be stewed up in an iron barge without a sail to reef, or a rope to handle.

When our sailors leave the Navy then, what is to become of them? We cannot have a lot of strong-limbed lusty fellows going about the streets in gangs, and bellowing "Got no work to do-o-o!" like frozen-out market-gardeners. Clearly some plan must be hit upon to make use of their muscle, and the sooner we begin to think of one the better. It would be grievous to see sailors driven to drive cabs, or coming out as "bus-conductors." Yet doubtless this too many of them will be forced to do, unless timely steps be taken to provide them with employment. We quite expect if we live long enough to hear a "What cheer, mess-mate!" interchanged between two "bus-drivers, or else to hear a Hansom cabman, stopped by a big mountain of a piled up Pickford's Van, cry out, "Now then, you lubber, heave a-head with your three-decker!"

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

WHAT remarkably queer people there must be in the world! For instance, only look at this advertisement for one, which astonished us the other morning in the *Times*:-

FURNISHED APARTMENTS TO BE LET, to a single lady, containing a sitting-room and bed-room in a villa residence near Westbourne Grove. Apply, &c.

Now, just fancy a single lady having room enough inside her to contain a couple of rooms. What a very extraordinary person she must be! Where in the world does the advertiser think he will discover her? Perhaps when he does so he will make an exhibition of her. She would be fully as attractive as JULIA PASTRANA. But we rather apprehend that these "furnished apartments" will be empty a long while before their owner finds a lady "containing a sitting-room and bed-room" to be tenant of them.

Confederate's Latin.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD has telegraphed to our office to state that there was a mistake in supposing that he said, near Purdy, *pardi-di-dien*, for he neither lost the day nor made the speech. But what he did say, and a message which he begs to send with his best beauregards, for the benefit of GENERAL GRANT, is, *Non cunctis contingit adire CORINTHUM*.

THE PROPHÈTE PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY A LADY.

We extract the following delicious *morceau* from a recent number of *Belle's Life*:-

THE WAY TO MAKE MONEY on the TURF—A Lady of five years' experience on the Turf, having realised a nice income, is willing to IMPART HER SYSTEM, which is very simple, to any one who will send her one sovereign. Address, &c. Enclose a stamped directed envelope.

We have had Prophets enough on the Turf, but a Prophetess is quite a new character. What can a lady's "experience" on the Turf be like? We should say it ought to consist mainly in seeing that the beds are well aired, and that the lawn is properly clear-starched, and similar female occupations. Little girls should beware of the Turf, as the number of sharp blades that are generally found there makes it very dangerous sport, and they might cut their little fingers. However, if she has made "a nice income" of it, she must have had rare winning ways of her own. We do not like the request for the "stamped envelope" much. It sounds mean for a lady to ask for a penny just after she has been pocketing a sovereign. We do not call it being exactly "penny wise" though her correspondent would have every right to be undoubtedly considered "pound foolish." The lady does not give her name, but we presume it must be *Ber*. By the bye, if this new race of prophetesses meets with public encouragement, they will be wanting a paper of their own for their advertisements and correspondence. We beg to recommend to them a *Belle's Life*. One of its great features naturally would be the Ring. For ourselves, we do not admire ladies who have anything to do with the stable. They never should venture on the Turf, unless there should happen to be a Nursery there.

A BIG NAME FOR A BIG PLACE.

Now that we have got our World's Show, what are we to call it? "International Exhibition" is such a mouthful of a name, that no one but an elocutionist can easily pronounce it. "International Exhibition" may do very well for orators who like to use long words, but for 'bus drivers and cabmen something shorter must be substituted. Men who are accustomed to call the City the "Stee," and to speak of the Bank of England as the "B'nk," can hardly be expected to waste their breath in saying "International Exhibition." What they will contract it into, goodness only knows; but to prevent some horrid barbarism, it is surely time for somebody to think of some short title that will suit the cabbies. The South Kensington Museum has been called the Brompton Bilers; and if we don't take care, the new building may possibly get christened "FOWKE's Folly."

"More last Words."

THERE is discussion whether the last words of WILLIAM PITT were a foolish sentimentalism, an unworthy piece of maundering, or an unnecessary oath. As all the witnesses discredit each other, and as each report is discreditable to the memory of a great man, we may fairly reject the whole mass of senile gossip, and believe that MR. PITT died like a gentleman, an idea which, strangely enough, has not occurred to any of the living gentlemen who have been protracting a not very edifying controversy. Do they think it absolutely necessary that the theatrical rule should apply, and that a man should attempt a *mot* at the moment he leaves the stage of life?

A General's Head in Chancery.

A NEW York paper says that "GENERAL McCLELLAN's position before York-town is like that of a man who is plaintiff in the British Court of Chancery." More like it than, probably, the writer was aware. For, on examining the map, we perceive that at the south is SLEEPY HOLE HOLLOW, that when we have got to HALF WAY HOUSE we find that we have another HALF WAY HOUSE to reach, and then a third HALF WAY HOUSE, that COMFORT LIGHT HOUSE is far behind, that in full view is JAIL ISLAND, and that the whole is commanded by BIG BETHEL.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

PEOPLE may not be generally aware of it, but if MR. COWPER is to be believed, Big Ben is altered in tone; they have raised him to B-quiet.

A SURE WAY OF MAKING IT RICH.

WHAT is the best way of buying a currant-dumpling? With the current coin, to be sure.

"THE SOLDIER'S TEAR."—It's generally the Gallery.



A CLINCHER.

LITTLE ADA (whose elder Sister and Brother have been sent for from the Drawing-room). "I don't see why I shouldn't go down-stairs as well as you and Albert. I've as much Parlour Blood in my veins as you have!"

SPECULATIONS ABOUT MONEY, AND WITHOUT ANY MONEY.

THE only speculations we allow ourselves are mental ones, because they are perfectly safe, and can always be indulged in without the expenditure of a single penny. Besides, if they do occasionally turn out badly, you are not compelled to put down your horse, or to drink two glasses of wine *per diem* instead of three, or to exchange lump sugar for moist, in consequence of the result. Neither insanity nor suicide were ever known to grow out of a confirmed indulgence of the practice. Mental speculations may be called the art of speculating with profit and security without any money. Amongst other harmless things, we like to launch into the wildest speculations about money. It is a kind of consolation for not possessing any one's self. You feel all the richer at the moment, and are none the poorer when it is over. For instance, here are two little speculations in which we recently invested a very agreeable quarter of an hour whilst smoking a mild cigar:—

First Speculation. What is a Circular Note? At first, we thought it might be a milliner's note for a lady's crinoline; but we soon discarded that absurd idea, and, taking another puff at our Havannah, came to the conclusion that a circular note must have been originally so framed for the purpose of holding a good round sum.

Second Speculation. What is a "Shin-Plaster?" We had often heard of Shin-Plasters, but never having seen one, we could not very well make out what they were like. A fancy struck us that they might be plasters for the special relief of persons who had itching palms, but as the "shin" was plainly indicated, of course, that notion instantly fell to the ground as well as the succeeding one that they were probably intended to relieve persons who were labouring under a complaint of the chest. Puffing away again, we could only solve the difficulty by supposing that a shin-plaster was nothing better than a kind of poor man's substitute when he couldn't get the real "golden ointment," and was an ingenious specific invented in the first instance by a weak government that was on its last legs, and was obliged to resort to this

A REVIVED POET.

(See Mr. Punch ever so long ago.)

I AM the Poet of the Philharmonic,
Who some years back composed in *Punch* a Tonic,
Which I hoped would bring peace between BENNETT and COSTA.

But regret animosity has been permitted to foster.
Surely it is time COSTA should alter his Demeanour,
And forget all that Mistake and Nonsense about *Parisina*.
STERNDALE is not stern, and they state has made a Sign
That he will forget and forgive if COSTA behaves Benign.
Now MICHAEL should trample on the Devil of Wrath and Spleen,

Apologise like a gentleman, and let all be serene,
And as has been suggested by an able Contemporary,
Make some Amends as *humanum est Semper errare*,
Request the gracious MR. GYE to ask DR. BENNETT
To produce his Ode at Covent Garden, the Musical Senate,
MR. COSTA conducting it firm and brilliant as Marble,
Which might indeed be Deemed making Amende honorable.
Then the Public will rejoice at the re-union of the gifted
Secessioners,
And with one heart turn round and cordially kick the
International Commissioners.

ANOTHER SHAM.

THE elegant phrase now used to describe a ridiculous meal which is neither one thing nor t'other, and unfits you for both, is a *Déjeuner Dilatoire*. Bother such bosh. If people want Mr. Punch to come to breakfast, let 'em ask him, and he won't. If they want him to come to dinner, let 'em ask him—and he will come or not, according to his knowledge of their wine. But if they think that he is going to spoil his habitually beautiful breakfast, in order that he may eat and drink something that will spoil his habitually beautiful dinner, they know very little of Mr. Punch. *Déjeuner Dilatoire* be its name, D.D. be its initials, and "Fiddle D.D." be any sensible person's answer to an insulating invitation to murder a healthy appetite.

A NUT FOR NAPOLEON.—Because Rome is the Eternal City, that is no reason why the POPE, by the temporal misgovernment of Rome, should be suffered to make Rome an eternal bore.

quack remedy with the view of maintaining anything like a footing in the money-market. The above speculation is, we confess, a most elaborate one, but the extreme ingenuity of it amused us, besides enabling us to finish in a most agreeable frame of mind our delicious cigar.

Such speculations are exceedingly harmless, and moreover they have this great merit, that they are never likely to be the ruin, much less the death, of any one. For instance, we, ourselves, after the above profitable investment of a quarter of an hour, felt as happy and as contented, as if we had just been making a handsome little *comp* of fifty thousand pounds on the Stock Exchange.

A Broken Saw.

WHEN rogues fall out, our fathers said,
True men come by their own.
That proverb's now, by fact quite dead
Against it, overthrown.
Lo, North and South the sword have drawn,
And meet with bayonets crossed!
And our supply of cotton's gone,
Our weavers' living lost.

Another Q. and A.

"HAVE we too many Women in this England of ours at the present day?" This is a question asked, pertinently, by a contemporary. We reply, certainly not, but they take up a great deal too much room in this England of ours, and act as if they thought it was an England of theirs. Therefore we would say—off with crinoline, or off to Columbia.

THE DISTANCE FROM THE EXHIBITION BUILDING OF 1851 TO THAT OF 1862.—"From the Crystal Palace to the Cole-Hole."



A COOL REQUEST.

Wind N.E. Thermometer 29°.

CLARA. "Well, Charley, dear, as you say you are such a good swimmer, do jump in and get me that pretty flower."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 5TH, Monday. The country attorney must be up and stirring, and hasten to put the screw upon his M.P. For LORD WESTBURY has caused the House of Lords to pass his Conveyancing Reform Bills, and if these be not defeated in the House of Commons, they will become the Law of the Land, and the Land will pay less to the Law. It is rather awful to contemplate; but we are actually at this moment in peril of being able to make a cheap and safe title to property, and to buy and sell it without paying as much for the sheep-skins as for the sheep-walk. But, thank Mammon, we have a House of Attorneys, or something that will show itself as mindful of their interests as they themselves could be. Up, Six-and-eightpences, and at 'em!

Lambeth declared that it would not be represented by a barrister, or any other person supposed to belong to the educated classes, but would choose a member whose chief merit should lie in his being an exact facsimile of our friend VISCOUNT WILLIAMS. As Nature does not make two people alike, there was a difficulty in procuring the precise article, and, by a pardonable confusion in the Metropolitan mind, the recollection that potter's clay was easily fashioned into any desired form, sent the electors into a potter's yard to look for their man. There they found the potter himself (and a very clever and eminent potter he is); and so they invited him to potter in the House of Commons. MR. SLEIGH, the barrister, ventured to suggest that he would be a better member, and MR. WILKINSON, somewhat contumeliously called a WILKINSON, haughtily apprised the Lambeth public that he should neither canvass, flatter, nor carry them, but if they liked to elect him they might. They did not like, nor would they have MR. SLEIGH, but they, that is to say 5,124, out of 21,737, voted for MR. FREDERICK DOULTON, the *Figulus* aforesaid, and to-night he took the oaths and his seat as WILLIAMS II. We believe MR. DOULTON to be a sensible, business-like gentleman; and we were considerably pleased with him for informing the impetuous Electors of Lambeth that if they thought he was going to start off at once at a gallop, like a tailor on horseback, they made a mistake, as he intended to be silent, and study the manners and customs of the House,

MR. SLEIGH AND THE LAND THAT'S FREE.

NOTHING like true Liberalism for making root and branch work. MR. SLEIGH, the legal candidate, who opposed Mr. DOULTON, the pottery candidate, for Lambeth, and was defeated by a slight majority of 5124 to 754, is so convinced that the people do not understand the true value of their electoral privilege, that he proposes to pass a law to make every elector present himself at the poll, and, under penalty of a fine, either vote, or declare himself Neutral. An unfortunate person in the crowd ventured to cry out "We live in a free country," and we understand that the look of scorn with which he was instantly scorched by MR. SLEIGH was so intense, that its vividness, combined with the heat of the day, melted the rash man up like wax-work, and if he had not been promptly removed to the nearest public-house, his widow would have had, instead of a husband, only two half-boots filled with liquified human nature. Live in a free country, indeed! But we think that MR. SLEIGH lets the offenders down too easily, and that instead of a pecuniary fine, a much severer penance should be inflicted on electors, when a Liberal candidate looks for them in vain. Should not an elector who fails to attend at all, be soundly flogged? Should not an elector who gives only a split vote instead of a plumper for the Liberal be sent to penal servitude? And really, while we are asking questions, should not an elector who votes for the Liberal's opponent be drawn, as of old, on a Sleigh to the place of execution, and be hanged? The only difficulty that could arise is where, as at Lambeth, there were three Liberals, and a poor elector might not know which to support—each being, as at Lambeth, not a bit better than the others. But this is a mere question of detail, and though MR. SLEIGH is not, unfortunately chosen to be the *Alter Ego* of MR. W. WILLIAMS, he might draw up a Bill making the desired change in the Constitution, and hand it to the Law advisers of the Crown. We shall learn the value of our privileges one of these days.

"Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow."

THERE has long been a most provoking talk of GENERAL GOYON leaving Rome. Why doesn't he leave at once? In auctioneer's phraseology, let us hope we shall soon hear that it is "GOYON—GOYON—Gone!" In fact, we should rejoice to hear of a general departure on the side of the French.

before he essayed to improve its mind. One DEAN SWIFT has a couple of lines which, without change of names, curiously apply to the debate of the night—

"Next, here's [SIR] ROBERT'S vindication,
And MR. HENLEY'S last oration."

MR. ROBERT LOWE has not yet been barrowrighted that we have heard of, or the line would be complete. To-night MR. WALPOLE announced that as the Government had submitted so very obediently on the Education Question, he should not put his foot on their necks, MR. ROBERT LOWE, as above mentioned, "vindicated" himself, and MR. HENLEY made an oration on the importance of Religious Education. MR. WALTER very nearly carried a proposal for making the education of the less favoured and fortunate classes rather more easy, but was defeated by a narrow majority—seven only, in a house of 319. In the discussion on a subsequent proposal, the Honourable DOUGLAS PENNANT, a Conservative, and member for Carnarvonshire, had the courage to say that he believed the Welsh language to be the Curse of Wales, being the great obstacle to improvement. Of course it is, but while a pack of sentimentalists keep up a twitter about it, and offer prizes for Welsh odes and such like Gorilla utterances, how is the fatal jargon to be exterminated? Here's a health to EDWARD THE FIRST, though we are sorry to say that historians now disbelieve that he did spifflicate highborn HOEL, soft LLEWELLYN, MODRED, who made Plinlimmon shudder with his dissonant ballads, and the rest of the Welsh Bards—whose only merit was their having afforded T. G. the subject for an ode that will outlast Snowdon.

Tuesday. MR. DARBY GRIFFITH. "Will LORD PALMERSTON say whether any hostile movements against Herat have been undertaken by the Shah?"

LORD PALMERSTON (as Echo). "Psha!"

It was all very well to say "psa" to that eternal quidnunc, MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, but our dearly beloved PAM was a little rude to-night, and much as we love him, we cannot allow him to take liberties. He was asked a question about the Spithead forts, when he broke out

quite angrily, and accused the House of having been so completely run away with by the account of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* battle that it was no use remonstrating, so Ministers had felt it their duty to yield to the general feeling. But he did not feel at all convinced that they had done right, and then he scolded the House for taking details out of the hands of the Government. Now, MASTER PAM, stand up and listen to us. You are very fond of yielding, as you call it, when you can't stem the tide, that is to say, you concede rather than be beaten and turned out. You have thrown over a Reform Bill, and you have thrown over the Revised Code, and you would throw over two or three other things sooner than be put in a hole. All very well, but if you believed, in your heart, that these forts were necessary to the safety of your country, your duty was to stick to them, and take the consequences. As for the defences of the country being a detail which the House is not to meddle with, that, MASTER PAM, is such ridiculous nonsense, that we can only suppose you were out of temper, and said the first thing that came into your head. The fight between those ships is the most important thing in modern times, and though the *Quarterly Review* takes your tone about "clamour" and so on (perhaps you wrote the article for your neighbours in Albemarle Street), we shall want a good many more articles, and a good many more snubs, before we lose sight of the fact that the Americans have tried the experiment which we have only been talking about. You are not usually an offender in this way, and therefore we are content with a monition upon this occasion. You may sit down.

MR. LYALL wished to hand over Ceylon to the Indian Government. LORD STANLEY thought the Indian Government had enough to do. The debate was useful, because it made a great number of Members aware for the first time that Ceylon is not under the Indian Government, but under SIR CHARLES WOOD as Colonial Secretary—and not as Secretary for India. Yah, Cox, did you think you had caught us out?

MR. WHALLEY
Uttered folly
All about Maynooth,
Then division
And derision,
Squashed that silly youth.

WHALLEY's Folly was disposed of by 191 votes to 111. MR. LINDSAY was then defeated by 115 to 77 on a motion in favour of Harbours of Refuge, for which he made out a very good case, but, as MR. MILNER GIBSON frankly and fairly said, please consider our taxes. We can only just keep our own heads above water, and for the present the navigators must look to themselves. At the same time we would far sooner make a Harbour than an Armstrong battery, would circumstances allow.

The Red Sea Telegraph Bill went on a stage, and Mr. *Punch* mentions this by way of peg to hang the statement that he reads, week by week, that the Frenchmen are cutting through the Isthmus of Suez, though PAM said it would be Suezical policy in England to permit it. Will somebody question him hereon, or we shall have the Sand cut, and an ode by GEORGES SAND in honour of the achievement, before we know where we are.

Wednesday. The only subject of interest was a debate on Scotch Public Houses, and in the course of it the following pleasant conversation took place. MR. BUCHANAN, of Glasgow, said:—

"There was nothing more common than that a person in his own house should entertain his friends, and that they should get intoxicated. (Laughter.)"

To which MR. DUNLOP, of Greenock (where it always rains) answered that he

"Could not admit that getting drunk in a man's own house was so common as the Member for Glasgow represented. The Hon. Member should speak for himself. (Much Laughter.)"

We never dined with MR. BUCHANAN, but after the above genial and jovial speech, we have no objection to inform him that we have not any dinner engagement for next week which we will not throw over in favour of a chop at the Reform Club. As for MR. DUNLOP, he talked decorously, as became the legal adviser of the Free Kirk, but we'd no wonder if he had just a taste for poultry, and we'd like fine to see his tappit hen.

Thursday. MR. LAYARD informed the Commons that KING ABRAHAM LINCOLN had concluded a new treaty with QUEEN VICTORIA for the suppression of the Slave Trade, and that such treaty was really valuable, because it gave us the Right of Search. The Union flag is no longer to be hoisted to save the slaver

"From the dread English cruiser's shattering guns."

The news will astonish divers American pirates, though they had a hint of what was coming, in the solemn hanging of a villainous slave-captain the other day. Let MR. LINCOLN be duly credited with both good deeds. The Commons cheered loudly.

Then, upon the Second Reading of the principal Budget Bill, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, formerly Private Secretary to MR. GLADSTONE, rebelled against his late master, and charged him with mismanagement of our finances. The rebel's Devonshire ears MR. GLADSTONE OF

course boxed with considerable coolness, but then, the CHANCELLOR being thus made safe, MR. DISRAELI thought he would have an innings. So he let off a long accusing speech, talked of our Bloating Armaments, and impugned our conduct towards the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, against whom we armed, while pretending to honour him as a trusty ally. PAM's pugnacious mood availed him well upon this occasion, and never did the valiant old boy go in for mischief more dashingly. He pointed out that MR. DISRAELI was bidding for office, that he was trying to catch support from all quarters, that he reserved his objections to the Budget until he knew they would be useless, that his own late colleague, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, had been, and he was proud to be called, a chief promoter of the Bloating Armament, that we were upon the best terms with the EMPEROR, but that Moral Power, which could be based only on strength, was essential to England, that MR. DISRAELI and his friends had no sympathy with the Italians, and finally that his whole speech was mere party business, and was repugnant to the feelings of the nation. Never came down a better shower of blows from the fist of the old gladiator, and to borrow a popular phrase, MR. DISRAELI must have been sorry that he spoke. Of course the Commons voted Income-Tax, Sugar-Tax, Tea-Tax, and all the rest of the little delights.

Friday. LORD DEBBY made a long and elaborate speech in support of a motion for a Committee to inquire whether anything could be done to avert the Evil Smells caused by certain manufactures. The Committee was appointed, and we shall hear what it recommends, fountains of Eau de Cologne, monster pastilles in public squares, or any other cheap and practical remedy.

The distress of the Lancashire operatives—distress caused by the American war—then occupied the attention of the House. It was stated by MR. ALGERNON EGERTON, of South Lancashire, that there were 58,000 operatives out of employ. Due tribute was paid to the quiet endurance with which they bore their sufferings. MR. BRIGHT said that the distress, though great, was not so severe as some persons supposed, and that the county itself was at present able to deal with it. MR. VILLIERS, for the Government, was of the same opinion. The public must be content with the statements put forward by such authorities; but the efforts of charity should not be relaxed, for it will be very long before the causes of distress are removed, and pressure upon the resources of Lancashire must not be made in undue excess. It is the policy of England, not of a county, that has refused to break the blockade of the cotton coasts, and therefore we are all bound to help the sufferers by that policy.

MR. GLADSTONE brought in a Bill to enable the British Museum authorities to remove their beasts; and we hope that also it contains a clause enabling MR. PANTIZI to walk everybody, except the legitimate student, out of the Reading Room, at present infested by a horde of idlers and schoolboys, and crammers. We have said a good deal about this grievance, and mean to say a good deal more. But in answer to a Prig, who complains that young ladies come there and disturb his mind by ogling and flirting, Mr. *Punch* indignantly replies that it is untrue that there is anything of the kind; and that he should be very sorry to see the ladies soared away by the cynical impertinence of Pecksniffian Prigs. Mr. *Punch* is addicted to the ladies, and they love him, and he don't care who knows it.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

MR. PUNCH gives notice, that several tons of stale puns, all on the subjects herein described, are now lying at his office, 85, Fleet Street, and which will be returned to their owners on application, or failing such application, will be shot at the nearest rubbish station, viz.:—

500 lbs. (more or less) playing variously on the notions of "Screened COLE," "Patent COLE," "Small COLE," suggesting that "COLE's engagement as general manager will be nuts to the Department of Science and Art," "Carrying COLE to FOWKE's New-Castle," "Describing the domes as COLE-skuttles," suggesting the probability that "the Commissioners will give COLE the sack, for his uncommonly short measures,"—with some 300 lbs. (more or less) of other jokes, laboriously dug out of the same COLE-mine, which has furnished these not particularly fine samples of black-diamonds.

And Mr. *Punch* further gives notice, that from this date he will not be answerable for any puns MR. COLE's name may attract.

Lines by a High-Art Schoolboy.

(Written in the Nave of the Great Exhibition Building.)

FOOD-TROPHY-ATION is vexation,
The Telescope's as bad,
The furriers three, they bother me,
And CREMER drives me mad.

HINT TO LONGFELLOW.—Wanted in the United States. A Poet to stump LORD BYRON by composing a second *Siege of Corinth*.

A FLYING ISLAND WANTED.



ILL somebody please invent for us an Island of Laputa?

It would save a mint of money in plated ships, and Armstrong guns, and Shoeburyness experiments. Although we are at peace, a most expensive war is raging between gun-makers and ship-builders, and so far as one man learns, there seem but little hopes of stopping it. First the guns will gain the day, and then the ships will be built stronger until they are ball-proof, then bigger guns will come, and then still stronger ships; and so the battle will go on, and victories alternately be won by either side, and the QUEEN'S powder be burnt at a most tremendous rate, so long as MR. BULL agrees to stand the shot.

If the Invention War goes on much longer than it has done, we quite expect

to hear of the construction of a cannon that shall throw a ball as big as the Ball upon St. Paul's, and of a mortar that shall pitch a shell as large round as the dome. Indeed, we fancy that in course of time, conical shot will equal the Big Pyramid of Egypt, and that guns will be invented of sufficient power to throw such shot across from Brighton to Boulogne.

Now, if somebody would just invent a Flying Island, and present us with the patent, this costly fight between artillery and shield-makers would probably soon cease. There would be no need then of our Army and our Navy, our big guns and our block ships, our field pieces

and forts. Whenever any nation dared to pick a quarrel with us, all that we should have to do would be to let our Flying Island drop upon their heads, and squash their fleets and forces flat at one fell swoop. This is how the wise King of Laputa waged his wars, and is it not recorded how victorious he was? It is true he sometimes injured the bottom of his island, by coming down too heavily upon an enemy's domains. But no doubt thick iron plating would prevent such chance of damage; and even were this not to be done, we might follow the sage practice of the monarch of Laputa, who gained a reputation for mercy and forbearance by letting his island gently on the heads of his offenders, who little knew he really did so that he might not hurt himself.

As wars are usually decided by the cash-box rather than the powder-chest, the fewer human lives that are sacrificed the better; and an invention to annihilate an army at a blow would be the best of peace-makers the world has ever seen. Were the world to know that England possessed a Flying Island, ready at any moment to fall and crush her foes, the world would probably think twice before provoking her to fight, and England would no longer have such pulls upon her purse as she lately has been having, to defray the cost of gun-founding and ship-building experiments, and to waste in unproductive preparations for a war the millions she might spend in profitable works, did she but possess a Flying Island to guarantee her peace.

Dangerous!

Of course the International building is insured to the full value of all that it contains. One would fear there must be a great likelihood of fire, as one hears that a live COLE is often found about the place, and who is expected some day to set the Thames on fire.

THE BEST WAY OF PRESERVING MEAT.—Invite none but Vegetarians to dine with you.

A SMACK AT DAY AND MARTIN.

ACCORDING to intelligence from Rome, Pío NOWO went the other day to the camp at Porto d'Anzia, where "the soldiers knelt on the approach of the POPE, and afterwards defiled before him." It is to be hoped that these warriors, after having defiled before his Holiness did not proceed to defile their own mouths, by the lip-service which they are thus described as having rendered to the Holy Father:—

"After the *defile* the Pontiff condescended to accept of a Zouave's knapsack for a footstool, resting on which he presented his foot to the kisses of the officers and sub-officers of his faithful army, who were proud to point out the scars and medals they had earned in his service."

The question as to the defilement which is too likely to have succeeded the *defile* of the Papal Zouaves, Artillery, Infantry, and Dragoons, before the Sovereign Pontiff, succinctly put, is "How about Blacking?" Pres had been walking in the grounds of his villa; and we are told that he "proceeded to the camp on the sea-shore." It would seem, then, that he went to the camp on foot, and if so, he probably wore men's strong walking boots or highlows, for he would have hardly danced thither in the white satin shoes which (following the steps of PETER after a fashion) he wears on state occasions, whether with or without crinoline. He is not supposed to be in the habit of sporting jappaned Balmorals, and it may therefore be not unreasonably conjectured that his upper-leathers had been polished with some equivalent to Day-and-Martin, or very likely with that identical brilliant preparation itself out of a testimonial-bottle presented by the S. V. P. or St. Vincent of Paul Shoeblack Brigade, as a pious oblation, and a specimen of the genuine article. If the POPE had had his boots or shoes thus polished, the gallant officers who, each in succession, gave one of them a kiss, must, for the space which was covered by their salute, have entirely taken the shine out of it, to the necessary defilement of their lips, especially those of the first comer, which, if he was an enthusiast and kissed close, must have been in the state of those of the Children in the Wood after they had eaten their blackberries, or have resembled those of a schoolboy who has been sucking Spanish liquorice.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

BANTER. Mutual banter is the ordinary conversation of people who justly despise one another. If you are a sensible fellow, you will take banter in good part, and gratify your banterer by laughing at the fun which he makes of you, which you will be enabled to do with natural ease by considering what a ridiculous opinion of his own superiority to yourself he must entertain to have the impudence of presuming to make you his butt.

Banter may irritate a rational man if it take him unawares, as when he is talking in earnest, so as to confuse and balk him, and thus, like the zany's foolscap when it stopped the philosopher's telescope, put him into a rage. You will be subject to be ruffled by banter if you want sufficient presence of mind always, when attacked with it, to think how stupid you must be to suffer your serenity to be disturbed by an ass. Still when banter flurries a man and puts him out, it is a considerable bore, and therefore he might well be vexed with his acquaintance for mocking him to his face, although he would not care a button how much they chose to deride him behind his back.

Banter among the lowest class of cabmen, omnibus conductors, and touters, and the inferior order of thieves, becomes chaff. Chaff is unbridled banter; insolence worded without scruple or restraint; scorn venting itself in a guffaw. As, in banter, smiling gentlemen pleasantly twit one another with follies and foibles; so grinning ruffians, interchanging chaff, bandy imputations of depravity. It is good for a gentleman to accustom himself to stand chaff, for that will enable him to sustain banter with complacency.

The Last Fashionable Vice.

ENAMELLING is already on the spread. We suppose the RACHELS of this superficial accomplishment will soon copy the example of the photographers in the cheap neighbourhoods, and place touters at their doors, whose business it will be to waylay ladies as they go by, and to tempt them with the insinuating inquiry of, "Please, Mum, will you have your face enamelled?"



CABBY (out of patience). "There! Cumprenny; you can understand that Sure-ty!"

EXHIBITORS AND THEIR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Is it, or is it not, the fact that our grandly christened International Exhibition is intended for a sale room as well as for a show place? In justice to exhibitors as well as to the public, we really think the actual truth ought to be known, and as speedily as possible; if it be not indecorous to mention such a thing as haste to personages so exalted as the Royal Commissioners. At the world-famed Exhibition of 1851 orders, we believe, were allowed to be received, but people could not offhand buy and take away the goods exhibited. We fancied this wise rule held good in 1862, and that it was by reason of this proper prohibition that there has been built the International Bazaar, where goods may be obtained to the pattern of those which are shown across the way. But it seems we were mistaken, or, if not, there is quite clearly something wrong in the wording of this notice, which we copy from the morning papers, merely altering the names of the seller and his wares:—

CAUTION.—SAMUEL SHOLOMONS, JEWELLER, SILVER-SMITH, &c. to the QUEEN, begs to CAUTION all persons against making or selling any articles INFRINGING on his new PATENT for Ebony Jet Jewellery, and also against any imitation of his Registered Gold Water-pot. He begs likewise to inform the public that he has no agents for the sale of the above-mentioned goods, which are to be obtained only at his establishment, 2,001, Blank Street; and at his Trophy at the International Exhibition.

Now, if this be really so, if MR. SHOLOMONS' gold water-pot and other articles of jewellery "are to be obtained at his Trophy in the International Exhibition," we no longer wonder that the nave is so blockaded with these Trophies of bad taste, built up as they are to quite the height of absurdity. A conspicuous position in the Exhibition building is about the very best site for a shop in all the world, for all the world, we hear, is coming to the place. If, then, the articles exhibited are suffered to be sold there, the building cannot be regarded as an exhibition merely, but sinks into a shop. Except in point of size, there is no difference between it and an ordinary bazaar; and exhibitors would do wisely to do everything they can to win the notice of the public, and hire shopmen with loud voices to proclaim their power to sell. If it be permitted to MR. SAMUEL SHOLOMONS to advertise in newspapers that he enjoys this privilege, why not let the proclamation be made within the building, and there be given forth, if not with blast

of trumpet, at least with rotund voice? Had Mr. Punch a Trophy (which, for his reputation sake, he happily has not) he would squeak his shrillest roo-ti-toot to attract the public ear, and Toby should assist him with his best bow-wow. If MR. SHOLOMONS be right to advertise as he has done, why should not MR. SMITH or any other shopkeeper hire a Stentor with a speaking trumpet to stand beside his Trophy, and bawl out, "Hi! look here! this is the right shop!" We can fancy what a pleasant vocal concert there would be, if our hint were only taken, and all the English show-men were to bellow simultaneously such shop-cries as the following:—"Now, gents, buy, buy, buy! Here's your little dustpans and your monster telescopes! Here's your bran-new bells, and your fine old crusted obelisks! Hi! hi! hi! look here! Step up and inspect our mammoth muffin-maker! Here's your ugly toys for pretty girls and boys! Here's your steam engines and stomach pumps! Here's your hoops and howitzers! Now, my noble Capting, come and have a squint at our fine five-hundred pounders, bran new and dirt cheap, and warranted to hit a fly at ten miles' distance. Hi! look! here! look here! try our patent sugar-plums, warranted pure saccharine and to stand a fortnight's sucking without decreasing a hair's breadth! Now then, walk up, gents! Don't be bashful, ladies! Come and see our giant Crinoline, sixty yards in width, and yet may be packed up in a common pill-box. Hi! look here! buy, buy, buy! Here's your bagpipes cheap! Here's your ducks of bonnets!"

Commercial cries like these might seem perhaps a little out of place in our Art Palace; but we repeat, if MR. SHOLOMONS' advertisement be suffered, other modes of winning notice surely ought to be allowed!

Devoutly to be Wished.

THE rain-drops are the only influx of visitors that have as yet poured into the International Exhibition, and they came in without paying. Let us hope that the Shilling Visitors will come in as freely as the showers, and save the Guarantors from the disagreeable necessity of "Posting the COLE."

IRON VESSELS.—The duel between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* was a fight between pot and kettle, and indeed pot is the vessel which our Navy is going to.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MAY 17, 1862.



AN "INTERNATIONAL" DIFFICULTY FROM ROME.

LOUIS NAP. "HEY, M'SIEUR BOOL! WHAT SHALL I DO WIS 'IM P?"
MR. BULL. "OH, WE'LL FIND A CORNER FOR HIM SOMEWHERE."

REPORT OF THE BOARD OF CHURCHES—1864



IN THE CHURCH OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY

[PROGRESS OF PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.



EAR S. G. O.,
SUBJOINED is
part of a milliner's
advertisement, pub-
lished by my fashion-
able contemporary :

"A Paris letter in the *John Bull* thus describes a new style of petticoat just adopted by the *EMPEREUSE EUGÉNIE* :—"This petticoat is made of cambric mullin, is six yards in circumference at the widest point, and is covered by nine founces of still greater circumference, the lowest of which is a mere frill; the second a few inches longer and considerably wider, completely covers the first; the third does the same to the second, and so on till one great founce falls completely over the other eight, each one of which, to arrive at the standard of imperial elegance, must be hem-stitched like a lady's pocket-handkerchief, and the outer one in addition be nearly

covered with the embroidery done by the women of the *Vogues*."

Then comes the name of the shop where this sweet thing in petticoats, a pattern of simple elegance, is to be had. I am not at liberty to publish it, because my valued subscriber, *PATERFAMILIAS*, would perhaps not thank me for affording that information to his wife and daughters. I know what he will say when he comes to read the foregoing description of the "new style of petticoat," alleged to have been just adopted by the *EMPEREUSE EUGÉNIE*. He will say:—"Bless the woman! What next? Of course she will never rest satisfied with a petticoat only six yards in circumference without the founces. Six yards?—pooh!—she'll immediately make it nine, and from nine to twelve, twenty-four, thirty-six, and square the present number. No more than nine founces? Beggary! Female workhouse regulation uniform! She must have eighteen forthwith, and ultimately eighty-one, if she can find room for them, hem-stitched and embroidered every one. *PATERFAMILIAS* may be interested to know, as touching these petticoats, that the advertising milliner is "prepared to supply them with or without the expensive addition of hem-stitch and embroidery." If he should determine on treating *PATERFAMILIAS* and the young ladies to one apiece, he will probably be so liberal as to elect petticoats with and not without those additions which an uncommonly reasonable milliner ingeniously calls expensive.

Expense is evidently an object in the construction of this new style of petticoat. Although one great founce falls completely over the other eight, and therefore hides them, that great founce is the only one both embroidered and hem-stitched. The others are only hem-stitched; and since they cannot be seen, they might just as well be embroidered too: but for considerations of economy.

But why do I address myself to you, my dear S. G. O., about petticoats? Have I any cause to imagine that you are any particular judge or authority on that subject? No; for you are, I believe, no vestment-fancying *Puseyite*; but as a philanthropist, and philologist in the higher sense of the word, you are interested in the employment of women question, and I should like to know whether you don't think the present glut of spinsters may be in some measure connected with the dimensions and cost of female apparel, and is likely to increase in proportion as the *EMPEREUSE OF THE FRENCH* goes on extending the circumference of her skirts?

I have the honour to be, with respect and esteem, your old friend,

PUNCH.

A Decided Bloomer.

MADAME RACHEL, the ladies' enamellist, fired by the example of Mr. GIBSON, sent a contribution to the Exhibition. It was a model of the modern Tinted Venus. It was highly coloured, of course—the flesh tints being faithfully copied from a celebrated living *Marchioness*. It was rejected, however, by the Commissioners—and we must say it is the only wise thing they have been successful as yet in carrying out.

"THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN THE WORLD."—The currency of Austria.

APPEAL TO MRS. HARRIS.

PRAY, Goody, please to aggravate the rancour of your tongue,
Still flashing sparks of fury from your eyes;
Remember the galled jade doth wince, to show her withers wrong,
When she raves about libels and lies.
Ply me, try me,
Do, Ma'am, do decay me!
Foul air, past me,
Meant to blast me,
Innocently flies.

MRS. HARRIS'S APOLOGY.

My name is BECKY' ABERS, and which England is my nation,
Billingsgate was my birthplace, but Shoe Lane's my abitation.
I used to be respectable, tho' subjick to derision.
By reason as my principles was Gin and True Religion.

I once was fippence you must know, and now I'm but a penny.
I does a deal of dirty work, am 'appy to get any.
I goes to the Conservative Club, where I lights the fires,
Or serves any other purposes as the Derbyites requires.

To MALMESBURY'S and NORMANBY'S I hoften goes a chariot,
For which I've changed my colours, now true blue no longer wearin',
Now my cloak is Poppy scarlet, and my gown is Naples yellow,
With my old coalscuttle-bonnet, and my gingham humberoller.

THE INDIFFERENCE OF LAMBETH.

THE electors of Lambeth must have been amused by the following remark made to them on the hustings by Mr. STURGEON:—

"The smallness of the numbers who voted showed that there was great political apathy in the borough, and proved the necessity for an extension of the franchise. He had reflected on this subject since the termination of the contest, and as the franchise was a trust, he thought it should be accompanied by the condition, that every voter should record his opinion under some penalty, fine if he did not do so, such fine to go to the expense of the election."

It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. STURGEON that the opinion, which the electors who abstained from voting either for himself or his opponents would have recorded under a penalty would possibly have been that there was not a pin to choose between the several candidates. If, as he says, the political apathy prevalent in the borough shows the necessity for an extension of the franchise, excess of supply is the thing to create demand, and the proper cure for defect of appetite is increase of the meat which it declines to feed on.

THE CRANIOLOGY OF RACE.

ACCORDING to a report of the last-meeting of the Ethnological Society, in the course of a discussion which took place on a paper read by MR. BLAKE, about the character of Peruvian skulls:—

"MR. CRAWFORD strongly expressed the opinion that it is useless to attempt to define differences between the races of man by an examination of their skulls, and he alluded to the mistake committed by a celebrated anatomist, who pronounced the skull of a Scotchman to be that of a negro."

Yes; but the anatomist may not have been so very far out, after all. Perhaps the Scotchman was a BLACKIE.

A Narrowing Spectacle.

ONE of the domes in the Brick Palace is screened by a tremendous awning, which effectually masks its height, and altogether dwarfs its proportions. It was scarcely worth while to go to the labour of such vast dimensions, if they were afterwards to be covered up. A common dome, like the one that squats on the top of the Royal Academy, would have answered the same purpose. However, from the above fact, and also from the general parsimony and shabbiness of the Royal Commissioners, we should say it was a question with the Exhibition of *Res angusta Domi*.

The Heat of Academic Genius.

"WHAT is the cause of that water smoking?" inquired a Frenchman, pointing to one of the basins in Trafalgar Square. "*Mon cher Monsieur*," answered the Englishman, "it is heated by the R. A.s of the Royal Academy." *Monsieur* didn't see it.

"THE LAST WORDS OF PITT."—We can settle this disputed question. We were passing by the Lyceum Theatre the other evening, and (we always make a point of speaking by the board) the last words were "PITT'S FULL."



"PATET ARS OMNIBUS."

OMNIBUS DRIVER. "What a set o' Japanners them furren Landskip Painters is, by the side o' Turner, Sir, ain't they?"

THE DREAM AND THE REALITY.

(A Private View of the Royal Academy, suggested by that Body's recent Exhibition of itself.)

We are blessed with a Royal Academy of Arts, which includes forty Academicians, and twenty Associates; which receives annually some £9000 from an exhibition of painting and sculpture, produced by its members and the body of British artists, and is quartered in an extremely mean public building, in an extremely mean square, built on one of the noblest sites of London. In front of this mean building is a pair of still meaner fountains, with hot water laid on to them, in thoughtful consideration of the wants of the Academy, whether for washing the members' own dirty-linen, for cleaning their hands (which as painting is dirty work, cannot be expected to be always spotless), or for using in their frequent interchange of amenities with outside artists, or such organs of the British Public as stubborn Members of Parliament, and irreverent newspapers. As if still further to consult the feelings of the Academy, the mean square, which is bordered by the mean building appropriated to them, and ornamented by the mean hot-water squirts already referred to, is decorated with works of Art, principally the productions of Academicians, which are meaner than either the square, the building, or the fountains. It might be thought that the climax of meanness had been attained by these statues.

But, in that mean building of this mean square, behind those mean fountains, and those still meaner statues, sits a body meaner in its collective character (for individually those who compose it are men no better and no worse than their fellows of the same classes and callings), than square, building, fountains, and statues, all together. Nor is this Academy meaner in its local habitation than in all else belonging to it. It is mean in the spirit which has animated its councils from its first establishment; mean in its schools; mean very often in the quality of the Art it has most fostered and engendered; mean in the mode of admission to its honours; mean in the self-seeking spirit of its rules of exhibition; mean in its treatment of the greatest men who have belonged to it, and still more, of the painters outside

DISRAELI'S STORIES.

WITH reference to the EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHEQUER, LORD PALMERSTON is reported to have thus spoken in reply to that honest, upright, and straightforward statesman's attack on the foreign policy of HER MAJESTY'S Government:—

"I utterly and entirely deny every word that the right hon. gentleman has said as to hostility, bickering, and quarrels between the two nations. (Hear.) Whence he gets his information I cannot, of course, presume to say, but I advise him to receive with great distrust any information he may receive from the same quarter again. (Cheers and Laughter.)"

No doubt MR. DISRAELI spoke from the same inspiration as that which dictated his works, which are works of imagination. His literary fame bids fair to be matched by his reputation as an orator. He evidently derives his intelligence from his genius; and as the man of genius always has faith in himself, he will probably continue, in spite of the PREMIER'S advice, to believe as implicitly as he now does, every word of the information he may receive from that trustworthy quarter.

WANTS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE want of order and arrangement for which the International Exhibition has acquired a world-wide celebrity; the reputation for bad and dear refreshment, which it has so deservedly gained; the want of labels appended to the pictures; the bulk and weight of the catalogue which the visitor is, therefore, obliged to lug about with him: these and other characteristics, equally agreeable, of the Brompton World's Fair, will probably render necessary, as a condition to its success, the engagement of BLONDIN. Then, however inconveniently crowded may be the interstices of the Show, the visitors, with the funambulist over their heads, will at least have something to see for their money.

Control Your Indignation.

WE must not be surprised at MR. WHALLEY taking such unhealthy views of subjects. "What can you expect (tenderly inquires our friend HADFIELD) from such a confirmed WHALLEY-tudinarian?" Echo answers nothing.

its pale; mean in the cliques which divide its own ranks, and the jealousies which distract its councils. But it reaches the climax of meanness once a year—at its Annual Dinner—and at this year's dinner it has capped the climax of meanness reached by all the dinners of all the years since first the Academy dined together.

This Academy dinner is like the banquet which the poor lunatic, whose story is told by SIR WALTER SCOTT, used to be set down to every day in his cell at the asylum. He fancied his table spread with a magnificent dinner of three courses, and eat of this imaginary feast with great gusto; but "somehow," he used to whisper to his visitors, "everything tastes of porridge." So at the Academy dinner everything tastes of toads. And besides this arrangement of everything crapaudine, a universal sauce of flummery and melted butter is poured over every *plat* from the toad-stool soup to the celery à la jus de crapaud. No wonder that on these dining days, a faint odour of Lord-worship may be detected steaming from between the pillars of MR. WILLIAMS'S portico, almost as overpowering as the rich fragrance of roast meat and gravy-soup from the underground kitchens before SIMPSON'S or SAWYER and STRANGE'S.

I had been reading the report of the year's Academy dinner, and had fallen into a slumber, partly provoked by the placid flow of the President's eloquence, partly by the faint fumes of the incense offered up before the lords and gentlemen who deign to attend the board of these 'umble artists, and partly by the monstrous *koo-too*, which I seemed to my mind's eye to see some forty R. A.'s performing, slowly and gravely, in the pauses of SIR CHARLES'S measured flow of flat compliment.

So I slept and I dreamed. And in my dream I was a guest at the Royal Academy dinner, 1862, and behold I saw the President in his scarlet gown and his gold chain and medal, genial, affable, and joyous, advancing with a brisk step, and a bright smile to welcome the distinguished foreign artists and men of letters brought to London by the International Exhibition. To MEYERBEER SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE paid a graceful compliment on the kinship of the Arts of Painting and Music, which the composer of *Robert le Diable* and *Le Prophète* returned in a happy allusion to GAINSBOROUGH giving one of his finest pictures

in exchange for a friend's violoncello; and "so losing," said the musician, who is Israelite as well as Immortal, "by de bargain."

I was delighted to see the cordial way in which LEYS, the great master of the Belgian school, (whose invitation to the dinner was but a poor and partial return, SIR CHARLES assured him, for the profuse honour and hospitality extended to the members of our own Academy who last year visited the great picture exhibition at Antwerp,) was welcomed by MILLAIS, EGG and ELMORE, WARD, and a host of our historical painters, and what hearty cheery handshakings (which might have been longer) passed between M. TIDEMAND, the honest but profoundly earnest and tender painter of those scenes of common Norse life, which are the chief ornaments of the Scandinavian Gallery at the International Exhibition, and our own WEBSTER, FAED, FRITH, HOOK, and others. Nor was it less pleasant to see the kindly greetings exchanged between the foreign critics and men of letters—THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, CHARLES BLANC, LOUIS VIARDOT, JOHN LEMOINE, CARL HARTMANN, and others of their confrères: only less distinguished, charged to pass in review the noble collection of the pictures of all schools and races now open at South Kensington—their hosts of the Academy, and their English brother authors and men of letters, who filled so large a place at the Academy's hospitable board. "This is indeed," I said to myself, "the visible acknowledgment of the brotherhood which links the various Arts among themselves, and Artists of all countries with each other. Happy the country that boasts an Academy so prompt to open its doors to foreign merit, and so ready to express by the honour it pays to intelligence and distinction at home in the sister Arts of Painting and Literature, its thorough comprehension of the tie that holds them all altogether!"

"Had we been the nation of shopkeepers that foreign sarcasm rejoices to prove us, should we see these tables thus surrounded? It is well that wealth at length united with culture (tardy though the union may have been) should be represented; as I see it here, by these worthy, hard-headed, north country and Birmingham manufacturers, who have replaced the aristocracy as patrons of the Arts, and in whom the Artist finds far more liberal as well as punctual paymasters, than ever he did in the few Lords who have condescended to give a modern picture a place upon their walls! It is well that the hard-headed, hard-handed, working Genius of our nation should meet, in the persons of these our modern, if less magnificent, Mercers of Leeds and Manchester, of Birmingham and Liverpool, with the Ministers and Statesmen, who owe their invitations to this table less to their rank and titles, than to their public services, and their well-won distinctions."

"Here, at one English public dinner, at least, the snobbishness of JOHN BULL succumbs to the liberalising influence of the Fine Arts. Here, the power of brain asserts its right to its own place, not lower than that assigned to official distinction, or the proudest titular rank. Here, instead of the Muse of Literature being thrust into the back ground, she is enthroned by the side of her sister Muses, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, and bears her pen-septre at an equal height with those of the pencil, the modelling tool, and the porte-crayon. Instead of limping lamely in to acknowledge herself at the tail of a string of threadbare toasts—the Army and the Navy, the dignitaries of the State, and the dignitaries of the Church, the LORD MAYOR and the Aldermen, our Visitors, and our noble selves, the Stewards and the Ladies, Letters are honoured only after the Sovereign, and the Sovereign's Servants, her Ministers."... I was going on, when I was interrupted by a burst of laughter—the expression of my own half-conscious amusement (as one lobe of the brain will comment on the other) at the contrast presented, in obedience to the laws of association, by the reality and the fancies of my dreams.

The newspaper reports of the Academy dinner lay before me, with its small list of distinguished Statesmen, its long head-roll of titled Nobodies who never bought a picture or gave a commission to a painter; its absence of every one of the distinguished artists rare chance assembled in London; its ignoring of foreign letters, and its scanty recognition of the respect due to native literature; its utter passing by of the claims of the sister Arts—Music and the Drama; the fulsome fulness of its laudations of all who can influence its fortunes by favour; its sycophancy of rank and title and outward influence, and that in the face of a series of cool contemptuous disclaimers of all knowledge or interest in Art by the men before whom in succession the Academic speaker knocked his forehead on the ground; and lastly, as if to sum up in one unmeaning act the stupid snobbishness that marks the whole of this Academic entertainment; the toast of "Literature and its prospects and influences on Art," relegated to the very end of the feast, when every other institution which it can enter into the heart of a respectful and awe-stricken Academician to bow down to has been honoured, and when the lordly guests whom the bad dinner has disagreed with, or the President's eloquence has bored, have left the spaces at the tables, lately filled by their august heads, vacant!

Ah! if Mr. Punch could only stoop to attend an Academy dinner, and if the President would only ask him to propose that toast in that company and in that place, the Academy walls should bear for once what they seldom bear, except when the members are privately and confidentially expressing their opinions of each other—a bit of truth!

PUNCHII, CRACEM PACEM PETENTIS PALINODIA.

Or late *Punch* did arraign,
In a contemptuous strain,
The sheds and domes that *FOWKE* has dared to rear;
Nor for this doth *Punch* repent,
Since all he said he meant,
And had architect may be good engineer.

But the same immortal lines
That poked fun at *FOWKE*'s designs,
On *CRACE*'s colour passed a scornful sentence,
Which fairer observation
Leads that teacher of the nation,
To recant upon more adequate acquaintance.

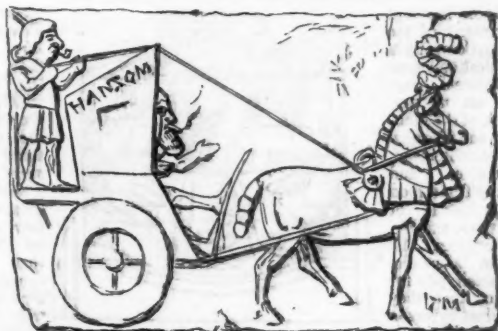
Only blameworthy is *CRACE*,
That on *FOWKE* he put a face,
And gave colour to his bald array of girders;
For thus aiding and abetting,
The structure by its setting,
He shares the guilt of *FOWKE*'s cruel murders.

FOWKE, who quashed *Invention*'s note,
Gut fair *Proportion*'s throat,
Smothered *Symmetry* beneath two big bell-glasses;
Starved poor *Beauty* in his sheds,
(Frames for huge cucumber-beds,
And tied Taste to the tails of four wild asses!

Had *CRACE* but made dull duller,
To the building squared the colour,
Murdered Muses he'd avenged, and slaughtered Graces;
Whereas now by artful tinting,
He beguiles eyes into hinting
Thoughts of beauty, where it clearly out of place is.

For that I should have thrashed him,
For that I should have lashed him,
For not sinking to the depth of the occasion,
Crowning structure sad and stingy,
With colour drab and dingy—
And for "dec" giving de-decoration.

So *Punch* begs hereby to cancel
What he said of *CRACE*'s stencil,
And owns he's been fairly ta'en to task for it;
But reserves leave, *pace CRACE*,
To regret *FOWKE*'s ugly face
Should in *CRACE*'s cunning colour find a mask for it.



A Small Joke made at the Opening of the Great Exhibition.

ASKED the wife of a Provincial Mayor, of a stingy disposition, as she clad him in his fur-fringed robes upon the morning of May-Day, before he went to Court—that is, to the Procession Court—"Tell me, TIMMINS, if thou can'st, why dost thou resemble the 'beloved star' named in that pretty nigger song thou gavest me last week? Nay, dearest, don't look dummy! 'Tis because 'thou art so near, and yet so fur.'"

A CAUTION TO THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS.

LET them clear out the Nave as soon as possible if they value their receipts. The International Exhibition Building is not the first overgrown body that has sunk rapidly under a trophy.

THE ELEGANT OMNIBUS.



LONDON has met the Tyranny of the Omnibus Company in the noblest and most constitutional way. It has set up new vehicles, of the Manchester and Glasgow kind, spacious, clean, comfortable, and drawn by Three good horses, instead of two screws, and Mr. Punch rejoices. Albeit the ladies deserve small pity for anything that they may endure by reason of their ridiculous dresses being crushed and soiled in the abominable omnibuses in which they have hitherto had to ride, still Mr. Punch is kind, and cannot bear that a woman (at least a pretty one) should be annoyed, and he is glad that ladies can now step easily into a saloon-like vehicle, without exciting the savage looks of the occupants in possession, without dragging behind them a wet train, which slaps and smears the knees of others, and without the necessity of whisking suddenly into a seat, lest more of the conformation of limb be exhibited than the usages of society permit. We have in fact got something like an Omnibus, and we



recommend such ladies as wish to see Mr. Punch in the flesh, to look out for the new vehicles, which moreover have the advantage of polite conductors instead of slangy or surly cads. Mr. Punch hopes that great numbers of the new omnibuses will be launched, and that the atrocious things which at present infest London will be driven to grief. For in these Income-Tax days we must be economical, and we cannot be always in the hands and cabs of the highway robber called a Cabman. The omnibus is a necessity, and why should it not be made decently comfortable? Echo answers Why, and the projectors of the new vehicles answer in a much more sensible manner by sending out the New Omnibus—its advent happily timed, for the Company, instead of improving its vehicles, only raises its prices—a process by no means so satisfactory. *Omnibus notum tonsoribus*, says HORACE, and the new omnibus is noted by Mr. Punch, who is a shaver of no ordinary closeness.

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LOVE IN A HAZE.

"MISS MATILDA M. HAYS, writing to the *Times*, complains that in our present state of society Woman has no share in the world's work, and no Platform but the Childless Hearth, or the Teeming Nursery."

"MISS WICK'S Mission, my guardian said, was to prove that woman's mission was man's mission, and that the only genuine mission of both man and woman was to be always moving declaratory resolutions about things in general at public meetings."—*Black House*.

WHAT Platform will please
MISS MATILDA M. HAYS,
Who considers that women are gabies
If content with a mate,
And a home *tête-à-tête*,
Or a room full of beautiful babies?

MISS MATILDA M. HAYS
Nobler notions displays,
By convention she will not be blinded,
Sewing buttons on shirts
Is a business that hurts
The feelings of one so strong-minded.

MISS MATILDA M. HAYS,
Her conviction conveys
That "obey" is a whisper from Hades,
And that plain golden rings
Are contemptible things
In the eyes of all spirited ladies.

A "Platform" MISS HAYS!
(In American phrase)
Demands for our women ambitious,
And when English girls choose
To subscribe to her views,
We'll try to comply with her wishes.

But alas! for MISS HAYS,
She has come in bad days
To preach her Non-Conjugal Mission,
And the girls, we suspect,
Will all murmur "Reject
That strong-minded Spinster's petition."

If MATILDA M. HAYS
For five minutes will gaze
On the Marriage Advertisement Column,
She'll see what a list
Still get courted and kissed,
Regardless of Mission so solemn.

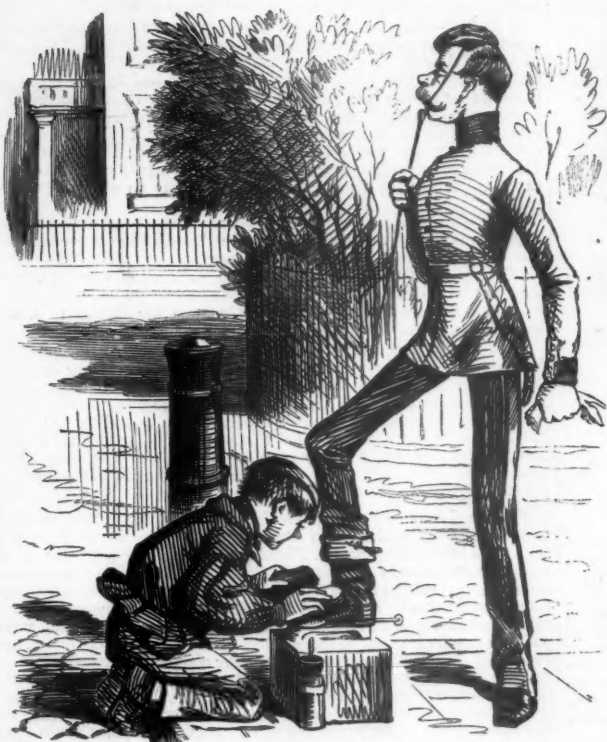
And till dear ones allow,
(As they will not do now)
That they can't find their Mission in *that* form,
MATILDA M. HAYS
Must go elsewhere to raise
Her cry for a Yankeeified Platform.

A NEW CRY FOR CONSERVATIVES.

THE Derbyites have at last got a good cry. It has been discovered by MR. DISRAELI, who proclaimed it the other night in the House of Commons. The new Derbyite cry is "The Independence of the POPE!" Conservative electors should understand the meaning of that cry. They must not suppose it to mean the mutual independence of the POPE and the Roman people. It means the maintenance of the Papacy by the force of French arms. How very independent his Holiness now is of LOUIS NAPOLEON! The Derbyite and Disraelite policy is to keep him so. Now, then, Conservative Members, turn out LORD PALMERSTON. "The independence of the POPE!" Oh, what a beautiful cry to go to the country with!

The World in Little at South Kensington.

THE International Exhibition is a Microcosm, *i.e.*, a view of the Universe through the small end of the telescope, in more senses than one. It is like the world at large in the vast improvement it would receive from clearing out the Nave, and not being left in the great disorder prevailing in most of the Foreign Courts, and the remarkable backwardness of these to clear away their rubbish.



SHARP SHOELACK (log.). "Yes, Sir, I knows, Sir, Cooks IS wery pertic'lar."

ENGLISH MANNERS TO THE FRENCH MIND.

THANKS to the polite attention of some of our lively visitors, correspondents of certain Parisian journals, we enjoy the advantage, which ROBERT BURNS desired, of seeing ourselves as others see us. We may acknowledge the favour in enabling them to see us as we see ourselves.

They say that we all look sad, and are wholly absorbed in an eager and incessant endeavour to get money. To the sordid anxiety by which we are thus actuated they ascribe our dull and miserable looks. There is some truth in this. It is not, however, that we are avaricious, like some people who are always talking about fifty-thousand francs. We are melancholy precisely for the reason that we are compelled, against our will, to devote our whole souls to acquiring wealth; a pursuit which is repugnant to our noble natures. We are obliged to make all the money we can, in order to live decently and educate our children under the pressure of a crushing Income-Tax. All this load of taxation we have to bear from the necessity of providing no end of national defences, imposed upon us by those neighbours who persist in maintaining immense armaments, not only military but also naval, which can only be intended against ourselves.

Our French critics are amused in remarking the taciturnity of English fellow-passengers and travellers who are mutual strangers, associated in railway-carriages and hotels. One of these writers says that Englishmen, waiting about in a coffee-room, all seem trying to get away from each other. That is no doubt their wish; and it is a proof of our politeness. Thinking men have all some trouble, present or prospective, and don't want to inflict their dulness upon other people with whom they have no right to take such a liberty. We converse fast enough when we are all friends, and can grumble one with another. The fact that we are thinking men is just that which the Frenchman overlooks. He cannot conceive a number of people meeting together without instantly indulging the gregarious impulse to chatter. It does not occur to him that a man's mind may possibly be occupied with other things than the present moment and surrounding circumstances. Nor have any idea that men can be silent because of not liking to talk unless they have something to say, beyond that which, if said to themselves, they would think not worth hearing. No doubt a monkey, if he possessed the gift of speech, would criticise instinctively without reflection, and, when he came to find that we do not do likewise, would feel just the same astonishment at our silence as that which is expressed by the French journalist.

WHAT WOULD BE THE MOST PROFITABLE TAX OF ALL.—A Tax on Donkeys.

"GOING OUT A-SHOOTING."

The LORD CHANCELLOR, for the House of Lords, has accepted a challenge from the SPEAKER, on behalf of the House of Commons, to shoot a rifle-match on July 5th, at Wimbledon, ten against ten.

In ancient times with good yew-bows,
Our ancestors contended,
And Agincourt displayed the sport,
When cloth-yard shafts descended.
But now the rifle takes its range,
From Wimbledon to Tooting,
And everybody, high and low,
Is going out a-shooting.

The Scotch and Irish have their corps;
The Devil's Own enrolled are;
SHOOLBRED'S and SWAN AND EDGAR'S men
For measures Enfields shoulder;
Each Civil Service Clerk turns out,
A military suit in,
The Artists fling their maulsticks down
For ramrods, to go shooting.

Where matches are on carpets thrown,
Of course the fire it catches,
Now, "on the tapis" everywhere,
We've nought but rifle-matches;
Of companies and regiments,
The champions are disputing,
And soon Britannia's going out
With Caledonia shooting.

No wonder that the flame should spread,
Nor, as all fire keeps rising,
That it should reach the "Upper Ten,"
Can it be thought surprising;
Nor, howsoever old fogydom
Such contest vote unsuited,
That Lords and Commons like the rest,
Are going out a-shooting.

To see the Speaker, velvet shorts,
And fair full-bottomed wig in,
Arrayed against LORD WESTBURY,
His Chancellor's full-fig in!
"Take me that bauble hence!" cries D.,
For rifle mace commuting,
While on the wool-sack taking sights,
LORD WESTBURY dreams of shooting.

Let's hope like youthful spouse, immersed
In his new match's blisses,
That DENISON for "Ayes" and "Noes,"
Mayn't read off "Hits" and "Misses."
Nor when the tellers near his chair,
Respectfully saluting,
Cry, "Here's the markers with the score,"
As men do out a-shooting.

Let's pray that WESTBURY, that great gun,
May not get overheated,
When, hit or miss, he takes to prove
Their Ludships not defeated;
But if they can't bear off the bell,
Some point ingenious mooted
He'll in a wrangle end the match,
And out-talk Commons' shooting.

Held in Anything but Esteem.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Times*, complaining of the scanty supply of steam at the Exhibition. We should have thought that they could have got any supply of it with the Brompton Boilers so close at hand. We must say that the Commissioners have been most dreadfully backward all through their management of the Exhibition in keeping the steam up to the high point of the Exhibition of 1851.

A CON FOR NATURALISTS.

WHAT creatures may be said to live on their relations?
Why, the Aunt-eaters, to be sure!



A SKETCH NEAR LEICESTER SQUARE.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 12th, Monday. New Knight of the Garter LORD SHAPTESBURY, very properly called the attention of the House of Lords to the distress among the Lancashire workpeople, and while bearing tribute to the admirable way in which their sufferings were endured, expressed his wish for the relaxation of the labour test. This, the condition on which poor law relief is granted, the Earl objected to as calculated to injure the hands of those who obtain their living by more delicate work than that given by the Unions. LORD GRANVILLE said that the question was being dealt with practically, and LORD DERBY spoke warmly of the behaviour of the people, and declared his own belief to be that greater distress was prevailing than the suffering districts had ever previously undergone. With such a state of things existing, any incident that seems to help on the American War to an end, or at least to a crisis, is welcome, and the tidings that New Orleans has fallen is doubly satisfactory.

LORD CLANRICARDE and other Irishmen are extremely dissatisfied with the River Shannon, and LORD CANARD, or GRANARD, or some such personage (where's Dod? O, seventh Earl, the fourth was a distinguished admiral—stay, no, was brother to a distinguished admiral who beat the fleets of France and Spain in 1743—very good reason, probably, why the brother should have been Earled and pearly, but does not make it so clear why number seven should be anybody) threatened all sorts of vengeance on the poor river, and LORD GRANVILLE blew him up, and said he must have a weak cause or he would not use such strong language. A Committee is to sit on the Shannon, and if the weather is fine, and the Committee may fish and smoke, it will not be unjolly. LORD DERBY'S Smell Committee was appointed, and it now appears that the grievance to be looked into is a real one, and that people and land are largely poisoned by the eruclatations from certain manufactories, those of soda for instance, for Soda and Man do not agree. It is not proposed to prevent the manufactures, but to invent remedies for the evil, and possibly MR. FARADAY and some of his friends may illuminate the Lords on the subject. At Glasgow the nuisance has been dealt with already—one gentleman who transmutes defunct horses, and another gentleman who makes chemical evil odours, having erected chimneys which are as high as the Great Pyramid, and which project their smells right into the face of the moon, thereby not only making St. Mungo comfortable, but illustrating the archer's vaunt in the old play that he has "sent his Shaft into scared Dian's orb."

MR. COWPER stated that he should not let cabs go through the lower part of Hyde Park, near Park Lane, in order to relieve the traffic in the latter, which he said ought to be widened. Of course it ought, but does he think that it will widen itself, or grow wider by having too much put into it, like a dining-out gentleman's interior?

MR. LAYARD begged that people would not believe in telegrams that come *via* Vienna, and tell of Turkish reverses. He said that he did not know whether such things were sent for stockjobbing purposes or not, meaning that he knew perfectly well that they were, and who sent them. It may be convenient to explain that the Montenegrians, who are nominally under the protection of Austria, are perpetually annoying their neighbours the Turks, and OMER PACHA, who gave them a terrible wopping some nine years ago, is likely to do it again, if the savages do not become quiet. There can be no sentimental pity for

these Black Mountaineers, for they kill prisoners, carry about heads as trophies, and make their women the "beasts of burden."

A Budget debate followed, and MR. GLADSTONE surrendered on the question of compelling private persons to take out licences if they want to brew. LORD PUNCH, of course, takes Amontillado with his dinner, and Lafitte, at two hundred shillings, after it, but he has heard that there are vulgarians who like beer, and if they derive any pleasure from knowing that no new obstacle is to be opposed to their obtaining this drink, he is happy, he is sure, to inform them that their pails, or whatever they mix it in, are not to be interfered with. There was also a discussion about selling beer at races and fairs, a subject, LORD PUNCH supposes, interesting to the lower creation, but on which he will not venture to give an opinion—so far as he understands the matter, MR. GLADSTONE, urged to prevent the lower orders from drinking more than they now do, interposed some justices' certificate between the mob and the beer-trough—the *can de Cologne*, if you please—thank you. LORD P. thought that he had done with such a topic but remembers that a drawback of seven shillings per hundredweight is to be allowed on British hops, whatever they are. Ops was the mother of CERES, which accounts for the Series of grievances connected with 'ops.

Then came up a real grievance—the conduct of the fellows who levy the Income-Tax, and who charge a great deal more than even the iniquitous law permits, in the hope that folks will not take the trouble to appeal. Some of the Members said that this was less the fault of the officials than of the Government, who had ordered them to put on the screw, but MR. GLADSTONE declared that this was not the case. He refused, however, to give any remedy, even to people who had been abominably surcharged, and had, on appeal, convicted the officials of cheating.

Tuesday. Late in February, our friend MR. HADFIELD, of Sheffield, (who loves Mr. Punch with an intensity that does credit to H's ed and art) got a little victory, as Mr. Punch mentioned at the time. He carried a Bill for doing away with the declaration which provincial mayors and aldermen, on taking office, have to make that they will not destroy the Church of England. The undertaking seems a little ridiculous, because the united efforts of all the mayors and corporations in England would not do a hundredth part of the mischief to the Church that one ridiculous bigot of a parson, or one hard-dealing clerical Justice could inflict. But the Dissenters are rather up in the stilts just now, because it is just two hundred years since a mass of clergymen (who would have repudiated the name of Dissenter) were turned out of the Church, and LITTLE BETHEL, EBENEZER, and MAHERSHALAHASHBAZ claim questionable descent from these 2000 martyrs. Argal, the Dissenters are making all the political demonstrations which they can, and this Bill of MR. HADFIELD's was one of the demonstrations. The Lords do not seem, curiously, to make sufficient allowance for the excitement of the Sects, and incontinently threw out the Bill by 87 to 55. The BISHOP of WINCHESTER, DR. CHARLES SUMNER, brother of the Primate, and Prelate of the Garter, went into the content lobby, as was pointed out by LORD CLANRICARDE, naturally astounded at seeing a Bishop come near him, and it turned out that DR. SUMNER had made a mistake, and was discontent. In order to rectify the error, the LORD CHANCELLOR asked that Bishop the three sensible questions which are put on occasion of such accidents in the Commons, wherest the DUKE of BUCCLEUGH took upon himself to fly into a passion, and sold the Chancellor for daring to catechise a Bishop. The descendant of LUCY WALTERS is quite right to stand up for the clergy. The Chancellor's smiling apology was slightly sarcastic in its humility.

The Post Office Savings Bank is too good an institution for Mr. Punch to permit its efficiency to be impaired by any official shabbiness, and he was glad to hear FREDERICK PEEL say that the Postmasters were to be remunerated for the increased duties thrown upon them—that is, he did not say so, because an official can never speak in a straightforward manner, but his answer meant it. Why, in obedience to Mr. Punch's suggestion, the saving people of England have deposited no less than £735,253 (or nearly a quarter of Mr. Punch's annual profits) in these banks. That does not look as if they thought that what DR. CUMMING thinks—well, says—is true, about the speedy extinction of this unfortunate planet.

QUIDNUNC D. GRIFFITH again. He wanted to know why PRINCE NAPOLEON had gone to Pompeii. MR. LAYARD wittily told him that there were many objects of interest just now in Naples, and that anything else he might learn from the *Moniteur*. MR. GRIFFITH is Member for that clean and pretty town, Devizes, and in the middle of that town he will see a monument that should warn persons against rash utterances. V. S.

CAPTAIN COLES, of the Cupolas (not COLE C. B. of the Domes) complains, in type, that his inventions are not being fairly treated by the Admiralty. LORD CLARENCE PAGET complains, in the House, that COLES, being on full pay, should write to the *Times*, and moreover, denies the charge officially. Knowing the sweet readiness of the Admiralty to assist inventors, and the fair play invariably shown by officials to outsiders, we are astonished at Captain Cupola's hard heartedness in making such an allegation—nevertheless it is just as well that it has been made. Then came a dispute about the Hull Citadel.

which Members thought meant the Cupola again, but the affair proved not to refer to a floating hull, but to Hull in Yorkshire—the squabble was not important.

Then did Mr. HUBBARD once more gallantly assail the Income-Tax, and debate at considerable length upon its iniquity. Him did Mr. GLADSTONE answer with the usual outrageous pleas, and offensive sarcasms. Were it not, O PEELIDES, manlier to admit that the tax is wicked, but that under the exceptional circumstances of our finance, we must all bear it, somehow, until it can be removed altogether. Why insult those who are robbed, why offer Old Bailey defence of a palpable theft? You are a great orator, so was CICERO, so is COX, and CICERO observes, in language which is familiar to COX, if not to you, "*Nihil tam incredibile est, quod non dicendo fiat probabile, nihil tam horridum, tam incultum, quod non splendescat oratione, at tamquam excolatur.*" But we allege, and COX agrees with us, that the exception to this rule is your eloquence about the Income-Tax, and you can do nothing with that ugly and repugnant theme. Put your pistol to our head in a melancholy manner, and take our money, but do not preach to us upon the desirability of the transfer. MR. HUBBARD took a division on his resolution, which went to the doing away some of the wrong, and he was, of course, beaten, getting 62 against 99 votes. But the battle will be renewed again and again, and will be won some day.

The rest of the evening's performances were trivial, but we may remark—the Scotch public houses Bill being the peg—that the generous declaration by MR. BUCHANAN, of Glasgow, touching the convivial habits of his constituents, has doubtless delighted many of them, but one dissentient howls as follows at a Temperance Meeting in the City Hall:—

"Was our Member of Parliament in earnest when he made that statement the other night in a Committee of the whole House on the Public Houses Bill? Oh! my country, what are we to think of thee, when thus spoken of by one of our city Members? Alas! alas! for the land of the Covenant and the Martyrs."

This wretched plebeian evidently does not understand that it is perfectly right for gentlemen (of whom MR. BUCHANAN spoke) to do as they like in the little matter of tipple, but that the lower orders ought to be forbidden anything stronger than water or Temperance speeches.

Wednesday. This was a woful day for Little Bethel. To-day had been fixed for the battle on SIR JOHN TRELAWAY'S Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates. Every decent compromise has been offered to Dissent, in connection with this subject, and, notably, it has been proposed that no person, who will state in writing that he is a Dissenter, shall be charged with the rate. What more an honest opponent of the impost could want it is hard to say; but, if you please, these gentlemen who on all ordinary occasions glory in the name of Dissenter, object to be "ticked," as they call it, and insist upon a law for preventing Churchmen from paying the rate. This is thought to be carrying the principle of civil and religious liberty a little too far, so the Church party rallied, and a close thing was expected. Close, because numerous "independent" Members are compelled to swallow a clap-net undertaking to vote against the rate, and there are some pledges a Member is obliged to redeem. The debate was of little consequence, except that all parties stormed at Government for not taking up a question of so much interest, but the division was of considerable consequence. SIR JOHN TRELAWAY'S Bill was rejected by 289 to 288, and the cheering of the victors might have been heard at York Minster. To show how well the whip had been used, see here. The above numbers, with our friend MR. DENISON, make 578, and there were 16 pairs, which make 32, and, with the foregoing number, 610, which is a very handsome sum on account of the 658. ROUNDELL PALMER and GLADSTONE voted against the Dissenters, and the PEELS divided against one another, the bold ROBERT going Church and the meek FREDERICK going Chapel. Now the name BRAINTREE will come up again, with a new significance, that word indicating the decision by which it was settled that a majority should bind a minority in a parish on a question of rates. But the minority wish to bind the majority in the country, and we cannot let the Dissenters pass an Act of Uniformity.

Thursday. War is proclaimed between the two Houses. The SPEAKER and ten Commons have defied the CHANCELLOR and ten Lords to meet them at Wimbledon, where the rifle shall settle their respective merits. The daring DENISON's defiance was instantly accepted by the warlike WESTBURY. So stood the matter for two days, to the Delight of Mankind. But, *respicere finem.*

A Kentish family of "notorious poachers," who have been convicted about twenty times, and one of whom writes to a contemporary, coolly stating that he stole partridges "because he was out of employment," being far too haughty to accept the humble contributions of the payers of poor-rates, had set a child to snare game. The child was detected, and the Maidstone magistrates imposed a heavy fine, avowedly intended for the punishment of the parents, who paid it, and said that they would have done so had it been three times as heavy. Meantime, there was a great burst of virtuous indignation about consigning a child to prison, and one soft-hearted goose sent up the amount to the poachers, without inquiry, probably neglecting some really meritorious needy person near him—so much pleasanter is sentimentalibus than honest

charity. SIR GEORGE GREY was interrogated on the subject by the patriot DIGBY SEYMOUR, and gave this explanation, for which the Gushers might have waited.

The Bill for amending the Shipping Acts was considered in Committee, and much objection was made to the system compelling captains to take pilots on board, whether wanted or not. Our friend COX took really a sensible view of the case, and complained that if a pilot were on board and a ship injured a barge in the river, no action would lie, except against the pilot, who probably had not a shilling. There is much to be said on both sides, and the question involves something besides money.

Friday. The Delight of Mankind was somewhat checked by a conversation in the House of Commons upon the subject of the Rifle Challenge. The SPEAKER declared that he should never have thought of taking such a liberty as to challenge the CHANCELLOR, that LORD ELCHO, who thinks of nothing but rifles and volunteering, came up bothering him when he was busy, and that he made some joking answer which the persistent ELCHO took *au sérieux*, and walked off with to the Lords. But it was not yet made clear whether the match was to come off. Why not?

In compliance with Mr. Punch's directions, a question was put about the Suez Canal, but the answer was not very explicit, except that it is clear that the French have prevailed on the Pasha to give them "forced labour," that is, to make the unhappy natives work whether they like or not, and for nominal pay. A particularly uninteresting personal quarrel over the character of a gentleman who was chairman of what is facetiously called the Westminster Improvement Committee, and who has been succeeded by the eminent architect, MR. TITE, occupied some time; and finally MR. BAXTER very nearly got a vote of £90,000, for the fortification of Alderney, knocked off, an impassioned appeal by LORD PALMERSTON saving the vote by a majority of 8 only in a house of 268. This is close shaving, gentlemen of the Ministry—mind you don't cut yourselves one of these days.

PROGRESS AND DEVASTATION.

(Dedicated to LORD DERBY.)

Huge factory chimneys, in each lovely place,
Belch out their foul smoke over Nature's fair face.
The soot of the furnace begrimes the May bloom,
The reeking "Plant" taints every blossom's perfume.

The streams, that were crystal, pollution imbrowns
With the refuse of "Works" and the sewage of towns,
And the angler no more strolls along on the brink
Of the once pleasant river that now is a sink.

For the fish there are poisoned, trout, grayling, roach, dace,
From pike down to minnow, the whole finny race.
And the spirit of old ISAAC WALTON hath fled
The banks now by rats alone haunted instead.

Vast chemical workshops on all sides abound,
Diffusing the breath of corrosion around;
And their fumes, worse than locusts in swarms on the wing,
Blast, utterly, tree, herb, and every green thing.

If the struggle for life, our engrossing employ,
All that makes life worth living at length must destroy,
Cannot Science at least save some verdure and flowers
To last the short time that remains to be ours?

"THE GESTURE."

"MY DEAR PUNCH, "House of Commons."

"You tell me that you were not in the House when I was demolishing BEN the other night on the Italian business, and you want to know what was the 'extraordinary gesture' which the papers say I used, to the delight of the fellows, when I dwelt upon BEN's misuse of the word 'independence.'"

"I am happy to gratify your laudable thirst for knowledge."

"As I used the word, I gave the most preternatural SHRUG you ever beheld. Nothing that LEMAITRE ever executed in *Robert Macaire* was up to it, or rather down to it. I believe that my head sank several inches below my shirt-pin, that elegant diamond one you gave me, and which I always wear on field-nights. BEN looked as if he had seen a regular Asian Mystery."

"Ever yours, affectionately, "PAM."

"To the VISCOUNT PUNCH."

ALTERATION OF "INTERNATIONAL" CALENDAR.—November 5th, GUY FAWKES' Day, to May 1st, GUY FOWKE'S Day.



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Mr. Bristles. "THEN YOU REALLY THINK IT AN IMPROVEMENT, EH?"

Miss Spikes. "DECIDEDLY—IT HIDES SO MUCH MORE OF YOUR FACE."

FROM THE "WESTMINSTER BELL'S LIFE."

Interesting Matches to come off.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is open to make a match for the Bench of Bishops, with the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and an even number of Local Preachers, to hop over the gravestones in St. Margaret's churchyard, Westminster; the match to come off after any Wednesday morning service in June; right legs to be tied up: the bishops to hop in cassocks.

BEN DIZZY is ready to make a match with the DUKE OF ARGYLE for £500 a side to run a mile, walk a mile, and trundle a wheelbarrow a mile. The articles to be drawn in LORD REDESDALE's private room; and the running, walking, and wheelbarrow-trundling to come off in the Peers' Court of the New Houses of Parliament.

THE SPEAKER of the House of Commons bets the LORD CHANCELLOR, even—any sum from £100 to £1000—that he will find ten Members of the House of Commons, who will talk longer, sit closer, and cram more facts and figures in a given time than any ten Members of the House of Lords. The money to be staked, the articles to be drawn, and the umpire chosen, at JEMMY SHAW's, where the SPEAKER has promised to take the chair, on the evening of the Derby Day. He will be faced by LORD REDESDALE. A host of comic talent is expected to appear in the course in the evening.

N.B. A free-and-easy every night. Sparring taught Wednesday and Saturday. Rattling sports as usual. LORD PALMERSTON has promised to take the gloves with the EARL OF DERBY on the occasion of PORKY CLARK's benefit, after his gallant mill with MICKY HANNAN.

The Retrograde King.

BLUCHER's motto and policy through life was "Forwards." The motto that the present KING OF PRUSSIA should adopt, for it is most decidedly his policy, ought to be "Backwards." "*Der König Rückwärts*" would form a good historical pendant to "*Der Kaiser Vorwärts*."

ST. JANUARIUS FOR ITALY!

To the Editor of the "Tablet."

SIR, WILL you allow me to ask you how you account for this? I mean the fact attested in the subjoined passage out of a letter from Naples, which appeared in the *Siecle* a few days ago:—

"The King, accompanied by his aides-de-camp and by his military household, went yesterday in great state to the cathedral, where the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, after having once taken place at Santa Chiara, is repeated for eight consecutive days. The King presented to the treasurer a magnificent diamond cross of the value of 100,000 fr. The saint, enchanted as it would appear at this present, accomplished his miracle a second time."

What explanation can you give of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, occurring, as described above, in pointed and emphatic acknowledgment of a present at the hands of VICTOR-EMMANUEL, whom I think you say the POPE has excommunicated? Possibly you will deem it necessary to ascertain the fact before trying to explain it. But, as Lord Dundreary would say, supposing the fact ascertained, what explanation would you give of it? Should you say that the KING OF ITALY has really not brought himself within purview of the Holy Father's fulmination, and that the thunderbolt of the Vatican, after all, has whizzed over his head?

Or do you think the truth to be, that the blood of St. Januarius always liquefies under conditions which are indicated by a certain figure to which they would raise the column of mercury in a thermometer? And is it your opinion that a given quantity of carbon, in the extremely pure form of a diamond cross equivalent to a mass of silver tantamount to 100,000 fr., could be successfully employed to produce those conditions? An answer will edify,

PUNCH.

QUACK PILLS AND POETRY.

A PERIODICAL called the *Hygeist*, which is the organ of MORISON's Pill-grindery, contains the subjoined reference to some remarks that lately appeared in these columns on a quotation, from a puff relative to MORISON's Pills, of the description of poison, given by the *Ghost in Hamlet*:—

"The animus of Mr. Punch must be apparent to all impartial persons."

"The passage from *Hamlet* will be understood by all Hygeists as follows:—

"The Vegetable Universal Medicine, whose effect
So assimilates with the BLOOD of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with great vigour purges therefrom
The thick and sour impurities,
Which affect the thin and wholesome BLOOD."

"How does Mr. Punch like this true reading of the passage, so sublime that it should be written in letters of gold throughout the world? We repeat, that all persons should take a lesson from our greatest poet."

Mr. Punch has no difficulty in admitting that the effect of the Vegetable Universal Medicine assimilates with the blood of man. To assimilate is to feign, to counterfeit. It is not for Punch to deny what the *Hygeist* says, that the Vegetable Universal Medicine assimilates, feigns, or counterfeits, something or other in connection with the blood of man. Mr. Punch has no idea of asserting that the medicine so-called is not a counterfeit.

The foregoing paraphrase of SHAKSPEARE, as a composition, no doubt exactly corresponds to the Vegetable Universal Medicine. The former is composed with the same regard to the laws of metre as, doubtless, the latter is to the laws of health. That same SHAKSPEARE says that "the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose." To the same end it appears that the quack can quote SHAKSPEARE, and, like the devil, he corrupts the text, only with a clumsiness which the devil would be ashamed of. If SHAKSPEARE were not an immortal bard, Punch might say that the quack murders SHAKSPEARE, and Punch will say that he would advise him to take care that he murders nobody else.



THE NEW ORLEANS PLUM.

BIG LINCOLN HORNER,
UP IN A CORNER,
THINKING OF HUMBLE PIE;

FOUND UNDER HIS THUMB,
A NEW ORLEANS PLUM,
AND SAID, WHAT A 'CUTE YANKEE AM I!

"AN ORGANIC CHANGE."

SOMEbody has furnished us with the following Shakespearian variation, which, he is surprised to observe, seems to have escaped the attention of MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER's sagacious but impalpable Corrector; it appears to us not only plausible but certain. *Jessica* never uttered the sentiment attributed to her in the *Merchant of Venice* (Act V. Sc. 1, according to the ordinary Editions), her real words were:

"I am never merry when I hear street music."

It would be strange indeed that she should be, but this honest avowal ought to advance her in the estimation of every reader or auditor who studies "the character."

INDUSTRIAL HANDBOOK

FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE Commissioners are so well satisfied with the reception of the *Handbook to the Fine Art Department* of the Exhibition, that they have determined on issuing a *Handbook to the Industrial Department*, based on the same principles which have secured such a general acceptance of MR. PALGRAVE's spirited and agreeable little brochure. They are quite agreed on the principles which should govern the composition of the Handbook, viz., the free use of the sternest severity of criticism, and an inexorable stigmatising of all contributions which do not come up to the standard applied by the judges to whom the Commissioners may delegate the task of passing sentence upon the exhibitors. But the Commissioners have hitherto found a difficulty in selecting judges at once competent and willing to sit in infallible Rhadamanthine judgment on the vast and various display at South Kensington. That difficulty has now been surmounted, thanks mainly to the light thrown upon the discharge of a similar critical duty by the author of the *Fine Art Handbook*.

An ex-analyst of the *Lancet* has agreed to do the Substances used for Food. The Wines will be taken in hand by the sleeping partner in one of the firms contributing most largely to this department. The Railway-plant will be reviewed by a distinguished but disappointed engineer, the proprietor of a patent for superseding steam power altogether. MR. WHITWORTH has kindly consented to report on SIR W. ARMSTRONG's inventions in gunnery; SIR WILLIAM on those of MR. WHITWORTH; and CAPTAIN BLAKLEY on those of both these distinguished inventors. The department of Projectiles and Fortifications generally will be entrusted to a gentleman who has for years past been memorialising the Ordnance department in favour of an invention of his own, which subverts the whole of our received system of attack and defence.

A Committee of English Upholsterers has kindly undertaken to find a thoroughly qualified person to pass in review the Foreign Upholstery department, while the English porcelain will be reported on by the managers of the royal works at Sevres and Dresden, and the designer of one of the most eminent Nottingham firms will judge the French and Belgian lace manufactures. CAPTAIN ACKERLEY has agreed to report on the philosophical and surgical instruments, and the chief agent for the sale of MORISON's medicines on the Pharmaceutical Substances and processes.

The Commissioners, in selecting these and their other Industrial judges, have made it their object to obtain the most unbiassed and best-informed opinion on the various classes of the Exhibition, accompanied by that healthy and high-minded criticism, which will at once serve as a lesson to exhibitors, and a guide to visitors. It is needless to say that the very secondary object of information has been postponed to the higher functions of inflicting withering censure or crowning with enthusiastic approbation.

We are permitted, by favour of the Commissioners, to subjoin a few specimens, selected at random from their as yet unpublished—

INDUSTRIAL HANDBOOK.

CLASS 19. SUB-CLASS A.—NAVAL ARCHITECTURE. (By SOLOMON DE CAUS FLIGHTY, C.E.)

2735. "Sixteen models representing the progress of Naval Architecture from the first ship of the Royal Navy, 1493, to the present time." Contributed by LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY, Whitehall.

Progress! Yes—Progress—if, as *Hamlet* says, "like crabs we could go backwards." This series admirably illustrates the crass stupidity and brutal indifference to the suggestions of inventors which has always marked the English Admiralty from the days of the Tudors to the present time. All that can be said of the naval architecture of 1493, is that it is abominable; but such as it is, it is immeasurably superior to that of 1862, which is the very last expression of human baseness, showing an ignorance of the principles of floatation, equilibrium, and hydrostatic force generally, which would disgrace the lowest boy in the worst of our National Schools. "Sickening" is indeed the only epithet to be applied to this series.

2650. "Model of S. DE C. F.'s Unsinkable Ship, submitted by the Inventor without effect to successive Boards of Admiralty, from 1820 to 1862."

The old story! Genius supplicating in vain to be allowed to save the nation, and official pride and apathy shutting the door in its face with brutal insolence. Here is a model in which the inventor (who modestly describes himself by his initials only) has shown the profoundest knowledge of the great and officially unknown laws which govern floating bodies. This model is a thing of beauty indeed—and like all things of beauty, a joy for ever, inasmuch as it defies alike the power of the elements, and the projectiles of the enemy. Language fails us in the attempt to enumerate the beauties of the vessel—its swan-like lines, its superhuman majesty of strength, its fairy-like delicacy of structure. Note the mighty invention at work on the air-pumps! Dwell on the exquisite subtlety of the contrivance for enabling the steersman suddenly to shift the steering apparatus from stem to stern, and to drive his weird craft right in the wind's eye and the enemy's teeth! Mark the thoughtful humanity of the apparatus for instantly annihilating an enemy, by which all the slow suffering of wounds is swept away, and a prompt and painless destruction descending like a cloud, gently sweeps the assailant into nothingness!

And this is an invention on which a base, bloody and brutal Admiralty has turned a blind eye and a deaf ear for these forty years! How long, oh England, how long!

2981. "Composition for preserving Ship's Bottoms. S. DE C. F." (Offered to the Admiralty for £10,000, but refused.)

Another marvellous invention, entirely superseding copper, yellow metal, creosote, or any of the hundred and one charlatan devices for seaming our hearts of oak from the grovelling worm of the mud, and the eating tooth of the salt sea. It would have long ere this been adopted by the Admiralty, if the idiots of that department knew the A B C of their calling. It bears the same initials as the remarkable model numbered 2650.

2982. Ditto. By BLOGGUS, Bristol.

A base imposture, which need only be seen to be detected.

2983. Ditto. By TOPSIDES, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Worse, if possible, than 2982. Profoundly ignoble in its hideous mixture of grease, coal-tar, and caoutchouc, and with neither faith nor love in the manner of its application.

CLASS 3. SUB-CLASS B.—SUBSTANCES USED FOR FOOD.

755. PODGERS AND CO., New Oxford Street. "Collection of Preserved Fruits."

A wicked, and unutterably audacious imposture. The apricots are unripe, the preservation is imperfect, the syrup falls miserably below its proper proportion of saccharine matter. The housekeeper who trusts to such an article as this is lost!

763. "Preserved Provisions in Tin-cases. BRAIZE AND CO., Fenchurch Street."

Cats'-meat. The stomach turns at the thought of such inaffable cag-mag.

890. "Infants' food—Cakes and Biscuits." ALUM AND CO., Broad Street.

Innutritious when not poisonous, and involving certain indigestion when they contain any nutritive principle. It is profoundly afflicting to write on such things. But how much worse to introduce them to the nursery!

895. "Sweetmeats and Confections." STICKY AND TUCK, 19, Blackball Alley.

It is difficult to see how the seductive lusciousness of these preparations can be set against their fundamental unwholesomeness. But the thing, we believe, is popular. If so, all that can be said is, "*Populus oult decepti et decipiatur*." For our own part, we have only withering indignation for such sugary falsehood. The poison is not the less destructive for its saccharine envelope—nay, infinitely more so. Had STICKY AND TUCK worked in a higher and holier spirit, they could not have been thus false to the deep principles which underlie the confectionery of earlier and more faithful times.

CLASS 4. SUB-CLASS A.—ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES USED IN MANUFACTURES.

999. BOBBLES AND SON, Black Street. "Bleached Wax-Candles of various materials."

If these candles burn anything but the fingers of those whose capital is embarked in their manufacture, we shall be indeed surprised.

959. SLICK, SLUDGE AND CO., Bow Common. "Soaps, Paraffine and Stearine Candles," &c.

We would recommend these base men to apply a little stronger soap to their consciences than that here shown, if they mean to cleanse

them of the "perilous stuff" which such productions as these must accumulate in their business and their bosoms. Their stearine is stamped with fraud; their paraffine fraught with factor. It may explode, it can never illuminate.

These few examples will suffice to show the spirit in which the proposed Industrial Handbook will be drawn up. We need not point out how admirably calculated it will be to encourage exhibitors, and to enhance the enjoyment by visitors of the articles before them.



PELLETS OF PAPER.

THE Japanese are noted for the many purposes to which they can turn paper. The Ambassadors, who are at present airing their seediness amongst us, have, it is said, paper collars, paper shirts, paper pocket-handkerchiefs, and even paper boots. All their money may be, for what we know, paper. The Yankees, however, have thrashed them in their own speciality. They have, since they have been pummelling one another to death, invented paper blockades and paper victories. As the Washington Government have absolute authority over the telegraphs and the press, they can slay, burn, destroy, raise up, knock down, invent, colour, falsify anything they please. Give them a scrap of paper, and the thing is done with a stroke of the pen. Can the Japanese point to a single sheet of paper that ever has had the effect of killing thousands and wounding as many more? The latter is indeed a "Happy Despatch!" On the ground of paper-mills (and their fights, as reported, are frequently nothing better) Japan is decidedly beaten by America hollow

A Joke at the Japanese.

ONE who has among his friends the fame of being a funny fellow says the Japanese Ambassadors, by one of their queer customs, run great risk of being often quite misrepresented; for their wearing of two swords when they assume a State position, must inevitably make them be regarded as too sordid by half. (Oh!)

AN IRISH ORDERLY MEETING.

ACCORDING to a morning paper, the annual meeting of the London Irish Rifles took place on Tuesday evening, at the orderly rooms, 5, Lancaster Place, Strand. The phenomena of this assembly were peculiar. In the first place:—

"The chair was not taken for nearly an hour after the appointed time, on account of the small number present. When the proceedings commenced there were not 40 present."

Not at all like Irish management!

Next, after the chair had at length been taken, the MARQUIS OF DONEGALL, who occupied it, announced that:—

"Out of 509 enrolled members, only 113 had, up to that day, paid their subscriptions for the current year."

How very un-Irish!

The noble Chairman further stated that:—

"The falling off in the finances was exactly in keeping with the attendances at parade and drill."

In accordance with this statement:—

"MAJOR VERNER said it was absurd to march out with the musters they recently had. He thought it would be only disgracing the corps and his countrymen to walk through the streets of London with only a few dozen men out of over 500 whose names were enrolled."

With reference to the pecuniary affairs of the corps:—

"MR. MONTGOMERY agreed with ENSIGN GODFREY, that one of the most practical ways of making the corps popular, and upholding its effective strength, was the payment of the subscriptions; and the officers would add to their own popularity by urging the payment by the men in their different companies. (Hear, hear.)"

This applause, to be sure, was a touch of nationality. Irish generosity spake therein. Hear, hear! The devil fly away with the thirty subscriptions! No doubt the officers of the gallant London Irish would acquire a great addition to their popularity by pressing their men assiduously on that subject.

CAPTAIN M'SWENEY said that the deplorable condition of the corps "was owing to the proceedings of two English agitators;" and—

"A scene of the most indescribable confusion followed the delivery of this statement, during which CAPTAIN TULLY, MAJOR VERNER, MR. LEACH, ENSIGN GODFREY, CAPTAIN M'SWENEY, and others were speaking. It was at last put an end to by CAPTAIN M'SWENEY hastily leaving the room, followed by half-a-dozen friends who besought his return. He refused to do so, stating that he belonged to the Victoria Rifles, and he would go to them. CAPTAIN DAUBNEY, the adjutant, who is an Englishman, was present during the 'row,' and was labouring under evident feelings of embarrassment."

What a contrast is all this to the sobriety which usually characterises Irish deliberations! Finally:—

"The proceedings, which were very stormy throughout, were brought to a close by the MARQUIS OF DONEGALL stating with what regret he witnessed what had taken place that evening, and expressing a hope that if he met them again, it would be when a more friendly feeling was exhibited. He dismissed the meeting. There was no balance-sheet submitted."

No balance-sheet? That is a wonder! If the corps had been a Scotch one, such an omission would have surprised nobody; but the idea of an Irish regiment's accounts wanting a balance-sheet, is strange indeed. The reader will doubtless already have noted the curious coincidence by which this meeting of the London Irish Rifles took place at their orderly rooms.

"We Haven't Come to that Yet!"

THEY have been erecting a monument to ARY SCHEFFER at Dordrecht, his native place. The idea of erecting a statue to a painter! We suppose they will be putting up one to an author next! However, we have one great consolation: You won't see anything of that kind in Trafalgar Square.

ELECTIONEERING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Man in the Moon has invented a dodge by which he is now enabled to set Election Committees of the House of Commons at defiance. He has trained his dog to go about and bribe electors.

"Le Moniteur" des Beaux Arts.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, who is well-known for his quaint conceits, says, "The International Exhibition is certainly ugly and queer enough, but that is the very reason why I like it. It is so admirably adapted for its purpose from its extreme *bazaarerie*."

THE MOST WORST.

WHEN may an American Indian be said to be rather out of sorts?—When his tom'-hawk's out of order.

A GOOD INSCRIPTION TO BE CHALKED ON THE DOOR OF A FEMALE ENAMELLER:—"Beware of the Paint."

LADIES AND THEIR VICTIMS.



ONE correspondent of the *Moniteur* in a letter about the opening of the Great Exhibition (whereof the building, it is stated, "unites the qualities of the terminus, the market, and the greenhouse,") gives the following sad account of how he was assaulted in the execution of his duty, while attending to report and sketch the May Day Show:—

"While we were making a drawing of the architecture, persons arrived so quickly that we were forced to put our pencil in our pocket. A flood raised us up and carried us off with the force of a human Gulf Stream from the barrier on which we were leaning to see 'the procession of the Court' pass. Young ladies, fair, delicate, and rosy, gently but obstinately pushed us far from where we were standing. Who could suspect that there were muscles of steel in such elegant and delicate bodies?"

Poor Mossos! We groan for him, and we lament the cruel treatment which has deprived the universe of

the sketch he might have made. But do French ladies never push, when they want to see a sight? Is it alone in *perfidie Albion* that the fair sex are found obstinate? Else, need he have laid such stress upon the fact that when he got into a crowd he was actually crowded? Still we most sincerely sympathise with poor Mossos, when he talks about the "steel" wherewith he was assaulted. Of course for "muscles" we read "ribs:" a mere error in

translation. For there is no doubt it was Crinoline that pushed him from his place; and really while they wear it, and commit such savage cruelties, it is a great stretch of politeness to speak of girls as being "elegant and delicate."

"RIGHT (AND WRONG) ABOUT FACE."

THE practice of ladies having their faces enamelled may be highly inexcusable, but still we should not be too severe on the poor operator who does it to get a living. It is rather on the aristocratic patients, who lend their countenances to the scandal, that we should pour all the phials of our censure. The enamellist herself is indeed to be pitied and not snubbed, as from the very nature of her profession it is clear she is one who is ready at a moment's notice to blush for her entire sex.

A Frenchman's First Step in Punning.

MR. JOHN LEMOINE, the critic of the *Débat*, has made a joke. Speaking of a highly-elaborated picture of SIR CHARLES (we will not mention the name), he says, after making some playful allusion to his title, "this is not a bad specimen *de ce peintre tea-tray (titré)*." Not bad for a Frenchman, eh? The joke is not only good, but it also implies a familiar, and even playful, knowledge of our language, which is still more wonderful.

"HERE'S TO ALL ABSENT FRIENDS!"

THE Americans have sent little, or nothing, to the International Exhibition. Supposing they had, the Annexes would, of course, have been the proper receptacles for them. Annexation is a little game that the Americans always entered into with the greatest spirit. They can annex everything, seemingly, but themselves.

"REJECTED ADDRESSES."—The Dead Letter Office.

CAB-HUNTING INTELLIGENCE.

It is not everybody who can afford to keep a carriage; and even they who can are sometimes forced to take a cab. Now, it is all very well to say, "Oh! take a cab," but the fact is, cabs are not so easy to be taken. Of late a blackguard custom has sprung up among the cabmen to ask, "Vere d'yer vaunt to go to?" before they let you get inside; and if the distance or direction does not suit their book, they tell you that their 'oss is tired, or lame, or broken-kneed, and refuse on some lame pretext to assist your transit.

Now this has recently become so monstrous an annoyance that Mr. PUNCH is pleased to see it brought before the public in a public manner. Thanks to DR. BUCHANAN, of Widbury Hall, Ware, three cabmen have been fined for refusing to do what they are bound to do: that is, when not engaged, and when plying for a fare, to take whatever fare they happen to be offered. The first of the three cases is quite enough to quote:—

"WESTMINSTER.—CAB-DRIVERS AT THE EXHIBITION.—DR. BUCHANAN, of Widbury Hall, Ware, attended to prosecute complaints against three cab-drivers for refusing to carry him.

"Complainant said that the offences were committed at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th inst.; he had been with a lady to the Exhibition, and as it rained heavily was desirous of getting a cab, but the drivers were determined only to take such fares as they chose.

"JOHN SMITH, the first of the trio, pleaded not guilty. "DR. BUCHANAN said he hailed defendant in the Brompton Road, when he stopped and inquired where he wished to go, and then said he would not take him. Complainant had opened the cab-door, but, in consequence of defendant's driving off, was obliged for his own safety to leave it. Defendant gave no reason for not taking him.

"Defendant said his horse was tired, and he wanted to go to Stepney to change it; the gentleman never spoke to him, and he never pulled up.

"MR. ARNOLD said that by the act of stopping, defendant was holding himself out for hire. He (MR. ARNOLD) had not the slightest doubt that the gentleman's account of the transaction was correct, and defendant had aggravated his offence by the impudent defence set up. He was, therefore, fined the full penalty of 40s. and costs, &c. one month in default.

"MR. ARNOLD said the public were much indebted to DR. BUCHANAN, who is a gentleman far advanced in years, for bringing the case forward.

"DR. BUCHANAN said he had felt it to be a public duty, and had travelled thirty miles to take out these summonses."

Mr. PUNCH most willingly endorses MR. ARNOLD's wise decision; and will answer for it that the public, when they read the sentence in his columns, will be very much obliged to DR. BUCHANAN for the mingled pluck and patience wherewith he prosecuted the three drivers whom he summoned. Cabmen usually rely upon the fact that to a gentleman the taking out a summons, and the attending to give evidence, are too much of a bore to be encountered lightly; and that there exists not one man in a hundred but will shirk such "public duty." All honour then to men like DR. BUCHANAN of Ware, who though "far advanced in years," will put themselves to the annoyance of travelling thirty miles, in order to protect the interests of the public; that is, brother reader, your interests and mine, as well as cousin CHARLES'S.

Disunion is Strength.

THE Yankees are always fancying that every nation is filled with malice, hatred, envy, and all uncharitableness towards them. We can assure them, and the saying can be applied with most painful truth to the North as well as to the South, that "They have no enemies in this world but themselves." As their best friend, PUNCH advises them to separate. At present, the "Union is Weakness." Apart from each other, probably the result may prove "Disunion is Strength." There is an old Latin motto, which they do well to carry into practice: "*Divide et Impera.*"

"WRITE ME DOWN AN ASS"—OLANT.

A MONSIEUR ASSOLANT, a would-be-if-he-could-be witty Correspondent of the *Courrier du Dimanche*, has been writing abusive articles against the English. The next article this effervescent gentleman froths up, we should advise him (it would be a capital *nom de plume* for one of his peculiar style) to sign it not ASSOLANT, but "INSOLENT."

R. S. V. P.

LADIES, which are the best? Manchester, or London Busses?



ELDER SISTER. "Gus, there's your Cousin Rosa sitting down. Why don't you ask her to dance?"

AUGUSTUS. "Well, I've danced with her twice already, you know; and people are so disagreeable, if I trotted her out again, they'd be sure to talk about it!"

HINTS FOR PENSIVE PUFFS.

I.

By CELIA's arbour all the night,
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow,
And then perchance, at morning light,
My love may twine thee round her brow.
Then, if upon her bosom white
Some pearly dew should fall from thee,
Tell her they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me.

Then should my love begin to pout,
And state that thou hast told a lie,
And that the wet has taken out
From her pet dress Magenta's dye.
Bid her but Name the Day, nor doubt
Her loving CHARLES will haste to buy
The sweetest thing, for ball or rout,
That tasteful SHOOLERED can supply.

II.

The Minstrel's Watch the Standard Bearer keeps,
We know not why; perchance upon the ticker
The Standard Bearer from his hoarded heaps
Hath lent the Minstrel money to buy liquor.
If so, 'twas kindly done, and five per cent.
Is cheap for solace to a heart that's breaking;
But how much more that friend had safely lent,
Had but the Minstrel's Watch been BENSON's making?

III.

I often wish that thou wert dead,
And I beside thee calmly lying;
But when I've named this fact, my head
Thou slapp'st, O JANE, without replying.

Well, laugh thy laugh, and rap my pate,
Continue in that blithesome scorning;
But O, when I evaporate,
Be sure you go to JAY for mourning.

IV.

O Stars! O Stars of Silence!
O Gems in Ether-Blue!
Is it vainly, is it vainly,
That Love looks up to you?
Yes, vainly, O yes vainly,
To make you out he hopes
Unless assisted, mainly,
By DOLLOND's telescopes.

V.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Among the tall elms that my Cottage was near,
And I said, if there's peace to be found in the world,
A Nart that is unble might ope for it ear.
Then I sent up a smoke that as gracefully spired,
And brought to my heart the sweet peace that I sought;
From one of those fragrant Havannahs, admired
By all men of taste, and from ASTERISK * bought.

P.S. No; dresses, and watches, and mourning, and telescopes are matters of no great consequence, and the owners of the above names can gain but a few extra thousands by their mention here. But where, where is a Cigar sold that would justify the immortalisation of its vendor? Till Echo can answer something else than Where, let ASTERISK be the nominis umbra.

PUNCH.

V versus W.

An Alderman, notorious for transposing his Vs and Ws with the most profuse liberality, upon hearing a German make frequent allusions to his Vaterland, interrupted him at last by saying, "I presume, Sir, you mean Holland, for that is the greatest Vater-land that I know of."



UNPARDONABLE MISTAKE.

IGNORANT FLUNKY (to Tomkins, who is about to leave his *Carte de Visite*). "Re'lly, we don't want nothink o' the kind in your way, Young Man!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 19th, Monday. This is an odd world. The novel and profound remark is suggested to *Mr. Punch* by a recollection that a short time back, SIR ROBERT PEEL stated that the scenes of violence at the last Longford election (when COLONEL WHITE, who is going in for Kidderminster, was beaten by MAJOR O'REILLY) were unparalleled, and that Government meant to prosecute the rioters, and by hearing to-night that the petition against MAJOR O'REILLY's return was withdrawn.

"There's something in this world amiss
Shall be unridid by-and-by."

On the last stage of the Budget, MR. DISRAELI fired off a very heavy gun at LORD PAM. It was loaded to the muzzle with all kinds of missiles, and notably with charges of extravagance, jealousy of France, ignorance of treaties, and other bon-bons. Also, he was critical on LORD PALMERSTON's style of speaking, and said that he had no humour, but a good deal of what was called in the last century, banter, and was now called by a monosyllabic name, which the elegant DISRAELI would not utter. *Mr. Punch* supposes that he meant chaff. But if PAM does deal in chaff, he falsifies an old proverb by catching a great many old birds. Needless to say that PAM returned the fire, pointed out that the last Conservative Government had given the alarm and reconstructed the fleet, and were right in doing so, and added that the present Government would continue doing what they thought right, but would economise when they had an opportunity. After a little more talking, there came a fresh exposure of the injustice by which the Income-Tax is extorted by the surveyors, who are monarchs of all they survey, their levy no man can dispute, they don't care a fig what you say, and treat you much worse than a brute. Then, the Budget Bill was passed. MR. WHITE, of London Super-Mare, promised to support MR. DISRAELI, if he came in, and were economic, so that modern Radicalism has no principles, and looks only to questions of money.

Mr. Punch last week warned the Ministers that close shaving might end in their cutting themselves, and though his advice was not published

A CROW FOR OURSELVES.

THE Foreign World has come over and had a look at us, and has discovered that we can do nothing. France says we can't paint China. Italy says we can't make music. Rome says we can't cut a statue. Spain says we can't grow olives. Portugal says we can't mix port wine. Switzerland says we can't carve wood. America says we can't talk English. Bohemia says we can't make coloured glass. Turkey says we can't embroider slippers. And every other nation says we can't do something or other that it can do. To all of which *Mr. Punch* begs to answer, in his own words, Very Likely, and, in the words of a deceased Italian:—

"EXCUDENT ALII SPIRANTIA MOLLIS ÆRA,
TU REGERE IMPERIO POPULOS, ROMANE, MEMENTO,
HÆ TIBI ERUNT ARTES."

Which, literally translated, means, that while the rest of the world cooks, and paints, and fiddles, and carves, and embroiders, and all the rest of it—

"England, 'tis thine, alone with awful sway,
To RULE MANKIND, and MAKE THE WORLD OBEY,
Disposing Peace and War thine own majestic way."

Roo-ey-too-ey-too-ey-too-ey-too-ey!

NOTES BY A HORRIDLY SATIRICAL CREATURE.

WOMEN first resorted to tight-lacing, to prove to men how well they could bear squeezing.

Time works wonders on the faces of MRS. TITTIVATE's friends; but Time never touches MRS. T.

How beautiful is woman when adversity frowns upon her sister. It is touching to behold the resignation with which a woman sees her best friend compelled, by circumstances, to put down the carriage, and suppress her lady's maid.

Widows' Weeds are easily got rid of by planting a late variety of the *Seringa*—perhaps better known as orange-blossom.

Love at first sight often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

When I see a bee in the cup of an orange-blossom, he reminds me of the day when the confectioner called for his bill for a certain wedding-breakfast.

until after the division he is going to mention, the moral is the same. MR. GLADSTONE moved the Second Reading of the British Museum Bill. He proposed to turn the beasts out of Great Russell Street, and to send them to Kensington, where for about £680,000 (much cheaper than the thing could be done by enlarging the present place) they—that is, Nature, could be comfortably housed. MR. GREGORY opposed the Bill, contending that the animals ought not to be sent away, and that sufficient space could be obtained at the Museum. MR. MONCKTON MILNES spoke for the Bill, and begged that we would not so wrap up ourselves in the Miserable Moment as to lose sight of the future. LORD HENRY LENNOX had the modesty to say, that he would not put his opinion against that of PROFESSOR OWEN, which preternatural humility did him honour. DIGBY SEYMOUR of course talked clap-trap, MR. SCLATER BOOTH made the sensible suggestion, that the Bill should be read a Second Time, and the Government of the Museums should be divided. MR. PULLER wanted to send away the sculptures, and MR. WALPOLE said that the Bill was a positive necessity. Our Cox was for—what do you think—yes, sending away the Books! It is true, we never misrepresent anybody, even a COX. He wanted to send the Books and MSS. to Kensington. We wonder whether he would like to move the Reading Room also? Bravo, COX. The Secretary at War supported the Bill, and hinted at the Regent's Park as a good site, but said the offer of the land at Kensington had turned the scale. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE made fun of PROFESSOR OWEN's demand for space for whales, COLONEL SYKES desired that the working classes should be considered, and LORD PALMERSTON argued that the proposal was an economical one, but he promised to give up the whales. A final grumble from MR. HENLEY brought on the division, and the Government were signally defeated, the numbers being 163 to 71, and the Bill is lost.

This is a Governmental defeat, and in the old days might have occasioned some little excitement on the Treasury benches, but in these times we don't trouble ourselves about Trifles. Ministers went on with talk about shot-proof ships and Irish crime, as pleasantly as if nothing had happened. Some Members thought that the increase of murder in Ireland, and the assistance which the peasantry give to the assassins, demanded more rapid justice than is at present dealt out.

Tuesday. EARL RUSSELL produced the convention with the United States for conceding mutual right of search, off the African coast, and the document was received with the acclamation it merited.

MR. LAYARD admits that the French behave harshly to our fishermen, and says that he is endeavouring to improve matters. Considering how bad is the fish one gets in Paris, it would better become our friends to promote piscatorial free trade, whereby the high art of their cooks would be enabled to demonstrate itself upon a more decent article.

SIR G. LEWIS proposes to try military murders at the Central Criminal Court, so as to get them speedily sentenced. This course will shorten matters by one month.

The LORD CHANCELLOR'S Lunacy Bill was read a second time, but the lawyers found many faults in it, and promised that in Committee those faults should be exposed with the utmost frankness. But we dare say that this Bill will not be very vehemently assailed, the lawyer interest reserving itself for vengeance on the Conveyancing Reform Bills.

Wednesday. The interesting business of the day was an exposure of a great and prevailing vice among the aristocracy. It seems that the Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and other constituents of Sweldom are in the objectionable habit of ordering in Bottles of Gin on credit, and when asked for the money, of pleading the Tippling Act. We consider that this is by no means elevated or elegant conduct, and we quite agree in the propriety of the measure read a Second Time to-day, for making such a defence impossible. A Duke ought to pay for his Gin, like a Dustman.

Thursday. The CHANCELLOR spoke very well upon the Second Reading of the Copyright in Works of Art Bill. LORD OVERSTONE thought that the siter and not the artist should have the copyright in a portrait, and if *Mr. Punch* should write LORD OVERSTONE'S biography, his lordship would, we suppose, consider that the book should be the property of his respected executors. LORD TAUNTON did not like the Bill, and added that he had no sympathy with people who locked up pictures from the public. Nor has *Mr. Punch*, whose own noble and unequalled gallery is always open to the public, at a nominal and ridiculous fee, charged only in order to preserve his rights.

Enterprising people are now anxious to go to British Columbia, and other enterprising people seek to profit by this wish, and make liberal promise in advertisements of conveyance. The attention of the Government has been called to the circumstance, and they have actually taken steps to hold the advertisers to their promises to emigrants. We do not know whether this is in accordance with the principles of free trade or not, but we are very glad to see the course adopted.

Once more appealed to on the Church Rate question, LORD PAM came out with such a Pam-like speech, that we really must give it *in extenso*:

"LORD PALMERSTON: Whatever may have been the wishes that the House has expressed upon this point, I think the House must at the same time have seen what are the difficulties which surround the question with a view to arriving at any satisfactory arrangement; and all I can say is that her Majesty's Government are not prepared at present to undertake the task referred to by the right hon. gentleman. (*Heur, and a laugh.*)"

What were they laughing at? A gentleman sees that there will be a good deal of trouble about a particular piece of business, and therefore he really must decline having anything to do with it. All natural enough, anybody else would do the same. Only this particular gentleman happens to be paid £5000 a-year on the understanding that he will attend to such matters—however, one would not press a vulgar and mercenary view of the case. MR. ESTCOURT, the vanquisher of Little Bethel, has given notice that he has a plan for a compromise on the Rate question, and means to ask for a committee thereon. He would do away with the present means of enforcing the rate, and give power to a vestry, in which owners as well as occupiers shall vote, to levy a rate for the purposes of the church. How this proposal will do away with agitation MR. ESTCOURT will be good enough to explain when the time comes.

MR. FELLOWES read a letter from MR. HAWKSHAW, the eminent engineer, who has gallantly thrown himself into the Norfolk breach, and proposes to save England from the sea, if energy and skill can do it. MR. HAWKSHAW states that his difficulties are very great, and quietly hints that the people who make all sorts of amateur suggestions for repulsing the ocean do not know what they are talking about. Personally, we do not much care about the matter, because we can swim, but if MR. HAWKSHAW can save the island, we shall, in the interest of friends, be rather obliged to him to do so.

Six hours of Irish educational polemics. Six words have described that waste of time and breath. LORD PALMERSTON then rallied for a fight for the Alderney defences, and carried his vote by 174 to 118. SIR M. PETO however pledging his professional reputation that the harbour, which is to cost a million and a quarter, will be "perfectly useless."

Friday. The clamour of the Irish peasant under a distress stated not to be excessive, contrasts with the patience of the English workman under a distress which is admitted on all sides to be exceptionally severe. The Irish cry was again raised to-night, and painful stories were told, but look at Lancashire, where people do not murder their

landlords for asking for rent, and where sufferings, moral as well as physical, are borne with true heroism.

SIR ROBERT CLIFTON thought fit to come out with a speech against extravagance, and was briefly disposed of by LORD PALMERSTON, who was not aware of any "panic" except on the title-page of a pamphlet. For which speech MR. CORDEN will "owe him one"—not that LORD PALMERSTON or *Mr. Punch* cares much for the enmity of anybody, "or any other man," as the stupid slang of the hour goeth.

SIR MONTON PETO alluded to the ridiculously light punishments which some of the Magistrates inflict in cases of brutal assaults. As a rule, it is unjust to impugn a Magistrate's decision, upon the brief and imperfect police reports, but it certainly would seem that very great ruffians do get off with very small sentences. The more recently appointed Magistrates, however, do not commit this error, and some very proper punishments have lately been awarded. SIR GEORGE GREY had no satisfactory answer to make.

The Longford business came up again, and a good deal of abuse was freely lavished, and the evening was thus helped on. Then a Committee of Supply gave the inexhaustible PALMERSTON the opportunity of talking on education, explaining mechanics, telling anecdotes of clever boys, and generally making himself (and a vote of £300,000) pleasant.

CABBY ON INSOLENCE.

"MR. PUNCH, "HERE's a go! As a hadwocat of ekal justis wot d'y'e say to this ere? GEORGE WAKELY, a cabman, won day last week is pulled up at Vestminster afore MR. ARNOLD, the Beek. Wot for? Won CAPTAIN HARRISON, Rile Hartillary summonses im for overharg and hinselence. I won't say nuffin bout the overharg, cos that ain't the Pint, 'cept the cabman only Arst 4s. for an hour and a kevarter, drivin and stoppin and wot's that? The hinselence—that's hall I'm Lookin to, and was just this. Wen the cabman said 4s. the capting ast Im wot e meant by it, and the cabman answers, as sivel as e could be, 'Wot do I mean? I want 4s.; first of all there is 1s. 1d. for waiting.' Here the genlman stopps Im and says afore they went further into the matter the cabman had better give im is ticket. On wotch the Cabman answers im 'There is two if you like.' Whereon the captan tells im to conduct is Self with moar servility. Fancy that! And then Begins agen inquirin as to particlers; wen the cabman quietly tells im:—'I don't want no more talk with you; I have given you my ticket and I want my 4s.' There *Mr. punch*, ser, if you'll belceve me, and I wish I med never drain pewter agen, and see the papers if wot i says isn't true, that was the ole of the case. And thereupon the beek MR. ARNOLD fines the defendant 20s. or 14 days hovehcharge, and 10s. or 7 days for hinsolent Langwidge!

"Wot ad the Cabman got to say for His selfe? Wot indeed! Wot cud e say more than he did say, wotch was this ere:—'He didn't know what was meant by hinsolent language; but he certainly told the gentleman he might have two tickets.' Now I want to know if that are's hinsolent langwidge wot langwidge can be possible perlite. Ort the cabman for to ave Sed offerin the Tickets 'O certnly Sir; praps you will allow me to present you with Two'—or sum flumery of that sort? Wot is a Cove to say hunder similar circumstances, to scape beim Puld hupp and Fin'd! I'm Blode if I Nose, and if you can't tell me wy I spose I must go and by and study the *Andbook of Helttyketh*. That's wot Hi shal do and remane in the mene wile your umble servant and continyal contribitor to public Ameusement in your valuable Colams by the Name of

"CABBY."

"* My dear fellow, save the money which you propose to invest in the *Handbook of Etiquette*. When a gentleman asks you for your ticket, produce it without making any remark, unless you choose to say, 'Here it is, Sir,' which is preferable to 'Here you are, Sir.' If you are sincerely anxious that he should have a spare ticket to use for the purpose of summoning you in case he should lose the other, you may safely invite him to take two, for you will do so in language which he will not mistake for that of insolence. Your friend did not know what insolent language was. He perhaps supposed that insolent language was confined to oaths and foul words. The thought never occurred to him that there was any insolence in a jeer. If it had, it might have saved him 10s. or seven days' imprisonment, which, if the Magistrate had awarded him that instead of a fine, would have served him right. Take warning by his example lest you should incur the penalty which he paid, if not the punishment which he merited."

PUNCH.

Go Along, Sir!

MR. BUTLER, M.P., sends us a joke. He says that MESSRS. FECHTER and KEAN do not remind him of the place he represents, for being both short actors, you can't call them *Tower* Hamlets. We shall dismiss this BUTLER without a character, and we don't believe that he wrote *Hudibras*.

"A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."

(From a Sufferer under Organic attacks.)

"SIR," MR. HELPS has published an Essay 'On Organisation in Daily Life.' If he lived where I do, he would be exposed to so many Essays at Organisation in his Daily Life, that he would certainly have paused before adding another to the number. Unluckily these Essays, which used to be periodical, have now become daily and all day. From six in the morning till twelve at night I am liable to the invasion of these awful grinders. I have tried the police on the pavement, frenzied gesticulation from the windows, terrific demonstrations with the wash-hand basin, and malignant exhibition of a garden-engine, but all without effect.

"My daily life is in fact becoming one long and most painful organisation, and I do wish, under these circumstances that MR. HELPS—a well-meaning and kindly man I am sure—would suppress his present Essay, and in lieu of it write one to teach me how to free my daily life from the organisation it now suffers under.

"I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

"A DISTRACTED DISCIPLE OF BARRAGE."

A CAPITAL TRANSFORMATION SCENE.



UR *bon confrère*, *Le Charivari*, says the English are flocking to Paris in such numbers that Paris is now quite an English town. In the *cafés* you can get nothing but beer to drink—in the *restaurants* you can have only rosbif and plum-pudding for dinner—on the Boulevards you hear nothing but English spoken—and the managers of the various theatres, to suit the tastes of the new inhabitants of the capital, intend going through an entire course of the British Drama. The Porte St. Martin inaugurates the series with *Jonathan Bradford*.

However, London, it goes on saying, has gained in a similar way. It has become completely a French town. Frenchmen swarm in the public-houses, the theatres, the clubs, the *tableaux vivants*, the police-courts, everywhere. Even the Thames Tunnel is blocked up with them. The omnibus conductor, instead of flogging the back of his vehicle with a thick leather-strap, and shrieking out

"All right!" now exclaims "*Complet!*" in the softest Parisian tones. The theatres are playing their pieces in the beautiful language from which they were hurglariously borrowed. M. FECHTER has been delighting us with *Ray Blas* in the original version by VICTOR HUGO.

The above is not only amusing, but is also another proof that one must go abroad to learn the news. For ourselves, we would not mind the exchange, so funnily depicted by our continental *Parrains*. Paris is a much handsomer and gayer capital than London. There is only one little drawback—there is no liberty. Besides, we are not particularly fond of *coups d'état*.

Carrying out the fancy of this double "transformation scene," our Parisian relation winds up by observing:—

"It is said that, during the Exhibition, the office of the *Times* will be transferred to Paris, and the *Monitor* will be brought out in London; and that French and *Le Charivari* are in treaty with one another for an exchange of offices, artists, and editors."

We feel highly flattered by the compliment, but must respectfully decline the offer that is wrapt up in it. The benefits are not exactly equal. There is a decided disadvantage in the relative positions. The *Charivari* of Paris has been lately warned. The *Charivari* of the French capital is liable to be suppressed at a moment's notice. There are certain subjects which it can only touch upon with the utmost reserve, and there are certain gentlemen of whom it can only speak in the most guarded terms. The *Charivari* of London runs no such risk. The *Charivari* of the English capital enjoys the greatest freedom to say and do what it pleases, and stands in fear of no man. We should like to see SIR GEORGE GURNEY daring to preach to us, or LORD PALMERSTON sending one of his satraps to tie a piece of red tape round the jugular vein of our jolly periodical existence. We confess the good dinners of Paris do tempt us a wee tit-bit, but where is the enjoyment of eating them with a padlock on your lips, or with the nervous dread of a big *gendarme* bursting in every minute and snatching the savoury plate right from under your nose?

No; *bien obligés*, but we will stop where we are. Dear England, Punch would sooner sell his beloved *Judy* (the best of wives) in Smith-field-market than leave thee!



"SENSATION" SCRIBBLING.

CALL a spade a spade, is a good old English proverb. Call a spade an implement of husbandry, an instrument employed for turning up the soil, this is what one learns from the slang of penny-a-liners. For instance, see how finely they have written of the "late tragedy at Manchester." Why could they not speak plainly, and without disguise, say Murder? Tragically, indeed! One would think from such a heading, it was some dramatic news which they had to relate, and one naturally looked for some account of MONSIEUR FECHTER, or perhaps a high-flown criticism setting forth the wondrous merits of such eminent tragedians as MR. BROOKE or MR. KEAN. "Oh, yes, dear, I'm much better: I enjoys my murders," was the reply of an old lady who loved reading in the papers all the details which were furnished of all interesting crimes. And surely it must be for such old ladies only that we see recorded such particulars as these:—

"The prisoners were called to the dock at half-past ten. The male prisoner stood on the left facing the bench; his wife on the right side. They both appeared cool and collected. The male prisoner is of a brownish complexion, and a close examination of his face, his restless eye and compressed lips, gave indications of considerable emotion, which he appeared to be struggling to repress. The female prisoner was pale, but the study of her face gave less indication of feeling than was traceable in her husband's. Her heart seemed to beat violently for a moment. The female prisoner wore a black velvet hat with feather, and a lace fall, a bead collar, brown mantle, and black kid gloves. After standing for a moment or two side by side, the male prisoner spoke to his wife in a whisper, and she then sat down on a seat in the dock. Once or twice in the course of the examination he spoke to her, holding at the time a paper in his hand, and he appeared as though he was consulting her upon its contents."

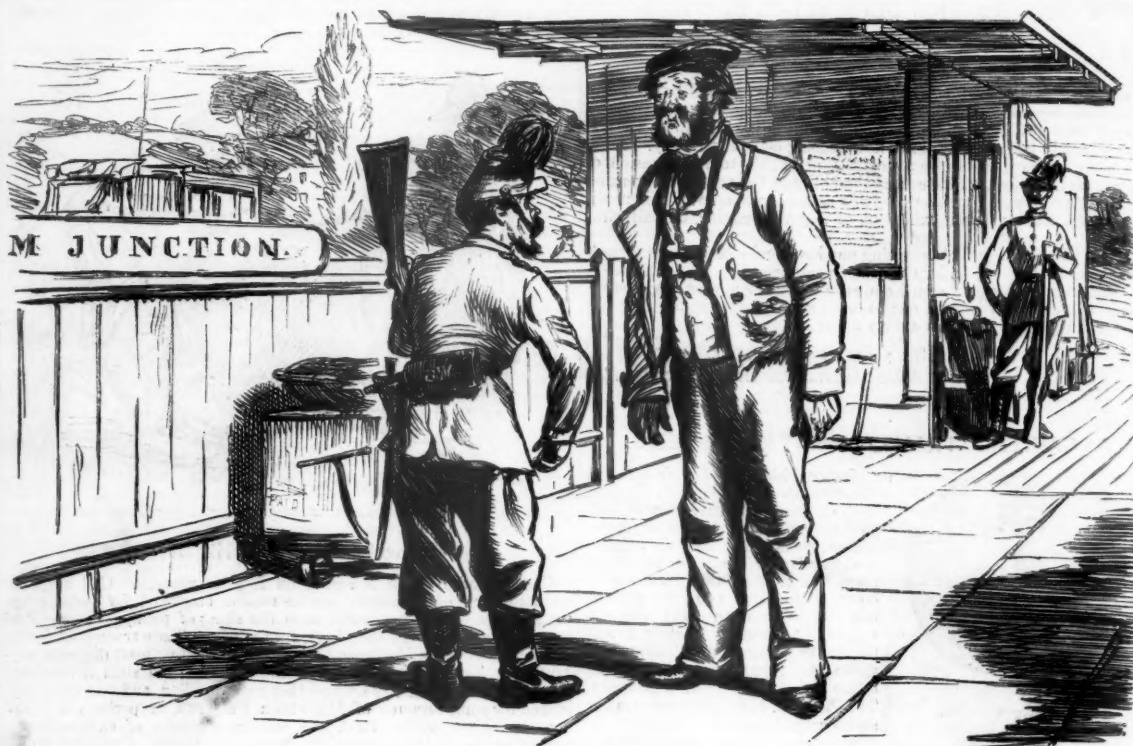
To details such as these we think there should be added a strictly accurate account of how often in the day the prisoners blew their noses, and whether when they did so they used white cambric handkerchiefs, or whether they used silk. The only phrase with which we feel no wish to quarrel is the term "male prisoner," and that of "female prisoner." These words seem to indicate that creatures who do murder cease thereby to be human, and are no longer worthy to be viewed as men, and women. This perhaps may act as a deterrent from the crime, and therefore we commend such penny-a-liner phraseology; but the description of the dress and the demeanour of the prisoner is worthy of the *Newgate Calendar* rather than the *Times*.

Again, we read in this to us disgusting, but to some no doubt intensely interesting case—

"While giving his evidence the witness was at times affected to tears."

If the writer had said "cried," he would quite as truthfully have described the fact. But "affected to tears" is a nicely touching phrase, and one that ladies who delight to read of murders must take pleasure in. Well, tastes differ, that we know; but for our part, if we had to write about a murderer we should try to use the plainest, coarsest English we could think of, and not weaken the effect of an appalling crime by speaking of it in the language of a three volume romance.

VERDICT ON THE MATNOOTH QUESTION (by any Cockney you please, my little dears).—"Quantum Vhalleyat!"



A RANDOM HIT.

RAILWAY PORTER (civily). "What class, Sir?"

LITTLE TIFKINS (who has been shooting for his badge, terribly riled at having lost it by a point; the ammunition being damp and wind high, of course). "What d'ye mean by that, you impertinent man? What's that to you?—Mind yer own business, will yer; I'm not a-going to be insulted—(recollects himself)—it's all right." [Retires confused.]

[BEN THE BIRD-CATCHER.]

LAY your nets—bird-catcher—widely and warily;
Spread chaff for young beaks, and lay salt on young tails;
Teach your decoy-birds to warble it merrily,
New tunes may do, when the ancient one fails.
With "Retrenchment! retrenchment!" some gull you may nobble,
Who mixes *Bright* plumage with quakerly brown;
Sing "Reduction of armaments," and with a gobble,
Some noisy *White-throat* on your chaff may light down.

Chant "*Salvem fac Papam!*" in good Roman metre,
The Irish black-birds of ill-omen to charm,
Stormy petrels that scream round the bark of St. Peter,
Portentous of tempest and ship-wreck and harm;
Sing "Up with KING BOMBA!" and "Down with KING VICTOR!"
That the Normanby daw may be drawn to your lure,
As the fascinate prey of the boa-constrictor,
When first duly slavered, is gulped slow and sure.

Set your twigs, limed with rhetoric's glue, close together,
'Neath your fair flowers of speech hide your sophistry's snares,
Spread widely your clap-traps, for birds of all feather,
From the drab to the red that the cardinal wears;
But remember the while, PAPAGENO THE SECOND,
That only young birds can be gammoned by chaff;
That decoy-songs, though genuine music they're reckoned
By noddies and boobies, make wiser fowls laugh.

A Billingsgate Platitude.

WE are told that "Use is Second Nature." This may be the case with many, but we think with a rare number of people, inasmuch as our enemies generally exceed our friends, it should be:—"Abuse is Second Nature."

THE MAY MEETING AT ROME.

ONE of REUTER's Telegrams, the other day, conveyed the following momentous information:—

"At the present moment there are 83 Bishops and 37 Cardinals in Rome.
"The expense of the canonisation of the Japanese martyrs will amount to 400,000.
"Rome is full of priests and soldiers."

It would be happy for Rome to be full of both priests and soldiers, if the priests were there to keep the soldiers in order by moral suasion, and the soldiers were not there to keep the priests in the place by physical force. It is too probable that if Rome, at present full of priests and soldiers together, were to be evacuated by the soldiers, it would very soon be also empty of priests.

The number of Bishops and Cardinals now present in the Eternal City, which the POPE is so desirous of retaining as a Temporal City, would seem to indicate that the canonisation of martyrs cannot be effected without the great guns of the Church; and 120 of them constitute, one would think, a sufficient battery. Is it the ammunition necessary for this ecclesiastical artillery which renders the process of canonisation so expensive that it will cost 400,000*l.* or £16,666 13*s.* 4*d.*? At this rate a canonisation is as dear as a cannonade ought to be, even though the ordnance should consist of the biggest Armstrong guns; for these, although they burn fifty pounds of powder at a shot, make short work of the enemy, and no enemy is likely to be encountered in the canonisation at Rome, unless it is the Devil's Advocate, who necessarily offers a certain opposition, always futile, to that ceremony.

The high figure at which the solemnity now going on, if it is not over, at the see of PETER, has been estimated, suggests the question: How much money it took to canonise St. PETER himself?

IN consequence of BEN DISRAELI having latterly come to such awful grief, LORD DEBBY has applied to have his name altered to BEN-ONI, the son of my sorrow."



BEN THE BIRD-CATCHER. (OUT OF LUCK.)

"IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T GET HOLD O' 'EM NOHOW."



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OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



HAVE just come from the International Exhibition. "*Veni, vidi, vici*" I was going to say, but the fact is that the only victory which I achieved was over my own charioteer. (4001) who wanted me to "do the 'ansome' thing," as he called it, by doubling his fare to the Cromwell Road, but I declined. Instead of "doing the 'ansome' thing," I flatter myself I did the "ansome cabbie" by resisting the imposition, and after buying a few catalogues—green—red—yellow—I really didn't know which colour to choose, but to do them justice, they all proved

equally useless)—at the door, I entered the building. Of course you don't want a description of that. Everyone knows it by heart, and has wandered, in imagination at least, over those *ferro-vitreous* covered acres. We are certainly a wonderful people, and work, as perhaps our foreign friends will think, in a paradoxical sort of way. It was a gardener who planned our Crystal Palace for '51, and eleven years later we are indebted for the design of another Exhibition to a soldier. A barrister superintends the casting of our great bells, and we have an architect who is an authority on fortification. Well, perhaps when our coasts are invaded, a bishop may be Secretary at War, and a physician presiding at the Admiralty.

I was surprised on the first "five shilling-day" to find so few visitors in the place. Whether our country cousins have not all come up to Town—I beg to inform my bucolic and bachelor acquaintance that I have no more room in my chambers—or whether they prefer waiting until the Exhibition is completed, the hammering over, and the packing cases cleared out, I cannot say, but certain it is that for the first few hours on Monday the 5th instant, the congregation in the "Fowkes-pallis" was a thin one. The first "distinguished strangers" whom I noticed were some dusky gentlemen in great coats, tight groom-like trousers, yellow turbans, red waistcoats, gold collars, ditto earrings—say eighteen inches in circumference—and no stockings. Who they were, I cannot say for certain. Policeman double X to whom I referred on this matter, pointing to one of the party in a broad-clothed satin petticoat, remarked confidentially to me that he had heard as how he was the Grand Duke of Indy. I wander down the Great Nave, which looked like a Brobdingnagian kaleidoscope out of order, and arriving at the west end, find a number of people lounging about on the canopied *dais* under the dome. There is a stout British "female" who has already assumed the post of honour, and is perhaps speculating as she looks about her, very hot and tired, how she, if Fate had willed, could play at Royalty. There are hundreds of her sex crowding round the stalls of MESSRS. EMANUEL, of HUNT and ROSKELL, &c., &c. Next to wearing jewellery I think women enjoy looking at it best. What loves of rubies, what darling emeralds, rings, bracelets, brooches, are here displayed! Ah, be thankful, husbands all, I thought, that sales are prohibited in the Exhibition.

Of "trophies" there is no end. There is the military trophy bristling with rifles, bayonets, and side-arms; the grocers' trophy piled up with cans of biscuits, jars of pickles, sauces, potted beef and fresh ditto, preserved in a most miraculous way under a glass case, chocolate powder, patent corn flower, wax fruit, dried flowers, kippered salmon, what not—looking like the contents of FORTNUM and MASON's shop arranged in the form of a pyramid. As for the Toy Trophy, if I am to be victimised as a cicerone to my young relatives, I shall take very good care to reserve this spectacle for the close of the day, or who knows how long I may be detained to inspect and pass judgment on rocking-horses, model farms, penny theatres, Noah's arks, bats, balls and battledores, dolls that wink or squeak under certain mechanical influence, known only to the proprietors, but supposed to assimilate wonderfully to nature for four-and-six. This collection of Young England's resources is dedicated to "the Youth of all Nations," who will doubtless appreciate the compliment.—"*Vive la Jeunesse!*" I say, and wish my pop-gun days were coming over again.

In the military engineering department, there are some pop-guns of a larger growth called Armstrong, a name which you may have heard before, and which I dare say our friends across the water have learned to respect. Here we learn the difference between rifled and smooth "bores," and see samples of gun-metal, mortars, field-pieces, garrison-carriages, ammunition carts, and all the paraphernalia of war. Grimly presiding over this section stands night and day bestrapped and knap-sacked, Private Dummy of the British Grenadiers, native of cork, whom I saw before the Exhibition opened lying enveloped in a canvass bag (he had probably

got the sack from his regiment) awaiting orders. Now he is as smart a representative of her Majesty's army as vermilion and horse-hair can make him, and I dare say does his duty as well as some, apparently, more efficient soldiers.

Then there is the model of an iron-cased steam-ram ship, which, to use the expression of the penny steam-boat's call-boy, can "ease," "back" and "turn astern" before you can say "Jack Robinson," and knocks everything to blazes wherever it goes. In case of being boarded she will be able to offer her visitors a bed also (of an aqueous description), being fitted with a machine which sweeps her enemies into the water without even asking them their business.

I don't know how long I might have stayed inspecting Class 12, but chancing to peep down a pretty little piece of artillery and hearing WAGSBY who had just come in say something about the "bubble reputation," which is a joke already well stricken in years, I fled from the spot in dismay, and presently found myself in a wilderness of shavings, straw, and packing cases, where I was not a little amused by reading some of the addresses on the foreign goods. Fancy a British porter having to decipher the following inscription, for instance:—

KARETA
Z FABRYKI POWOZOW
JOZEFA RENTEL
W. WARSZAWIE

Na wys*awo powozow chnia Londynio

Of course "glass with care," and "this side upwards," were common directions, but I think the gentleman who requested "this side *not* to be kept downwards" deserves some credit for the originality of his paraphrase.

All this time I had been madly turning over the leaves of the catalogue in hopes of finding what I wanted to look at. This experiment proving fruitless, I made up my mind to wander about and see everything in turn as best I could. What did I see? What didn't I see in the course of my peregrinations? Revolving lanterns, naval beacons, huge telescopes pointing right up to the roof, and half finished fountains, which by-and-by are to throw their waters high above an admiring crowd. Spanish saddles from Valencia, stamped and stitched to that extent, that it would seem a sin to sit on them. Gorgeous furniture from Turin and wood-carving from Louvain, MINTON'S Majolica, French bronzes, Roman mosaics, Indian shawls, native dresses from New Brunswick, and native herrings from Nova Scotia—how can I attempt to describe them now? To say the truth, at my first visit I could but take a general survey, and even then several bottles of Bass and ALLSOPP failed to sustain exhausted nature, and I came away very tired.

* The intermediate letter was obscured by a wooden block. This fact, however, did not much affect my translation.

PROCEEDINGS AGAINST LORD ELCHO.

We understand that in consequence of what passed in the Houses of Lords and Commons, in reference to the challenge conveyed to the LORD CHANCELLOR by LORD ELCHO, the following Case has been submitted to the Law Officers of the Crown by MR. DENISON, the Speaker.

CASE.

"I never told LORD ELCHO to go and challenge LORD WESTBURY in the way described in the CHANCELLOR'S speech.

"Your opinion is therefore requested,

"Whether I cannot go at Elcho in some way."

ANSWER.

"We think you can. By 2 Rich. II. 1378, provision is made for punishing those who shall 'do wrong to high personages of the land, such as judges, peers, ministers of the Crown, and other functionaries, by the circulation of scandalous statements, false news, or *Horrible Messages*, by which any debate or discord between them and the Commons might arise.' It is SCANDALUM MAGNATUM. Now, if LORD ELCHO walked straight to the CHANCELLOR, he did not circulate his horrible message, but if it can be shown that he went round with it, we think the above words of the statute will enable you to serve him out. And we would if we were you.

"WILLIAM ATHERTON,
ROUNDELL PALMER."



CAUTION.—(To the two young ladies in pink bonnets who expressed such enthusiasm about Mr. B. STURBS's pictures, and would so like to see that "dear Mr. STURBS.") The tall young man who on overhearing the above praise, wetted his pocket-handkerchief, and removed an imaginary speck of dust from Mr. S.'s picture, thereby trying to convey the impression that he was the fortunate man who had painted it, is some impudent impostor, and never touched a canvas before in his life. Mr. B. STURBS is a good-looking short man, with wideawake, auburn beard and spectacles.

REFORM AND THE READERS.

We must, in this Whale and transitory Spear, take what we can get, and get rid of what we can get to go. For the moment, Mr. PANIZZI has been unable to get rid of the Beasts, but he gives notice to eject the Boys from the British Museum. A proclamation has gone forth, announcing to the juveniles that as soon as their tickets are out, they must ask their parents to purchase for them the grammars and dictionaries which are at present provided at the expense of the public—and of students—and that they must go up-stairs into their bed-rooms to learn their lessons for the morning, instead of lounging on the Museum chairs for which a DARWIN, a BUCKLE, a FARADAY, a MAURICE, or a PUNCH may be waiting.

All very well, and the sending the young folks away will no doubt be found conducive to the quietness of the "balance" of readers, as the Americans say. But Mr. PANIZZI should carry his reform much further, and clear away a whole heap of people who come choking up the room, and who have no more business in a Library like that than they have in the hall of St. Paul's, nor so much indeed, as they might have in that airy place of recreation for idle folks. By way of supplying Mr. PANIZZI with some statistics that will justify his adopting ulterior measures, Mr. PUNCH took the trouble a few days ago, to walk round the Room, and behind all the readers, and with the most perfect nonchalance and entire indifference to their astonishment and indignation, to take up a good many of the books, and see what was being read. He made some notes, and here they are. Omitting Fractions, that is the Boys, this was the account he made out, and all the readers were grown up, well-to-do people, who were simply amusing themselves, and were perfectly capable of obtaining their amusement at Mr. MUDIE's, or Mr. WESTERTON's (we congratulate him on his marriage by the HON. and REV. MR. LIDDELL, and hope we shall have no more Tractarian or Sectarian nonsense) or the New Library Company. The Tables, as everybody

knows, are lettered and numbered, like a Policeman. And now please to observe what the Parties were reading.

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| <p>A.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. DRYDEN's <i>Virgil</i>. 3. SWIFT's <i>Works</i>, GULLIVER's <i>Travels</i>. 7. <i>Don Juan</i>, by LORD BYRON. <p>B.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2. <i>Things not Generally Known</i>, by TIMES. 3. <i>John Bull</i>, THEODORE HOOK's squibs. 4. TUPPER's <i>Proverbial Philosophy</i>. (Apparently asleep.) 5. <i>The Post Office Directory</i>, and the <i>Court Guide</i>. 6. MRS. SHERWOOD's <i>Stories on the Church Catechism</i>. 7. RABELAIS, MR. BOHN's cheap edition. <p>C.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. QUARLES' <i>Emblems</i>. 4. RUSKIN's <i>Stones of Venice</i>. 6. A Volume of old farces. 8. MACAULAY's <i>England</i>, Vol. II. <p>D.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2. <i>The Beauties of Shakespeare</i>. 3. POTTER's <i>Grecian Antiquities</i>. 5. <i>The Mirror</i>, 1849, 50, 51. 9. Was copying Music into a Lady's Album. | <p>E.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. <i>Adventures of a Griffin</i>, Plates. 6. MAUNDER's <i>Biographical Treasury</i>. 8. SHELLEY's <i>Poems</i>. 10. LIVINGSTONE's <i>Africa</i>. <p>F.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2. <i>Guide to Hastings</i>, St. Leonards, &c. 3. BURTON's <i>Anatomy</i>, and the <i>Dictionary of Quotations</i>. 4. <i>Anastasius</i>, by HOPE. (Standard Novelists.) 7. CAPTAIN DOD's <i>Peerage</i>. A Newspaper, clandestine. 9. MR. BOHN's translation of <i>Horace</i>. Also a French one. <p>G.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. SHAKESPEARE. 5. JOHNSON's <i>Lives of the Highwaysmen</i>. 7. <i>Metropolitan and New Monthly Magazines</i>. 9. <i>Colonel Jack</i>, by DEFOE. 10. DONNEGAN's <i>Greek Lexicon</i>. <p>H.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The Modern Drama. <i>Pizarro</i>, the <i>Stranger</i>, &c. |
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THE COUSINS ARE COMING.

(A Song of the Season.)

THE Cousins are coming, I fear, I fear,
For Cousins 'twill be a most terrible year!
By ones and by twos they'll drop in, and half-dozens,
They've so many inducements—those dear country cousins!
Are so anxious to see one—been planning so long,
To pop in on one quite what they call "*sans façon*?"
Then the Great International, of course, we must visit,
And it's hardly worth coming for that only, is it?
But then, you're aware, there's the Royal Academy,
And not to see *that* would be really too bad of me;
And then the two Operas, both going together;
And the Crystal Palace—the place in fine weather—
With the Flower-shows and Saturday Concerts, and all,
Winding up with the Great HANDEL Festival!
And then there's the week's Rifle-shooting at Wimbledon,
But that, in a day, one can get (if one's nimble) done,
Wound up with the Grand Volunteer Review—
For which *your* open carriage and pair will just do.
Yes, we've so much to see, you've so little to do,
Now the Session-work's over, the season well through,
That we hope to be with you, next Wednesday, D.V.
To spend a week with you, or, p'raps, two or three—
Oh, the Cousins are coming, in files and in sections!
For folks with town-houses and country connections,
The look-out for the year wakens serious reflections!

TELEGRAMMATIC TWADDLE.

THE *France Centrale* announces that the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, who is about to leave that city for Rome, has declared that if the Holy Father should leave his capital, he would follow him wherever he went. This announcement, if authentic, may create a crisis, and precipitate the solution of the Roman question. In case the EMPEROR NAPOLEON believes that the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS is likely, in the supposed eventuality, to be as good as his word, it is highly probable that the evacuation of Rome by the French troops will speedily become an accomplished fact. As yet, however, confirmation is needed for the rumour that accommodation for two distinguished foreign ecclesiastics has been bespoken in Leicester Square.

2. MACAULAY'S *England*. Vol. III.3. *Divorce Trials*, with Plates.

4. SHAKSPEARE.

7. *Life of William Wilberforce*, by his Sons.

I.

2. BUCKLE'S *History of Civilization*, Vol. I.4. *The Slang Dictionary*, by JON BEE.6. HONE'S *Every Day Book and Table Book*.7. *Hudibras*, by BUTLER.8. *Anstey Park, a Tale*. N.N.

J.

1. CRUDEN'S *Concordance*.8. *La Belle Assemblée*.

Mr. Punch went on, but will not add to the above list, for the accuracy of which it is unnecessary for him to say that he is prepared to vouch. He merely adds that the forty odd readers, into the secret of whose recondite studies he has admitted the reader of *Punch*, (a study nobler

than all) may be taken as types of the intelligent populace for whose benefit that splendid Room was built, and for whose sake the world is ransacked year by year to bring literary treasures together. Mr. Punch therefore respectfully recommends that such readers as the above be "invited" as our friend L. NAPOLEON says, to read at home, and that such invitation be rendered a little more pressing by a general intimation that all tickets expire on the First of January, 1863, and that none will be renewed except upon better grounds than any readers like the above are likely to assign.

With tears of delight in his eyes, Mr. Punch must add, that on the above afternoon he found eleven readers perusing Him. He loves them, but reform must be carried out, and they can read *Punch* elsewhere. If they will send him their addresses, they (and especially the young and darling angel with the golden hair, who sat at E. 5) shall come and read in his own office, until further notice.

POETRY BY A MUSICIAN.



OME musicians are supposed to hold Poetry in considerable contempt, and when they want "words" to set, they are thought to desire that such words should be of the kind least calculated to distract the attention of the hearer from the music. Great compassion has been expressed, in musical circles, for DR. STERNDALE BENNETT, on account of his having been obliged to compose music to suit the "far-fetched" ideas of the Poet Laureate, and though DR. BENNETT repudiates such compassion, and considers that music and poetry may give and receive honour by alliance, he is regarded as an exceptional composer, and is one. Most music-makers like the sort of words which they would themselves write. And it is unjust to say that they would always write rubbish. Mr. Punch has received a poem, in which a gentleman who plays on an organ in the country, and advertises that he shall be happy

to teach other persons to play on an organ (the locality is not Hogs Norton) expounds, in poetry, his views of music. And as this gentleman comes out in a way worthy of his vocation, Mr. Punch is tempted to reproduce the lines, only suppressing the writer's name for fear of exciting the jealousy of his brother professionals.

"Music is both a science and an art
That refines the mind and that cheers the heart,
And keeps fearless youth from many a snare,
And relieves old age of many a care.

"How wonderful! how potent! O, how rare
An art to diminish old age of care,
And a science, to guard the young so fair!
Then nor wealth nor honour with it compare.

"Earth's Goddess, thou dost with thy charming dart
Tempt me, for (O, thou most delightful art)
Mine ear is pleas'd, my soul rais'd, and my heart
Is moved by thee, O, thou divinest art."

Now, this subtle employment of poesy in honour of music is so artistic that henceforth we hope there will be less readiness to believe that the musician does not appreciate the poet, and Mr. Punch is much obliged to the correspondent who has supplied him with the newspaper whence is extracted this refutation of a vulgar belief.

The Titan of Westminster Improvement.

It is said that Mr. TITE "already fills sixteen appointments." He must indeed be a great man if he really does fill all the places he holds, so as, in each of them, to constitute a TITE fit.

A FRENCH CRITIC UPON CRICKET.

EVERY reader of our newspapers, our pamphlets and our magazines, of course is well acquainted with "the intelligent foreigner." This exemplary person is introduced to public notice on all possible occasions, and is spoken of as one who knows our insular peculiarities, and has a thorough insight into all our ways. According to what we hear of him, the "intelligent foreigner" knows a good deal more about us than we do ourselves, and is far more fit to venture an opinion on any point connected with our government or habits than any one who chances to be British bred and born.

It is however a sad fact that the "intelligent foreigner" very rarely condescends to put his thoughts in foreign print, and that the foreigners who publish their opinions about England are the last people in the world to whom the epithet "intelligent" could be with truth applied. That we English keep fierce bull-dogs, live on raw rump-steaks, and sell our wives in Smithfield: world-known facts like these our foreign friends are never tired of recording. But it is seldom they report some other of our customs, which are not less to our credit or less worthy to be known. An exception to the rule we have however noticed in a writer for the *Temps*—(M. SCHERER by name)—who, after dilating on the magnitude of London and the valour of our volunteers, admirably reports that:—

"Every Englishman who respects himself begins his day by plunging into the Eurotas, we mean the cold bath, which fortifies the soul as well as the constitution."

It is not surprising that a Frenchman should be struck by our habits of lavation, which to the foreign mind must surely seem a proof of no ordinary fortitude. But hear what M. SCHERER says of hunting, cricket, and other English field sports:—

"An Englishman would feel that he was wanting to himself if he did not give two or three hours to a walk, or a ride across country. If his means and his occupation permit him ever so little, he will mount on horseback, hunt, or handle the oar. He has learnt from an early age how to fight; not as we do, with shut eyes, and flinging by chance his arms round his body, but in a rational manner, using his fists at once to parry and to attack. He knows that science and knowledge make up for inequality in bodily strength. He is aware that in a contest with a cabman or a shoeblack he will have the upper hand, because he has more skill; and he thus exhibits the pacific assurance of a man who trusts only to himself. We have often thought that the noblest present our own France could receive, the most efficacious means to regenerate and strengthen our youth, would be the introduction among us of some national sports like that of the English cricket. It is an exercise that excites emulation, requires force and address, calls into play every physical aptitude, invites to wholesome fatigue and to the open air, and prepares vigorous bodies for vigorous souls. 'Without frankness,' said WALTER SCOTT, 'there is no virtue; and without courage there is no frankness.' He might have added, 'and without force there is no courage.' We affirm it in the most positive manner, the Englishman is a magnificent specimen of human kind, and it is cricket which has made the Englishman what he is."

Bravo, M. SCHERER! Well said, good Monsieur! That we Englishmen are magnificent specimens of humanity our modesty of course will scarce allow us to agree; but that it is cricket and similar field exercises which have made us what we are, we know no reason to dispute. Strong and healthy minds in strong and healthy bodies, such it is the aim of wholesome field sports to ensure, and Englishmen of course must feel great reverence for cricket. We suppose the French will take to playing cricket, and that international matches will annually come off, wherein for the first year or two eleven Englishmen will play some half a hundred foreigners. We shall be curious to see how our slang words are translated, and what the French equivalent will be for a "wide ball," or "Now then, butter-fingers!"



WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF POLITE YOUNG SWELLS.

Before you offer your Railway Wrapper to Young Ladies, be sure to see your fellow has not rolled up in it your toilet necessities, and sundry articles intended for the Washwoman, which he could not find room for elsewhere.

THE TOD-HUNTER.

O, a gentleman found in the very right box
Is that excellent Magistrate called MR. KNOX.
And rightly he sent for a sojourn in quod
The horse-flogging coachman of testy Miss TODD,
Notwithstanding his Missus, with petulant tongue,
Said her horse wanted whipping because he was young.
We're glad cruel GREASY is sentenced to go,
Where, if restive, he'll, too, have some weals that *will* show,
And we're glad that LORD ESSEX was staunch in pursuit
Of the insolent cove who behaved like a brute,
And we're glad that Miss TODD from the Magistrate drew
A lecture that changed her black looks into blue,
And we're glad, very glad, much disliking the rod,
That we're not a young horse which belongs to Miss TODD,
And we're glad that she's, morally, set in the stocks,
By the excellent Beak who is called MR. KNOX.

GOVERNMENT IN LODGINGS.

WHAT blunderers we English are about our public buildings! We carry comfort to perfection in our private houses, but in all our public edifices this is disregarded, and their costliness is hardly greater than their inconvenience. After voting away millions to build themselves a house, our Commons are provided with one too small to hold them, and even this, although bran new, is showing symptoms of decay, and in a year or two will probably be falling about their ears. Then, not to speak about that pepper-box affair which we degrade ourselves by calling our "National" Gallery, and not to say a word about our Brompton Boilers, or their elegant twin-brother, the new structure at South Kensington, just look at the miserable makeshifts we make use of, and the sums we yearly waste in renting wretched holes, which we dignify by grandly calling Public Offices, and wherein we transact the business of the nation. Why, it came out the other evening in committee of supply that we are annually paying £27,000 for the lodgings which we hire for Government to work in; and as these lie scattered all about the town, it may be fancied what a waste of labour they occasion. In the debate that we refer to—

"SIR S. M. PETO called attention to the large amount which the Government

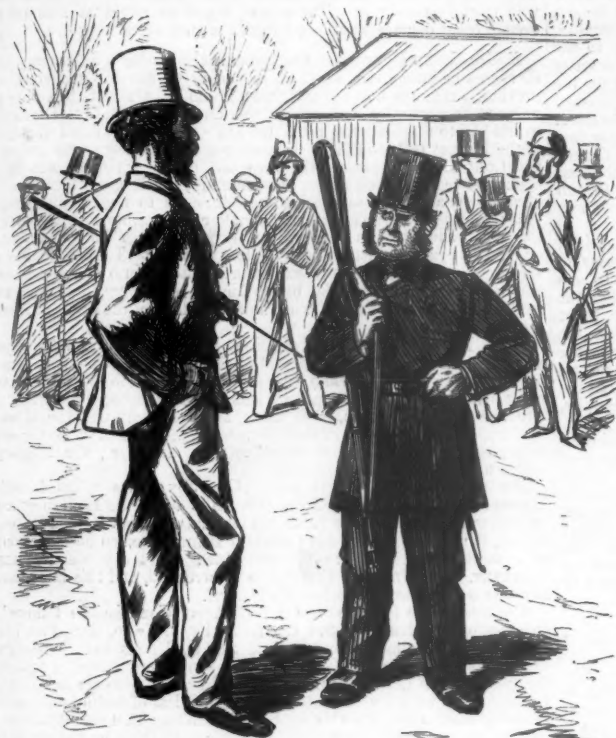
were continuing to pay for rent of offices in various parts of the town. He thought a considerable saving might be effected by concentrating the establishments, and he would ask whether the Chief Commissioner for Works considered he was acting wisely in continuing a rental of £27,000, instead of having a building in which those offices could be concentrated?"

Having put this sensible question no fewer than three times, SIR SAMUEL was favoured with half-a-dozen highly gracious words from MR. COWPER, admitting that the subject was "one worthy of consideration," and that, if by happy accident a site could be obtained, it might possibly be proper for—aw—Government to—aw—think a little more about the matter, and—aw—hear what honourable Members might—aw—have to say about it. In other words, the question is shelved until next year, when the Government again will have to ask the country for the money for their rent. The Government, it is clear, are like those lazy sluggish fellows who continue to put up with lodgings that don't suit them, rather than bear the trouble of having to turn out. It is, however, to be hoped that for the credit of the country, Government ere long will be obliged to build themselves a decent block of offices, and to move their clerks out of the cellars and back attics in which they are at present condemned to do their work. If it were known what pangs are suffered by the elegant young swells who condescend to read the newspaper at the national expense, if it were known what tortuous stairs now torture their slim legs, and through what dark and dingy labyrinths they have to pick their daily way, ere they can reach the dismal chamber where they pare their filbert nails and nurture their moustache: if these sufferings were known, the just wrath of the nation would surely be aroused, and its clerks would be provided with more suitable apartments than those where they have too long had the misery to lodge.

Lord John's Impromptu.

Sent to UNCLE SAM in reply to the demand for the Emily St. Pierre.

My first word's my last,
You'd MISS EMILY fast,
And you might have looked after her better;
But now she's eloped,
Or as you would say, "sloped,"
Pray, SAM, don't you wish you may get her?



PRIVATE and Landlord, to his SERGEANT and Tenant, (aside). "Look here, Mr. Slanham, if you come down upon me so sharp at drill, I'll, — blowed if I don't raise your Rent!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 26. *Monday.* The Lords read the Budget Bill a Second time. But this was only the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below, LORD DERBY having, in some extraordinary way, become so horrified and astonished at the condition of our Finances, that he felt it a duty to MR. DISRAELI and others to expound his Lordship's views and terrors. That exposition was fixed for the following Friday. It is extremely gratifying that a British nobleman should display so much conscientiousness, and it speaks well for his single-minded nature that he would not be deterred from doing his duty, by the consideration that the Ministry is thought to be just now assailable elsewhere. He is quite right, not to let chivalry over-ride conscience. We are sure that MR. DISRAELI and others will agree with us.

Great numbers of petitions are presented to both Houses in favour of a law which shall enable the majority in a parish to decide whether and what the minority shall Drink. That is to say, such part of the minority as do not keep well-stocked cellars. The sale of intoxicating drinks, at public houses, is what the virtuous petitioners desire to prevent. The MARQUIS OF PUNCH sees no objection to such a law. His butlers have every kind of wine, from Tokay to Beaujolais, in his vast vaults, and he cannot understand why the lower orders want to go to public-houses. They had much better drink water. However, if they hold a different opinion, they may as well look after these petitioners, who are in earnest, and whose allies have been by no means powerless in Scotland. By the way, most of such petitioners are Dissenters, and are therefore consistent in carrying their Church Rate views into the Tavern. Why not have an Act of Uniformity and Abstinence in one — it would save printing?

Good, kindly ROBERT SLANEY has departed. He might have lived for some years yet, to attempt many humane things, but for an accident arising from the negligence of some one who ought to have floored a portion of the International Building, and did not. A seat for Shrewsbury is vacant, and the electors may find a showier representative, but will not choose a more gentle-hearted gentleman. Let it be remembered, too, in these days when ignorant savages are slaying our Small Birds,

OUR NOBLE SELVES!

ALL the world we invite to behold a grand sight
Of not only goods, chattels, and treasures,
But of law that's obeyed because mended or made
By men who bring forward good measures.
Let them come then, and see what a people are we,
Steady-going, not headlong and skittish.
What a world this of ours would be, O foreign Powers,
If all nations behaved like the British!

See what liberal fellows we are, nowise jealous
Of our neighbours in business advancing;
We deem it a blessing when they are progressing!
Contented, and merrily dancing.
If our customers flourish our commerce they nourish,
Which is good for a nation of traders,
Who keep up the forces that tax their resources,
But to guard the old shop from invaders.

This is Liberty Hall; no restriction at all
On the freedom of speaking and writing;
The result is that, say any fool what he may,
Foolish language occasions no fighting.
'Tis the easiest job to disperse any mob;
Without being so much as pumped on
By a fire-engine hose, off the multitude goes,
Mind, Order reigns bloodless at Brompton.

Read, French friend, or German, a practical sermon,
Which your welfare will tend to increase, man,
Our Constables here behold how we revere;
The respect that we pay a Policeman.
We esteem the police for preserving the peace,
And for fence against plundering varlet;
And in just the same view as our heroes in blue,
We value our heroes in scarlet.

We hang, fight, and kill in despite of our will,
On compulsion by quite the same reasons;
War on us from without comes like deluge, or drought,
Or the blight and the plague of bad seasons.
Come, learn how to live, and the wrongs we'll forgive
That have loaded this peaceable nation
With a mountain of debt: do be quiet and let
Us, and you, all reduce our taxation.

that a quarter of a century back, MR. SLANEY condemned such barbarous folly. The new writ was moved to-night.

The LORD ADVOCATE withdrew the Scottish Education Bill. Somebody once asked an old woman, who had been expressing fervent admiration of a sermon by DR. CHALMERS, whether she understood him. "Wad I hae had the presumption?" was the humble-minded old person's remonstrant reply. All MR. PUNCH's virtues are resplendent, but if one is more blazing than another it is his humility, and he is inclined to put himself in the place of the old Scottish lady in reference to the LORD ADVOCATE's conduct. The only light he has been able to obtain is from a clever article in the *North British Daily Mail*, which saith:—

"The Lord Advocate must doubtless have sounded the depths. It may have been that he had a dread of the Upper House. The aristocratic tendencies of that punctilious body might have led them to view with distrust a measure interfering, to any extent, with the influence of the landocracy of Scotland, while their latent feeling for the Kirk might have been fanned into a flame by the apparent endeavour to sap the foundations of the present Presbyterian supervision."

You may make what you like out of that, but it leaves with MR. PUNCH the idea (he having given and intending to give not the slightest attention to the subject) that the Bill must have had some good in it. Anyhow—*fruit!*

Highways on land and on sea occupied the Commons for the rest of the evening—to their credit be it said, they worked in Committee till nearly two o'clock, thus labouring to deserve the Derby holiday.

Tuesday. The Church had an innings. LORD EMBURY proposes to do away with that provision in the Act of Uniformity (we do not mean that one which Little Bethel is trying to get, but that by which CHARLES THE SECOND thinned the Church), which requires that a clergyman, on being put into a benefice, shall signify that he approves of the contents of the Prayer Book. As usual with weak men, he exaggerated his case largely, and laid himself open to the remonstrance of the BISHOP OF LONDON, and to the fiery castigation of the BISHOP OF OXFORD, who really went at him like a good one. If anybody is scandalised at this familiar way of talking about a Bishop, which would of course be highly objectionable among ordinary circumstances (no, MR. COX, not "under" ordinary circumstances, for circumstances are things

around you, and how can you be under them?), let those persons know that the Bishop himself selected curious illustrations, said that he did not find university men "tail off," on account of the Act of Uniformity, and likened LORD ENURY's imaginary array of excluded clergy to the supernumeraries who represent an army on the stage of a country theatre. LORD RUSSELL came to LORD ENURY's help against the hierarchs, and so did LORD SHAFTESBURY, who, as Bishop-maker, seemed to think that his Bishops had no right to show fight without his leave. But the Bill was got rid of, and it appears to be the understanding amongst the heads of the Church that you are to give your assent to the Prayer Book not as you would sign an affidavit you are going to swear to, but in a general way, and like a man of the world. BISHOP PUNCH may have his own ideas on that subject, but he reserves them for his next Charge.

SIR HUGH CAIRNS, who was LORD DERBY's eloquent Solicitor, moved an address for a Commission to inquire into the working of the Patent Laws. There are about 14,000 patents, and great numbers of them are said to have been obtained by way of traps to catch the unwary, or to extinguish rivals, and great numbers more are said to be worthless, trivial, and in the way. LORD STANLEY seconded the motion, and SIR WILLIAM AHERTON thought a case had been made out for inquiry. Mr. PUNCH will be happy to attend before the Commissioners and explain his Patent for delighting and instructing the world, a patent which no pirate has ever been able to violate successfully, though the attempt has been made a good many times.

Then MR. BERKELEY played a trick with his celebrated conjuring box, and cleverly sold the House. He was going to make one of his usual speeches upon the Ballot, when he happened to look at his audience. The mass of the Members had gone away, and he was clearly in a majority. He shut his mouth, snatched a division, and actually got leave, by 83 to 59 to bring in his Bill, another Bill for taking votes by Ballot at municipal elections also being carried. The trick was very neatly performed, and drew good-humoured applause from LORD PALMERSTON. BERKELEY's wisest course would now be not to proceed with the Bill, but to trumpet his victory until next session. Smart, and American, but in keeping.

MR. WHALLEY is growing a nuisance with his Anti-Catholic speeches. Dear old MR. SPOONER was all very well—he gave us one good Maynooth day, and there was an end till next year. But WHALLEY buzzes about Maynooth like an enraged blue-fly, and is always bobbing in the faces of the Catholics. This is wrong, and moreover it is bad taste. MR. BRIGGS gave him a good flip to-night, but if he does not stop, we shall have to spin him, and if that won't do, to scrunch him. We have a good many objections to a good many things which the Catholics say and do, but we don't nag like an ill-conditioned woman. MR. WHALLEY will be good enough to accept this intimation.

The House sat a short time on the Bill about Educating Pauper Children, and then addressed itself to Scotch Salmon. O my brethren, what a good thing is a Scotch salmon! O the firmness, and O my beloved brethren, that curdiness! Bless the House of Commons if, contrary to human expectation, it is doing any good in the matter of that fish.

Wednesday. Fish again, but this time it was Irish fish. LORD FERMOY emitted the excellent dictum, that the best thing you can teach an Irishman is that Heaven helps those who help themselves. We always help ourselves to fish when we can. A Bill intended to improve the Irish piscatory interest was read a Second Time.

COLONEL WHITE won at Kidderminster. MR. HUDDLESTON withdrew, having discovered that the Government candidate *was* to win; but another Conservative gentleman, MR. TALBOT, thought that the trade of Kidderminster—not the carpet trade—ought to be encouraged, so he good-naturedly fought the battle, and was defeated, of course, but by a very small majority, for the electors like in their turn to encourage candidates with money. One of these days Kidderminster will be hung up in *terrorem*, as Gloucester was, and indeed so MR. TALBOT must have thought, if he dropped the following exquisite epigram on the Hastings:—

"THE KIDDERMINSTER KITE
"Destined are Kidderminster's carpets
To be nailed down upon the floor;
Destined is Kidderminster's borough
To be nailed up against the door."

Thursday. "O most accomplished CHRISTOPHER," what is Herat to you? Are you satisfied now? LORD PALMERSTON tells you that there is nothing the matter out there, though certainly the ruler of Herat had been to Foolah. Suppose you went there also, do you think you should find yourself at home? Seriously, DABBY, do attend to Devices, and let Persia alone. Do you apprehend us, GRIFFITH?

LORD PALMERSTON "thought" it was not usual to sit on the Derby Wednesday. (*Laughter.*) It is very usual to sit on that day while one is at lunch, as LORD PALMERSTON shall see if he will come up to Mr. PUNCH's drag, opposite the Grand Stand, and try his Mosele.

There was a long discussion on the Irish Poor Relief Bill, in the course of which it was suggested that if a deserted and unknown child

were found, it should be brought up in the religion of the policeman who might discover it. The course might be about as rational as certain other courses which are adopted in such cases.

Friday. LORD DERBY is a sportsman, and probably a fisherman. At all events he knows that when we are going to fish for gudgeons, we previously rake the bottom, and throw ground bait about. There was going to be a great party-battle in the Commons, and MR. DISRAELI would like to catch all the votes he can. So on the Third Reading of the Budget Bill to-night a debate upon our Finances was got up, and LORD DERBY expressed the terror and horror which he was kind enough to feel about about our condition. He dwelt upon the necessity of economy, and went as near as was decorous to implying promises that if a Conservative Government should come in, there should be considerable reductions in the national expenditure. The ultra-liberal gudgeons began to cluster round the bait next day. The debate was a spirited one, MR. GLADSTONE was severely pitched into by his enemies, and not very warmly defended by his friends, and before these lines are read by creation generally, it will know something of the result of LORD DERBY's baiting.

LORD PALMERSTON, by way of foiling the plans of his amiable opponents, gave notice of an amendment to the motion which was to bring on the fray. MR. STANSFELD, the Radical member for Halifax, is to make a Retrenchment motion, and LORD PALMERSTON, the Conservative Member for Tiverton, is to move, as amendment, that the House is of opinion that the nation must be protected, but that it is pleased with past and hopeful of future reductions. In effect, the Ministry moves a vote of confidence in itself.

MR. ROWE had a grievance. One JONES has called himself HERBERT without buying a Royal Licence to do so—these licences are expensive luxuries. So the LORD CHAMBERLAIN won't let him be presented, the Horse-Guards won't call him HERBERT when he comes out as a militia man, and SIR GEORGE GREY won't call him JUSTICE HERBERT. TEA'EM says that JONES is wronged, and this important question is to be brought before Parliament.

A debate on the Purchase and Sale of Army Commissions followed, on a motion of gallant old SIR DE LACY EVANS, who, Mr. PUNCH is sorry to say, was almost inaudible, and SIR G. LEWIS had to re-state the case for the veteran. LORD STANLEY spoke very strongly against the system—will LORD STANLEY's father alter it, if he comes in? LORD PALMERSTON, who has taken to quote a good deal of Latin lately, said *In dubiis sistit*, which MR. COX applauded, thinking PAM meant that the purchase arrangements were a dubious system, and that he was opposed to them. But MR. COX's applause was premature, as his Lordship went the other way. So did the House, having been frightened by being told that it would take Seven Millions of money to re-arrange the Army, and the division gave 247 to 62 in favour of non-interference. But LORD STANLEY prophesied that "in a quarter of a century not a rag of the purchase system would remain in the British Army." On the last day of May 1887, we shall take the liberty of recalling the words to his Lordship's recollection, in the mean time we hope he will enjoy himself, and will begin at the Derby on Wednesday, when, if he does not mind meeting PAM, he also may come to our carriage and liquor.

An Irish question brought up MR. SCULLY, and of course "the Honourable Member had scarcely uttered a sentence when the House was Counted Out."

An Out-of-the-Way Journey.

WE read that the ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN is coming over to the Exhibition. It is very strange—we didn't know that Kensington was on the road to Mexico? Perhaps, however, his object is to buy his crown and sceptre and coronation jewels. We hope that MESSRS. HUNT AND ROSKILL, EMMANUEL, GARRARD AND Co., will pay this future Kingling every possible attention. They should advertise instantly for an authentic copy of the "crown of the Montezumas," so that they may be ready faithfully to copy it (if needed) as a pattern.

Extraordinary Gallantry of French Husbands.

A FRENCH manager has hit upon a beautiful expedient for filling his theatre; which was formerly not patronised at all. He has advertised that ladies shall be admitted at half price, the children at quarter price, and babies for nothing! The consequence is, that the wives force their husbands to take them. All the *cafés* and *estaminets* in the town are quite deserted.

A VERY EASY ONE TO GUESS.

WHY are the Germans like quinine and gentian?
Because they are Two-tonics.

INTERNATIONAL LIBERALITY.—We take it for granted that when the EMPEROR comes over to the Exhibition, the Commissioners will make him pay for his admission?

BEST JAPAN BLACKING!

(Being impressions de voyage from the journal of TAKÉ-NO-OUCHI-SKIMOD-ZUKÉ-NO-KAMI, Japanese Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary).



WE are now settled in our new abode, as guests of the British barbarians at the Yaman of Claridge, where the Barbarian Government pays our bills, and give us every facility for studying the institutions of this strange country. In obedience to instructions, we daily record our impressions of these Western barbarians of Great Britain, who differ in many respects from their near neighbours the French, but whom, on the whole, we prefer to their brethren across 'the channel' as the narrow sea which separates the two countries of England and France is called.

"The French appear to us less hopeful subjects for the influences of Eastern civilisation than the British, who are at once humbler in their natures and more imitative in their habits. The French seem to think Paris

the centre of the Universe, and are quite satisfied with their country and themselves. The English, on the contrary, appear to take pleasure in nothing so much as in grumbling at their climate, their institutions, their manners, their food and usages. Three-fourths of their journals, indeed, are filled with such complaints. Surely a people so quick-sighted to what is wrong, is worth teaching, and will repay such missionary efforts as we have opened the way for. The draughtsman to the Embassy, by my orders, makes drawings of all that happens to us worthy of record, whether for future reference at home or for confirmation of what would hardly be believed, on the strength of description alone, however positive and precise. Thus the extraordinary ugliness of these Western races would not, I am sure, be credited in Japan, though I and all the other members of the Mission were to exhaust our language—rich as it is in epithets of disgust and deformity—in describing the hideous faces, the absurd dresses, and the preposterous manners which we see on every side.

"The colour or complexion of the people, of all classes, from the great Tycoon PALMERSTON down to the lowest coolies who minister to our wants, is a hideous red and white, which our painter has carefully imitated in the portraits he has made wherever we go, in order to satisfy the Japanese Government and people that this colour is not only natural but universal. No such thing is here to be seen as the rich olive green, which is the complexion of manly beauty, as dead white, with a tinge of yellow, like the hue of the leeches as it approaches to maturity, is that of female loveliness. The teeth, even of the Tycoon, the Daimios and the rich, are invariably white. The nation is, of course, ignorant of the use of betel, and has no equivalent for that exquisite enricher of the breath, and invaluable preservative of the gums. At Greenwich, however, MATSUDAIRA IWAIKE insisted that he observed betel in common use among the aged criminals of the sea-service who are shut up in that place of punishment. I cannot verify this. But, if it be true, it is only of a piece with other contradictions of usage and good-sense prevalent here. To give criminals betel would not be more ridiculous than to cut off their hair, while those at liberty go about with their heads unshaved. Yet this is certainly the practice of these English barbarians.

"But the red and white cheeks, the white teeth, and long hair, covering the whole head, are not the only sources of that ugliness which impresses us so painfully. The dress of the males, which envelopes the whole person, is made tight to the figure, and always of thick winter cloth, though the heat on some days renders even our silk dresses oppressive. Their boots envelope the whole foot, and often part of the leg. The easy and graceful slipper is never worn abroad. Not even Daimios of the first rank carry swords, the military Daimios excepted; but even they, strange to say, are only allowed one weapon. On the unshaved head a black stiff hat is worn, resembling a section from the chimney of one of those steam-engines which the English use for so many purposes, and in the construction and employment of which alone they may be said to manifest an approach to intelligence.

"At the Opening of the Great International Exhibition (which is a Royal bazaar or place of sale for all sorts of merchandise, taken as plunder from all quarters of the earth, and which is kept by the agents of the Mikado Victoria), we had an excellent opportunity of seeing not only the Tycoon of this country, LORD PALMERSTON, and his Ministers, but the cousin of the Mikado, or spiritual sovereign, VICTORIA, (for they have copied our division of the duties from the honours of sovereignty) who is the head Daimio of the military order, and many other Daimios, civil, military and religious. Some wore dresses of red, some of blue, with gold lace, such as would only be tolerated on stage-players in Japan. But I must add, that they seemed, for the most part, conscious of their humiliating appearance. Some of the Daimios of the Law, (which, with the usual perversion of reason here prevalent, is honoured in this country,) carried on their heads strange fabrics of white hair, resembling the grass head-coverings worn by our peasants and coolies in the rainy season.

"The women are even uglier than the men; their complexions more white and red, their teeth whiter, their hair longer. Their dresses are also, if possible, more frightful. They are

cruelly treated. They are not allowed to chew betel, or to dye their teeth, or pluck out their eyebrows; their nails are cut close; their robes, which they are forced to wear, cover the whole person, and are distended to an enormous size by hoops of steel, in which these unhappy victims move about very much as malefactors do among us, under the punishment of the cage or perforated cask. We have been unable to ascertain whether the women are ever let out of their cages, but, from all the observation we have been able to make, we fear that they are condemned to this torture night and day. At least we have found them thus loaded at all the houses to which we are invited, and where the festivities continue long after midnight—for it is one of the many absurdities of this strange people to turn night into day, sitting down to their principal meal after sunset, and, later still assembling in great crowds in very small and heated rooms, where no amusement is provided, beyond talking and staring, though food and drink in abundance are always to be had in an adjacent apartment. Neither are pipes smoked, nor is betel offered, on arrival or departure, as demanded by good manners.

"Still, though thus repulsive in appearance, and ridiculous in dress and usages, the barbarians of Great Britain seem gentle, tractable, and willing to learn. From the curiosity with which they follow us about, it is evident that our personal charms, and the grace and convenience of our dress have produced the strongest impression. Pictures of the members of the Mission have already appeared in the newspapers and are exposed for sale in the shops, and we may, therefore, hope that though nature has stamped the race with the ineradicable seal of ugliness, they will not be long in adopting our graceful manner of dressing the body, and arranging the hair.

"Their machinery is certainly worthy of inspection. It is at present entirely employed in the construction of war-ships, cannon, and other implements of destruction. We have been often at Woolwich, and have informed ourselves as to the manufacture of Armstrong-guns, shells, rifles, and other weapons of war.

"The manufacture of cotton, to which the barbarians were formerly devoted, is suspended for the present, in order to allow the whole means of the Tycoon to be applied to warlike preparations. I cannot ascertain with certainty against whom these preparations are directed. I apprehend, however, (though there is a natural reluctance among the Daimios to furnish me with information on political matters,) that these warlike preparations of the Government are being made against the 'Vo-lun-teers,' a large force of armed insurgents, who are now gathering themselves in troops, under military discipline, all over the country, like the Taepings in China. We frequently see armed bodies of these insurgents in the neighbourhood of London, and hear the firing which attends the attempts of the soldiers to disperse and put them down."

Picking Holes in One's Own Solvency.

WE notice that there is a plan for puncturing cheques, like the postage stamps, so as to prevent frauds owing to the two lines that are usually run across the face of the document being erased. The plan might be well adapted for promissory notes, &c., as it might ensure (obviously observes OSBORNE) their being paid punctureally!!!

CHE SARÀ, SARÀ.

THE best excuse for MISS SAIREY TODD is in an allegation by a writer in the *Post*, that she was formerly a Laundry-maid, as probably she thought that a carriage-horse had no more feeling than a clothes-horse.

LORD DUNDREARY'S DERBY PROPHECY.

WELL now, I don't know how to begin with my Prophecy, and I almost wish that *Mr. Punch* hadn't asked me to do it for him, I mean that I don't wish I had asked him to let me. For I never made a prophecy before, you know, except after it had happened, the event I mean, and that isn't exactly a prophecy, which means the foretelling of events that never happen. I think that Dr. CUMMING might have done it, only you see that reverend doesn't attend races, and so he could not be supposed to be up in the horses, for you can't have races without horses, you know, except races of ginger, and it would be ridiculous to prophesy about ginger, you must see that, quite ridiculous, and you might burn your mouth like the man in the South eating the road to Norwich—no, he couldn't eat a road, could he?—that's not right. Stop, doesn't SHAKESPEARE—great creature, SHAKESPEARE—say something about seeming in running to devour the way? Couldn't devour whey, you know, curds you might, though; but you can't prophesy about curds, except so far as saying they are very nasty. What was I saying?—O, yes, ginger and curds and prophecies. Well, only one horse can win, that is quite certain, and he must be the winner, unless he comes in after another; then he'll be second, or more than that—second-hand in fact—a second-hand horse. You wouldn't like that, would you? Stop, though, all horses must be second hand, unless you grow them yourselves. Grow them—is that right—do horses grow? Of course they do, some are taller than others, and so some of them must be shorter, it's ridiculous to say horses don't grow, like trees. Certainly they do, and blow like trees also—will anybody tell me a horse don't blow? I dare say that Miss TOMM blew—at least her horse—she only blew up, when LORD KNOX was had up before ESSEX—stop, that's not right. Essex is a county and has calves, this was a coachman, he hadn't calves, footmen have calves though, which they stick—at least they stick 'em out behind. But Epsom is not in Essex, quite the reverse, Epsom is in the Downs, where the British fleet was moored when black-eyed SUSAN came on board. I like black eyes, you know, not such as you get fighting, of course, but a lady's black eyes, though very few ladies have black eyes, I've remarked that, and a fellow that would strike a lady deserves to be hanged—but I don't mean that sort

of eyes. All in the downs—though—how can that be? ships can't be moored on dry land, but you'll say Epsom isn't always dry. Anyhow a ship can't sail there, ridiculous. Epsom Salts are not the salt sea, you must see that. But about the horses, where's the list? List, as *Hamlet* says to the *Ghost*, because a ghost on the stage walks in list slippers, very proper. *Ace of Clubs*—that's a queer name for a horse—horses don't go to clubs—asses do though, I believe. He's to prepare the way for a Whitewall crack. What's the good of preparing for a crack in a white wall, better stop it up, eh?—stop, yes, quite proper, then when the crack comes you won't jump. Well, he won't win, unless he's thrown down on the table, and you can't throw a horse on a table, though you can a pony. Next is a long word. *Argo*—dessay it's a mistake for cargo, these papers are so ignorant—stop, *Argonaut*. Nought means nothing and that's his chances. To be sure, WELLS rides him, if he don't ride something else, and wells are deep, you know. WELLS? Ah! When he's in the saddle he's Sadler's Wells, eh? I'll send that to *Punch*. Stop, I can't do that, because I am at Epsom and Sadler's Wells is at Islington, ridiculous. Well, here's *Brighton*, I don't mean the place, Park Lane super mare, you know, but the horse. I think he has done all he knows, has Brighton, and it's very pleasant to go down and dine at the Bedford, and the asparagus is monstrous good—not monstrous asparagus, I don't like that, it should be small and green like an amethyst—no, amethysts are not green, my aunt wears one, and she isn't green neither, quite the reverse. I suppose I mean an emerald, but emeralds are not like asparagus, you must see that. Cat—cat—yes, *Caterer*, that's the comparative of cat, caterer or more cat, very good name, easily said, sounds like flatterer, but I shan't flatter this cat—this comparative cat—a horse a comparative cat, comparisons are odious, so are cats to some people, not me, I like them, when they don't scratch. I don't think *Caterer* will scratch—horses don't scratch, you know—I think he won't be scratched, but I don't think he'll be the first to scratch against the winning post. *Clarissa Colt*, she must be a daughter of Mr. COLE who revolved pistols in his mind. What would be the good of that? and what use is a pistol at a race, unless it's a predestinarian race, and you want to startle the men? at least not startle 'em, or they wouldn't run well, of course; but *Clarissa*—what a pretty name, rhymes to HARLOWE—no, it don't neither, what made me think of that? Well, she won't win—stop, it isn't a she, but a colt. But they are all colts, it's quite ridiculous calling one by a she-Christian name, it's bigamy. No, it isn't quite that, but she won't win, whether her father fires a pistol or not. *Cellarius*, that's a good name, there used to be a polka called the Mazurka polka—what's that got to do with it? Now what put polking in my head? We don't come to Epsom to polk, do we? When I was at school I learned a Latin word—I don't mean only one, heaps, millions, but one which I think was *cellarius* and meant very fast, and if this is a very



HOORAY! MOSSOO GOES TO THE DERBY, AND IN HIS FAVOURITE COSTUME OF "BRITISH SPORTSMAN!" (Dedicated to M. ASSOLANT.)

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 7, 1862.



THE "SENSATION" STRUGGLE IN AMERICA.

fast horse the name is good, which comes of having a gentleman's education. Everybody should know Latin, then we should all be gentlemen. Stop, I don't want that, though, who'd clean the boots? Boots must be cleaned, you know, but the Latins didn't wear boots, which accounts for it. The Latin horse won't win. Now here's a long one. I should like to sneeze before I try it, for I shall never be able to sneeze in the middle of that horse, like a Centaur. But it's no use, I can't. *Coracles*. I've read of him, and how he envied NAPOLEON a humble cottage in Rome. Stop, was it NAPOLEON? Yes, he was King of Rome, that's quite right, but it was ridiculous to envy a humble cottage, he might as well have envied a humble bee. This horse—I can't say him again—he has been doing something at Bath, perhaps getting his head shaved, to make him run lighter, and he frightens some of them—I am not frightened, a nobleman ought never to be frightened; *noblesse oblige*, you know, not that all the nobility is obliging, quite the reverse; my uncle isn't, for he won't let me come into his title, which is nepotism. This horse may win, if he can, that I am nearly certain about. *Spite*, that's a good name, and easily said. I hope *Spite* will win, though my Mamma used to say that it defeated itself. I don't know how a horse can manage that, but that's my Mamma's business, eh? Now we come to *The Marquis*. What nonsense saying *The Marquis*, and not saying of where—not Marquis of Ware, I don't mean that, but of some place, and Ware would do as well as any where. But perhaps a horse wouldn't like to be a Marquis, I mean a Marquis mightn't like to be a horse, and have his name in the mouths of all the legs—stop—do legs have mouths?—I suppose so—I have heard of gouts in the gums, and that accounts for it. Well, as the Marquis is a nobleman, that is a noble horse, he may have the Blue Ribbon, which is the order of the Garter, you know, and it is always given to the winner of the Derby, and LORD DERBY is a Knight of the Garter, though he never won, but the moral is the same. But a Duke's higher than a Marquis, though not higher than a marquise, or else he couldn't go inside it, you must see that, and here is *Duke Bollo*. Some say *Wells* may ride him, but he can't ride him and *Cargo* together—unless he puts a leg on each and stands upright, and I don't think the Jockey Club would stand that. Anyhow a duke is more entitled to a blue ribbon than an anonymous Marquis, you must agree to that. Now then *Zetland*, he's a free-mason, at least LORD ZETLAND is, so *Zetland* must be a free and accepted horse, don't you see? Fancy a horse a mason—wouldn't mind being fired, eh? That's good, monstrous good. Now for another. LORD GLASGOW'S *c*. What's LORD GLASGOW'S *c*? He isn't a bishop, is he? Ridiculous, bishops don't keep racers. Dam—I don't mean that, you know, but a mamma, a mother in fact, a parent as it were. Dam by *Orlando* out of *Brown Bess*, also another by *Barbatus* out of *Brown Bess*. Then that must be the uncle of the other. Come, I do understand a pedigree, if I don't understand anything else, which I do. Then an uncle and a nephew are to run against one another. That's more nepotism. And *Stockwell* is the father of one. That's a good father, but what the horse wants is a godfather. Why don't GLASGOW name his horses? I suppose he's a Pædo-baptist. As for *Warmintor*, if it isn't a mistake for Westminster, where the Abbey is, you know, and Parliament, only Parliament's all at Epsom to-day—*Warmintor*'s a winning kind of name, only you don't win with your name, except when you are a lord, and want to be married, and as for *Esquig*, why, bless you, my cousin BILL's an enigma, and he can't run a bit. To be sure that's right, because a British soldier—BILL's an officer, but the moral is the same—I say a British moral officer ought not to run. And then *Eschequer*, what a name! I've heard of runs on the Exchequer, but never of an Exchequer running, though MR. GLADSTONE runs on for any time. Fancy MR. GLADSTONE running for the Derby, quite inconsistent I should say, and he had better be taking off taxes than squandering his time down here, drinking champagne, which is sure to disagree with him, and make him fractions, like a baby when you give him rhubarb on your finger, though I dare say MR. GLADSTONE'S champagne is not made of rhubarb, and indeed he is not here, which accounts for it, besides *Eschequer* being scratched. *Neptunus* is the same as Neptune, who was the god of the inferior regions, and if so, he must be an inferior horse, and not likely to win, though he struck the earth, and carried off Porcupine to be queen down there. Stop, was her name Porcupine, or Prospero? It could not have been *Prospero*, because I have seen MR. MACREADY play that, but then to be sure it was a revival, which is different. Also I think it was *PELRO*, at least I know somebody reasoned well, and therefore he may win after all, for there go eggs to the roasting of reasons. No, you can't roast reasons, though you may bake raisins—something wrong there. *Malak* was the name of MR. COSTA'S opera, and I remember that did not run, so perhaps this will not, and if he does not run he can't conduct an opera, which MR. COSTA can, nobody better, and here is *St. Alexis*. Putting a saint in a race, what Puseyism! I suppose that's in compliment to MR. GLADSTONE, who has no business here at all, he hasn't, and indeed he is not here, for it would not do to have a horse-racing LORD CHANCELLOR, who has quite enough to do to feed his seals. Stop, though, the seals feed him, I have heard—I must ask DR. SCLEATER the next time I go to the theological gardens—they call 'em that because Fellows go there on Sunday. Well, that's about all, and I should like to

sneeze. Eh? But I haven't prophesied after all. Well, that's ridiculous enough. Prophecy, let's see, I'm to foretell what is to come, that is, what is to come to the post, and come first. Well, *noblesse oblige*, don't you see? It wouldn't be the thing for me—living under his roof, don't you see, at least you don't see his roof, and I don't live under it, except when I'm acting, but the moral is the same. I mean that it wouldn't do, you see. Eh? O, why, you must see that I could only prophesy one way—it would be such a bad compliment to Our American Cousin—at least he isn't an American, nor my Cousin, but he performs that part, which accounts for it. I couldn't mention anybody but *Buckstone*. I want to sneeze.

PUNCH COUNSELLETH KING COLE

TOUCHING THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

OLD KING COLE, you're a potent soul, and long may you potent be. To spread FOWKE'S design, in spite of the Nine, from the Boilers far and free.

But now that from Boilers to Dish-covers you stretch your royal away, Attend, oh KING COLE, to some, or the whole, of the things *Punch* has to say!

The Nave to clear from its trophies queer, its telescopes, toys and trash— Leaving Pot and Kettle the question to settle, who made the original hash—

Was clearly a work you couldn't shirk, though *pity* might wring your soul.

For the trophy-erectors whose *quondam* protectors, not *they*, should be hauled o'er the Cole.

But rememb'ring, oh King, who begged them to bring their furs, toys, stuffed beasts and banners—

Poor oil and Italian warehousemen! Poor toy-makers, furriers, and tanners!—

How FAIRBAIRN bored them, and DILKE implored them, how my Lords and BARING said ditto,

How they passed the designs, and set out the lines these temples of taste must fit to,

By the light of facts seeing whose were the acts, that this rubbish set in array,

Say, in reason fair, who the cost should bear of clearing the rubbish away?

The sons of trade who have here displayed their furs, soap, pickles, and beef,

Or the Lords of taste, who *would* have them placed where they have come to grief?

If Trophy must turn to Catas-Trophe, whose task is 't the Nave to rid, The Commission who bade the Trade to build, or the Trade who but built as bid?

Next, oh KING COLE, in the matter of Toll—not the bells that jingle and jangle,

But the toll upon printers, purveyors, and all, o'er whose charges the public wrangle,

Those who, here, take sticks and umbrellas, or, there, keep the doors in a certain angle—

The toll that makes flimsy catalogues, stale buns, weak coffee and tea, The toll on this, and the toll on that—the pervading penny fee—

Mr. *Punch* would suggest 'twould be obviously best, for these too keen money-makers,

As matters stand, with the acres on hand, to get rid of their penny-wise acres.

Remind them, please, that this grabbing at fees, from tradespeople and contractors,

Is what *Punch* has lashed play-house managers for, and other vulgar exactors,

Who not content with a fair per cent. from their shows in an honest way, Try each dodge and do from their subs to screw, what at last JOHN

BULL must pay.

So, if printers, purveyors, and all that tribe, must tip the Commission a fee, Why, printers, purveyors, and all that tribe, will gnaw it from you and me.

Then, mild as new milk, drop a hint to DILKE (not telling him whence you stole it),

And instil the persuasion, that, spite of VESPASIAN, of some coin one may say "Olet."

More Plague than Prophet.

SEVERAL thousand *liras* have been given away at Naples as prizes for the races. Our Racing Prophets, though they can scarcely be called prizes, are the only ones that are connected with the races in England, but as far as that goes, we will back them against Naples, or a quack doctor, or a tombstone, or a cheap tailor's advertisement, or even a New York newspaper, for being the greatest liars in the world.



The great difficulty in Photography is to get the Sitter to assume a Pleasing Expression of Countenance—Jones, however, thinks that, in this instance, he has been extremely successful.

LEGAL PROFIT AND LOSS.

ONE attorney has been struck off the rolls this week. That is all very well, but then on the other side 101 attorneys have also been admitted. That is a clear balance against the public of One Hundred Attorneys! This is frightful to contemplate, though it is some comfort to know that there is one attorney the less in the world. The gain is but small (it is like destroying a single rat), but then small gains are sometimes the sweetest. By the bye, we have been cantingly told for a long time that the profits of the Law had been so fearfully cut down that it was no longer worth any one's while to follow it as a profession. The pickings must still be plentifully large, when we find so many hundreds ravenously eager to rush to the plunder. In the meantime, we look upon the above fact of reducing the number of lawyers, though it is only by an unit, as the best bit of legal reform that we have had for a long time. We suppose that striking him off the rolls was intended as a punishment, though it would puzzle the wisest man to tell us wherein lies the severity of that punishment inflicted on a lawyer which consists in making an honest man of him?

A Consuming Shame.

THE Southerners have been burning all their tobacco, not to smoke it, but to destroy it. We suppose they would find some justification for this under BURNS' *Justice*? However, it is the old story—the Torch of War always did its best as a firebrand to prevent men enjoying their Pipe of Peace.

LORD PALMERSTON'S COACHMAN.

(From the New York Herald.)

JEFF DAVIS (now uncommon near being hung) is not the only so-called statesman who has had his secrets betrayed when he least expected it. We were the first, and indeed the only journal to publish the revelations of his Coachman, an intelligent nigger enough, and worth a dozen, as a literary man, of such bungling writers as MASSA GREELEY. We gave the information afforded by the nigger, who, as he sat on his box, heard DAVIS confide his treasons to his wife, and little dreaming that such revelations would very soon instruct our enlightened citizens as to the character of his infamous criminality. Now we have caught another Coachman. Not a nigger this time, but an Irishman. He has just arrived in our free and glorious country, and hastens to repay the hospitality which has raised him from being a serf under the hoof of aristocracy to the attitude of a man, by divulging what is likely to interest us in reference to one of his late masters. His name is PHELM O'SHANNERY, and he was for some months the Coachman to EARL PALMERSTON, while that Minister's own old driver was ill. It was PHELM's task to drive EARL PALMERSTON to the House of Lords, where he initiates those financial measures which are dragging JOHN BULL—not without his roaring like JOHN CALF—into an abyss of bankruptcy and ruin. But that's JOHN's business, only don't let him, after insulting us in every way, apply to us for a loan to help him. Perhaps, if he can make out a good title to Ireland, and we don't happen to take it without asking his leave, we may do a little business with him in the way of purchase, but there will be time to talk of that when we have seen how we like Canada. It will take us a year to scrape aristocratic notions out of the Canadians.

PHELM O'SHANNERY, as we have said, used to drive his Earl and Marchioness down to the House of Lords, for LADY PALMERSTON, like other Englishwomen, is devoid of that retiring taste which makes our matrons eschew all scenes of political strife. However, poor woman, she is no worse than others, and if she chose to sit in the ventilator of the House of Lords, where our polite cousins place females, and thence to listen to the diffuse budget speeches of old PAM, we may pity but cannot assail her. On the way to the House (St. Stephen's Chapel) PAM used to pour into the ear of his wife all his intentions, political intrigues, hatreds, plots, and Macchiavellisms. His Coachman states, that on the box he could distinctly hear every word. He says that LORD PALMERSTON always expresses the utmost hatred for this country and her citizens, that he never alludes to us, even in a woman's presence without an oath against "those Yankees" and that he has often told the MARCHIONESS PALMERSTON that if he could only hear

that New York had been swallowed up by an earthquake, he should die happy. He used to boast to her of the sums which he had made "grumbling GLADLY" (MR. GLADSTONE) take to LORD SHAFTESBURY to be sent over to the fiendish abolitionists here, and he expressed to her the most indecent joy at a family affliction which has recently visited the White House. When MR. SEWARD's magnificent and unequalled despatch on the *Trent* question arrived, PAM burst into tears, and cried all the way down to St. Stephen's, continually exclaiming to his wife that he had nobody who could write like that, nobody who could write like that! On his wife's trying to console him by suggesting that he could write much better (we smile at the womanly falsehood in consideration of its object), he groaned still louder, and then commanded her to drop the subject. But it is not often that he is in low spirits, and whenever the lying journals of the South have reported a reverse to our arms, he has dwelt on it gloatingly in his ride to the Lords, and has vociferated his hope that hundreds of the infernal Yankees have been blown to Old Scratch. LADY P. is not entirely without womanly feelings, and urged that they were to be pitied as fellow creatures, upon which he threatened to strike her, and utterly denied that they were anything of the kind, but incarnate fiends. He may think so again when our brave fellows sack Broadlands en route for filthy London.

Such are among the revelations of the honest O'SHANNERY, but we have not told a quarter of them, and we shall have another batch of such sensation matter, hot and hot, for our purchasers of to-morrow. No English journal would have the wit to collect, or the courage to publish such things, but indeed it is almost unworthy this mighty nation to compare its majestic and omnipotent organs with the coarse and timid rags called newspapers in rotten Old England. It is likening the torpid, foul, sullen brook called Thames, which stagnates in slimy course along the greasy warves of Belgravia, poisoning and stupefying, to the glorious outburst of the giant Niagara rushing in might and majesty, and scattering millions of sparkling diamonds from the pure crystal of its matchless waters.

The Coachman will be on view, and for interrogation, at our office, corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets, daily from Ten to Four, on a payment of 25 cents per visitor. We fixed the amount at 25 cents, because we happen to know that the "Little Villain" of the *Times* and MASSA GREELEY, negrophile, have not twenty-three between them in both their unrighteous breeches' pockets, and we have no immediate desire to have our man pumped for the benefit of the wretched rags edited by these shining lights of jobbery and treason. But if MASSA GREELEY will hang himself, like a gentleman, we will let in the "Little Villain" for nothing.

FOREIGNERS AND CRICKET.



I think when the attendance at The Domes begins to fail (and there are limits to the attractiveness of even a Mixed Pickle Trophy and a gilt gingerbread pyramid), the Commissioners would do wisely to use their best endeavours in getting up a score or so of international games of cricket. We feel sure the fickle public, though they refuse to spend their shillings to see the noble building where the finer arts of advertising have so well been displayed, would freely fling their crowns into SIR WENTWORTH DILKE'S Exchequer

for admittance to a cricket match played, say, by Turks and Chinamen, or Dutch and Japanese. A grassplot might be hired of the Royal Horticulturists in the gardens which adjoin the Exhibition shed, and this would doubtless be sufficient as a ground for foreign cricketers, who are not such hard hitters as WILLIAM CAFFYN or GEORGE PARR. We should immensely like to see whether a Frenchman would look funky when bowled at by a Swede, and what sort of a waddle a MYNHEER VAN DUNCK would make of it when exhorted by the bystanders, in Dutch, to "run it out!" Of course the Japanese and other petticoated people would make use of their long clothes, when they took the place of Long-Stop, and it would not much surprise us to see a fat old Turk, who feared to hurt his hands, take his turban off, and use it as a cup to catch a ball in.

What sort of an idea the Portuguese have of the game may in some degree be guessed by the following account of it, which has been translated from a Lisbon paper. There are Englishmen in Portugal as everywhere else, and wherever there are Englishmen of course there will be cricket. Clubs have been established at Lisbon and Oporto, and it was on the occasion of a match between these clubs that a sporting Lisbon journalist thus cleverly explained the nature of the game, for the instruction and perhaps amusement of his countrymen:—

"CRICKET MATCH.—To-morrow there is to come off an interesting game of Cricket Match between the Cricket Clubs of Lisbon and Oporto. The object of the formation of these societies is the playing of the game of Cricket Match, an active, running, driving, jumping game, which only can be played by a person having a good pair of legs, and in a climate where warm punch is found insufficient to keep up the animal heat. Does the reader wish to know how to play at Cricket Match? Two posts are placed at a great distance from one another. The player close to one of the posts throws a large ball towards the other party, who awaits the ball to send it far with a small stick with which he is armed. The other players then run to look for the ball, and while this search is going on the party who struck it with the stick runs incessantly from post to post, marking one for each run. It is plain, then, that it is to the advantage of the party that strikes the ball to make it jump very far. Sometimes it tumbles into a thicket, and the players take hours before they can get hold of it; and all this time the player does not cease running from post to post and marking points. Then those who find the ball arrive, exhausted, at the field of battle, and the one who has been running falls down half dead. At other times, the projectile, sent with a vigorous arm, cannot be stopped, and breaks the legs of the party who awaits it.

"The arrangements for the Cricket Match include a sumptuous dinner in the marquee for fifty persons, an indispensable accompaniment to every Cricket Match. We may, perhaps, assist at this great battle, and hope the committee will place us at a safe distance from the combatants, where the principles of the game can be seen with the help of an opera-glass."

How accurately the Portuguese are acquainted with our habits, and what a true conception they have of our cold climate, if they fancy that warm punch is insufficient to keep up a right degree of vital heat, and that we are forced still more to heat our blood by the "active, running, driving, jumping game of Cricket Match!" How true it is, moreover, that sometimes when the ball is made to "jump very far," the players take some hours before they can get hold of it, and all this while the man who hit the ball with his "small stick" keeps on running between the wickets—we mean to say, the posts—until the scouts "arrive exhausted at the field of battle," and he himself "falls down half dead!" Such incidents as these are, we know, continually occurring now at "Lord's" (by the way the sporting foreigners who chance to see this name no doubt imagine we play "Cricket Match" in our House of Peers); and no wonder that we English are looked upon as lunatics by other nations of the world, while they have such true conceptions of the perils of our pastimes and the madness of our sports.

"BIRD-CAGE WALK."

THE only real Bird-Cage Walk that we are acquainted with is, not the one in St. James's Park, where there is not a cage to be seen, excepting the one perhaps that officiates as a lock-up in the St. George's Barracks; but Little, and Great St. Andrew Streets, in the Seven Dials, where, from the number of bird-cages that line nearly both sides of the streets, the Lover of Promenade Concerts can enjoy, and without the slightest charge, music of almost every clime. It is a large animated edition of Little Warblers. The feathered songsters are perpetually roulading and floriturung. So intense is their rivalry that they never seemingly enjoy five bars' rest. The wonder is that they do not wear their little throats out.

"A HARMONIC MEETING HELD HERE EVERY DAY" would not make a bad inscription for the vocal streets—and it is a meeting, too, at which every one present is apparently only too happy to favour the company with a song, and without being even asked, or in the least pressed to do so. The little MARIOS and PATTES must be very happy, for we notice that they always sing gaily, no matter where they may hang out. In this respect, *Messieurs les Étrangers*, who are over here on a flying visit to us, and who make a point of grumbling at everything, might take profitably a musical lesson from these harmonious little monitors. We strongly recommend those unhappy birds, the ASSO-LANTS, *Tixiers, et compagnie*, not to miss going to this, the only original "Bird-Cage Walk" in London, where they will be able to judge for themselves how very happy the natives of many distant and sunny countries can be, even though it is their melancholy and seedy lot to be caged for life in the very centre of this foggy, suicide-inspiring, wife-selling, spleen-breeding metropolis, called London. The sight may do them good, and they may be perhaps so far carried away as to forget, for a moment, their brooding cares and jaundiced *canni* by bursting into an involuntary song. They would then be cured in an instant, for it is a zoological fact that the Frenchman who sings is himself again. St. Andrew Street is only a *vol d'oiseau* from "Leysester Squair."

DO NOT CALL NAMES.

THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL has been making a speech, in which he refuses to be comforted touching the state of religion in France. It is true that Frenchmen laugh, he says, at the priests, but this does not indicate enlightenment, but rather a hatred of all religion. France is given over, he states, to a "philosophical Pantheism." MR. NOEL is a good man, but we suspect that Exeter Hall does not quite understand all that it talks about. We know that every man who does not go to three services per Sunday is an Atheist, and that every man who is never heard to swear is a Deist, and that there is a pleasant name ready for any other man who does not please anybody else. What MR. NOEL and his friends call Pantheism may, in a great many cases, be the habit of mind that is averse to appealing to first causes and using solemn names upon all occasions, and specially on slight ones. Persons who write that they "will come to tea, D.V." (or who use English instead of the Latin initials) do not comprehend the reluctance of other persons to venture on such familiarities, and would probably call a man a Pantheist who should say that all the works of Nature deserve reverent admiration. Whether there be anything philosophical in such Pantheism or not, there is certainly none in the Christian teacher who condemns a nation that has got so far as to laugh at priestcraft. It is something to get rid of Mumbo-Jumbo—a worthier *culte* may follow.

"PAY HERE."

EVERY little article that enters the International Exhibition is made to pay toll. Of course there is a food tax that the refreshment contractors will have to fork out, and we should not wonder if the Exhibitors will not be made to hand over a penurious per-centage on all the goods they sell. Twopence is deducted from every shilling catalogue, and there is scarcely a portable article that enters, or is detained at the doors, that is not charged something, even if it is only a miserable penny. It is this spirit of greedy avarice that has characterised the management of the Exhibition from the very outset, and tended so effectually to lower the high purport of its mission in the estimation of foreigners as well as Englishmen, that we think it is time to change the name of the Royal Commissioners. Out of deference to their trading propensities, would it not be more appropriate to call them the "Royalty" Commissioners?

Fined Five Shillings.

WRITING on the Norfolk deluge, a contemporary says:—

"The damming proceeds very slowly, and the impatience of those whose property is submerged is very great."

Are not the two statements slightly contradictory?



THE HONEYMOON.

WILLIAM (and who promised so faithfully to give it up, too!) "Oh! my beloved"—("Now for a pretty speech," thinks she)—"Pipe! What a dreadful slow place the Sea-side would be, Duckey, if a Fellow hadn't his Birdseye to fall back upon!"

A SHOWER OF COPPER.

THE Punch-bowl Plea may appropriately be recalled by *Mr. Punch*. In answer to a demand for compensation for a punch-bowl that had been lent and broken, a defendant pleaded three defences. First, that the bowl was broken when it was borrowed. Secondly, that it was whole when it was returned. Thirdly, that he never had it at all.

But instead of three contradictory pleas being put in, just now, in the case of *Mr. Punch*, he, to his no small amusement, finds three contradictory accusations made against him.

He happens to have excited the simultaneous wrath of Three Public Instructors, who instruct the public for the small charge of one penny per daily lesson, and do it very decently—at the price.

The *Morning Asterisk* has discovered, and declares, that he is an Aristocratic Swell.

Mistress Harris has discovered, and declares, that he is a Low Radical who has been lately bought by the Reform Club. And,

The *Penny Gusher* (it has so named itself) has discovered and declares that he has been told that it would be the decorous thing to turn Tory, and that he has turned accordingly.

Perhaps it is not for *Mr. Punch* to seek to weld the triple allegations into a consistent charge, before meeting it. And yet, with all the chivalric courage and generosity of his nature, he will do so.

The *Star* is wrath with him because he has pointed out that Peace-mongering doctrines are un-English and irrational. The *Standard* is wrath with him because he has pointed out that the Tories may snatch a few little victories, or even a large victory, but that the country has no confidence in the Tories, and that *Mrs. Harris's* advocacy does them no great good. And the *Daily-Telegraph* is wrath with him, because he has pointed out that before gentlemen go in for gushing apologies for criminals, it is well to hear the whole case, and because the *Times* happens to have cited *Mr. Punch's* mild remonstrance against "gushing," which process the *Telegraph* announces that it rather likes.

Thus welded, the united complaint against *Mr. Punch* is, that he has told the Truth.

He begs to plead a Justification.

And he begs to add, that he means to go on telling the Truth, and when the *Asterisk*, the *Harris*, or the *Penny Gusher* will help him to proclaim it, he will applaud them to the very echo.

And when they will not, he must tell it, and—he weepingly but firmly adds—he must tell the truth of them—or any other Man!"

Roo—ey—too—ey—too—ey—too—ey—too.

The Bells at the Great Exhibition.

THERE'S BENSON'S Bells and WARNER'S Bells, and other Bells also, A-tolling long, a-tolling strong, a-tolling high and low, How they distress my tympanum, and jar my nerves auricular, A-ringing thus, at all hours, for no reason in particular, Unless indeed the reason be, that as the High Commission Is taking toll of all things, from the Print to the Provision, It is but right and reason, as this jingle-jangle tells, That they should, among other tolls, take tolls from all the bells.

Newly Discovered Passage in Shakspeare.

Mrs. Page. "The name of PAGE and FORD differs."

Punch. And trust me, MISTRESS MARGARET, the thing differs also. As I shall be washed by water, I swear that I would ill brook to Ford the Thames at Westminster; yet, mistress, I would as gladly cross by PAGE's help as I would drink this cup of sack to thy jewels, I mean thine eyes.

Mrs. Page. Come, thou art an old humbug, but PAGE's new bridge is beautiful, and he hath well deserved not to be knighted.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

QUIZ. Buy a JOHNSON'S Dictionary. *Punch* adheres to the word "assimilate," but liberally presents you with the first three letters.

A MOVING QUESTION.—Why, in moving from a house, ought you to leave the washhand basins behind? Because they are not ewers.



FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO KILLED THE
GREATEST NUMBER OF SMALL BIRDS.

[To be hung up in all Sparrow Clubs.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 2. *Monday.* In reply to a question by LORD RAVENSWORTH about Breakwaters, the gentle DUKE OF SOMERSET replied in his usual mild and affable manner, that the Breakwater Committee seemed hardly to have known their own minds when they came to a conclusion, that the Admiralty had got enough upon their hands, and if they had not, it would be ridiculous to try experiments on so small a scale as the Committee had recommended. Private people might try experiments, if they liked. It seems to *Mr. Punch* that the Duke himself would not make bad material for a breakwater, in which all that is wanted is rough, obstinate angularity.

Mr. Punch mentioned last week that the Conservative Member for Tiverton, better known as LORD PALMERSTON, had met the tactics of his antagonists by giving notice of an amendment to MR. STANSFELD's economy resolution, which was to come on next day. The Tories then sought to trump PAM's card by another amendment. They wanted to damage and discredit the Government, but by no means to force PAM to extremities. So they, *pro hac vice* (no, dear COX, not because he was thought a hack, or had any vice) deposed MR. DISRAELI from the leadership of Opposition, and wanted MR. HENLEY to take the command. But he was unable to do so, and therefore they selected MR. WALPOLE, who is what the Catholics mean when they put R. I. P. after the announcement of a demise, that is, Respected in the Parish. There was a gathering of some hundred and eighty-six Derbyites in St. James's Square, and they agreed to support MR. WALPOLE. To-day he gave his notice of amendment, which was to the effect that the House hoped that Government would endeavour to reduce the expenditure, in a way which would not only equalise revenue and outlay, but would afford the means of reducing the Income-Tax. He did not name the odious tax, but alluded to impositions of a temporary and exceptional character, and we all know what that meant. This was the ingenious plan which was to make the Government as uncomfortable as possible without bringing on a crisis. LORD PALMERSTON is very fond of whistling as he goes, though not "for want of thought," and the policemen on duty in Piccadilly inform us that he whistled a new and choice selection of airs on his way home that night.

The Four Conveyancing Reform Bills were read a Second Time. But

Hylas in limine latrat. SIR HUGH CAIRNS gave notice of battle, and hinted that if MR. BRAND, the whip, had not been very active that evening, the Government Bills should have been demolished there and then. The struggle will be to send the Bills to a Select Committee, or, failing that, to make mince-meat of them—in Parliamentary words, to give the most careful discussion to every clause—in Committee of the whole House.

Tuesday, Eve of the Derby. The whips of MESSRS. H. GRIMSHAW and ASHMALL had a good deal to do with getting Members to London; but neither were those of COLONEL TAYLOR and MR. BRAND idle, and the House was crowded. While LORD PALMERSTON was on the preceding night whistling "Come, if you Dare," a bright thought came into his head. To-day, as soon as the decks were cleared for action, the PREMIER rose, and with a mischievous glance at the Opposition ranks, calmly intimated that inasmuch as MR. WALPOLE's amendment, if carried, would be equivalent to a vote of Want of Confidence in Government, the best thing would be to throw over other questions, and fight out the battle on the real point between parties. Then LORD PALMERSTON sat down.

"When this was said, no Congreve rocket
Discharged into the Gallic trenches,
Nor equalled the tremendous shock it
Produced upon the Tory benches."

With a few adroit words, the PREMIER had run, like the *Merrimac*, into his enemy—and the illustration holds water (as the *Cumberland* did), for he made a great rupture in the enemy's side. MR. DISRAELI sat still, but if it be not profane to seek to dive into the recesses of his statesmanly heart, it may be supposed that his feelings were complex, that he was not unamused at the discomfiture manifested in the ingenuous face of MR. WALPOLE, or displeased at the blow delivered upon the person whom the Conservatives had chosen for temporary commander, but that he rose superior to such considerations, and hoped that MR. WALPOLE would pick up the glove, and go in for a faction fight. His valiant hopes were blighted. MR. WALPOLE had no orders to fight on PAM's terms, and therefore instead of opening fire, he complained earnestly of the PREMIER's conduct in trying to force a vote of Want of Confidence, which MR. WALPOLE would certainly not endeavour to get. MR. BRIGHT did his best for the Conservatives, and strongly urged that this was not a party question, but a national one. Then MR. STANSFELD made his speech, which was moderate enough. He deprecated our heavy outlay for war purposes in time of peace, but had no idea of changing the Government and handing over Italy to the "tender mercy" of MR. DISRAELI. LORD PALMERSTON answered with much decorum, suggested that his own amendment should be carried, and gave the invaluable promise, that if it were adopted, Government would feel themselves bound to look very narrowly into the Estimates for next year. This promise deals something rudely with the popular superstition that Governments were always bound to such vigilance and always exercised it, but we live and learn. Then he renewed his defiance, and begged the other side to be manly.

MR. DISRAELI was obliged to rise, and he made a speech in which it was evident that he had every desire to be manly, but that he knew his men would not follow him, so he ridiculed the "queerness" of LORD PALMERSTON's language, and declared that his friend MR. WALPOLE resembled a Derby favourite who should bolt. MR. HORSMAN bestowed some impartial abuse all round, and MR. CORBEN, complimenting him on deserving his title of the Mirror of Discontent, supported MR. STANSFELD. But PAM had made it all safe, and men of all sorts rushed together into the lobby with the PREMIER, eager to prevent a catastrophe which would send them to the country. The division gave 367 for No Dissolution, and 65 for MR. STANSFELD and retrenchment. Some angry words followed. MR. WALPOLE withdrew his amendment, declaring that LORD DERBY had not the least desire to oust LORD PALMERSTON, MR. WHITESIDE scolding and showing that he for one would have gone in jovially for battle, MR. OSBORNE describing the whole business as "a solemn sham," and saying that the favourite had not bolted, but had been "got at"—our friend B. O. is not always fastidious in his language—MR. DISRAELI said that MR. WALPOLE ought to have known enough of Parliament to be sure that his amendment would be met as it had been (a well-delivered slap at the 186 who had thought themselves so clever) and SIR W. HEATHCOTE, Conservative, rebuking MR. DISRAELI for such censure, LORD PAM's amendment was agreed to, the Government thereby carrying a vote of Confidence in itself, and the House rose at 1.15 in the morning of the Derby Day. LORD PALMERSTON whistled considerably as he went home, chiefly emitting variations on "Wait a little Longer."

Wednesday, Fourth of June. A Chapter of the Order of the Horse Guard was held at Epsom, when *Caractacus* was invested with the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. The BISHOP OF OXFORD was expected to attend as Chaplain to the Order, but his lordship had, in his own words, "tailed off." The customary oaths were therefore left to such of the public as were interested in

The Marquis,	2
Buckstone,	3
Neptune,	4

"or any other horse or man" in the lot of 33. The usual banquet

took place, and from circumstances to which it is unnecessary to refer, only that some of them were iced, *Mr. Punch* has not the faintest idea as to any of the other proceedings of the day.

Thursday, Festival of SS. Soda and Brandy. Some Lords met, but the transaction of any business being repugnant to their feelings, they handed over the Works of Art Copyright Bill to a Select Committee, and rose for the holidays.

The Commons were livelier; but *Mr. SCULLY* attempted to revenge his incessant Counts Out by trying one for himself. This was cruel, because he knew there were lots of fellows about, lying on benches, or sleeping, and what was the good of bothering them to come from one room to another? In they came, of course, expressing the kindest wishes in reference to *SCULLY*'s ulterior prospects, and the House being once made, dragged on until one in the morning. An Irish debate woke the Members up a little, and they used some strong language, *FALKERSTON* declaring that the Irish were so fond of protecting criminals, that it was difficult to deal with Irish crime, *LORD FERMOY* attacking *SIR ROBERT PEEL* for insulting the priests, *SIR G. BOWYER* complaining of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act, and other Irish Members declaring with much iteration that the priests were not to blame for the incessant murders. When a thing is asserted many times over, of course everybody is bound to believe it; but it would give a livelier colour to the case of these priests if they would one and all deliver from their altars the most elaborated curse which Rome can devise against murderers. Instead of that, the Roman Catholic bishops say to the people that the clergy "are not at all blind to the sufferings which produce these offences;" and an Irish peasant, with a gun in his hand, and a hedge between him and the black-hearted villain who asks for rent, may not construe that euphemism with desired exactitude.

Then *Mr. ROEBUCK* brought up the grievance of *JONES*, who chose to call himself *HERBERT*. *SIR GEORGE GREY* made some explanations, but the question whether a man may change his name without royal licence, and how long he must have been known by his new name before officials are bound to recognise it, was left in cloudiness. *Mr. Punch*'s opinion is, that any man who changes his name, except in conformity with the will of a generous testator, is a goose. If he makes himself a somebody in this world, his old name will become a distinguished one, and if he remains a nobody, what in this world does it signify what he is called?

Civil Service votes, and the Museum vote were taken, and *Mr. WALPOLE* announced that at present the Library Authorities would remain content with excluding the Boys. The course is scarcely impartial, and will certainly not be effective—it is not the boys who direct circulars out of *KELLI*, or read the books that can be got at *Mr. MUDIE*'s. Announce that all tickets will expire on New Year's Day, and in the mean time prepare a revised list, O *MR. ANTONIO PANIZZI*!

And so, a little after one on the morning of the Oaks' day, Members went home to bed, in order to be off next day to see *Feu de Joie* astonish the wise men of the turf by beating the favourites, another outsider coming in second. Nobody has been right or anything like right, this year, except *Mr. Punch*'s prophet, the *LORD DUNDREARY*, who announced with a distinctness which his rivals would do well to imitate, that *Caractacus* might win if he could, and *Caractacus* could and did win, and *Mr. Punch* is, as usual right again; in fact he is always right, and not any other man.

PAM AND THE MATCH.

(*A Trooper's Ballad of the Great War of the Parliament.*)

Oh, of all the gallant captains that ever I did see,
There's none like gallant CAPTAIN PAM, where'er the others be,
He'll laugh and chaff before the fight, and the hurley-burley done,
He'll laugh and chaff as gaily as before the fight begun.

'Twas in the dull year sixty-two, that we beleaguered lay,
By RUPERT's horse in greater force than CAPTAIN PAM's array;
And, in our hold, lukewarm and cold we had traitors not a few,
Ready to ope a postern gate and let the Ruperts through.

BLACK BEN he was a captain that RUPERT's colours wore,
But little cared which side he fought, or what the flag he bore;
A wily blade that never staid by honest pass and guard,
But knew some woundy secret thrust to get beneath your ward.

A ready tongue, a readier hand to strike a bargain rare
Than to keep it, when from talking it came to doing fair;
And we knew that hand and tongue at work, a tampering with our men;
Oh, for such mischief-making commend me to BLACK BEN!

We had sour ones, we had soft ones, some that doubted CAPTAIN
PAM,
Some he'd spited, some he'd slighted, some that called him cheat and sham;

Some that liked more prayers, and some more grub, and some less money spent,
Some that swore as how the men should know which way the money went.

We knew BLACK BEN was at them, a poisoning their minds,
And a-spiriting up mutiny and mischief of all kinds,
And it wasn't much surprise that soon the spark came to a flame,—
Young STANSFELD 'twas, from Halifax, that as their spokesman came.

With malcontents and mutineers, that by him swore to stand,
Sour Scots and surly English, a grim and grumbling band.
There was roaring WHITE and crowing COX, and nip-cheese WILLIAMS too,
And Presbyterian BAXTER blew trumpet for the crew.

With broadswords bare and matchlocks yare, came on the rebel pack,
But CAPTAIN PAM, for all their threats, he never turned his back.
"Be-swinged or swinge, nor cant nor cringe will I for mutineers,
Stand by your Captain who so will: he owns no faint-heart fears!"

When sudden came a flying scout, with face all white and scared,
"Look to yourself, good Captain, see your defence prepared;
Here's RUPERT's horse upon us: the outer works they win:
Hard odds, I doubt, 'gainst foes without, and mutiny within!"

Then the light flash'd high in the Captain's eye. "Stand fast my rear-rank men;

Herein I see the enginery of that old fox, BLACK BEN.
But if they think Old PAM's a-wink when danger's near his post,
Both foes without and foes within, they count without their host.

"Front rank! right face! quick march!" a-pace up to the wall he strode,

Where, all in force, bold RUPERT's horse with CAPTAIN WALPOLE rode:

They had passed the outer barbican, the advanced works they had won,
Without the swinging of a sword, or firing of a gun.

Before their host up to our post BLACK BEN he rode alone—

"Now yield the place, nor look for grace: how 'tis inside is known.
Of RUPERT's stalwart cavaliers ill may'st thou bear the brunt,
With the mutineer to gall thy rear, while we assail in front."

A scornful laugh laughed CAPTAIN PAM—"Who talks of mutineers?
What hears BLACK BEN from RUPERT's men, if e'er he opes his ears?
But muttered wrath, and muffled scorn, and mutinous debate.
How best to rid their ranks of one, detected but too late.

"I parley not with such as thou—but, CAPTAIN WALPOLE, hear—
I know you for a gentleman! Ware, ere you ride too near.
Thought you to catch the old weasel asleep upon his watch?
The platform that you stand upon is mined: I hold the match!"

"You're strong, you say, and I am weak; but weak an' if I be
I hold your dissolution between my fingers three.
Advance a gun—though 'twere but one—the match is to the train,
And your host is blown in fragments that 'twere hard to knit again!

Be warned: retire, or else I'll fire!" And, oh! 'twas rare to mark
How from man to man a paleness ran, and BEN's swart face grew dark;

"Now charge for RUPERT!—charge!" he cried, but none struck spur in flank;
And deaf the ears they turned on him, and cold the looks and blank.

Then answered CAPTAIN WALPOLE, a civil-spoken man,
"Or weak or strong, you do us wrong, we'll not storm, if we can;
We would but ask a parley, and exhort you lend your ears,
To friendly counsel; such may come, from foes or mutineers.

"Pat up your match, a spark might catch—lo you, where we retire!
Troop! threes about!" Vain BLACK BEN's shout, "Stand, cowards!
Stand and fire!"

They never looked behind them . . . the fiend the hindmost catch!
The ground was cleared . . . and loud we cheered, as old PAM blew out the match!

Health and Music.

WHY spend your money in paying for a Turkish Bath, when you can go to Exeter Hall and get into a copious perspiration, and be squeezed to a degree equal to any shampooing, for the small sum of from half-a-guinea to thirty shillings, and hear an oratorio into the bargain?

REFLECTED MEDICAL ADVICE (BY A SCOTCHMAN).—"Try" your native air."

FARMERS KILLING THEIR FRIENDS.



How glad we should be if an article in the *Journal of Horticulture* on the Utility of small Birds were printed on a card for circulation amongst all clowns and country bumpkins that are able to read! It supplies information which would give them to know better than to set a price upon the heads and eggs of sparrows and other small birds, and poison the pretty warbling quire, and feathered vocalists, as we say at a penny a line. Are the 'Squires asleep that they allow barbarous rustics to scatter arsenicated wheat about? What is death to small birds can do no good to partridges and pheasants. Is there no Conservative landowner in the House to protest against the destructive policy thus pursued by clay-brained agriculturists, instead of allowing himself to be dragged through the dirt of subservience to foreign absolutism and popery by the BENJAMIN who is trying to involve his party in that BENJAMIN'S mess?

Farmers and gardeners will gape and stare when they come to learn the fact

that grubs and caterpillars are now doing immense mischief in many places, and especially in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, all because the fools who cultivate the soil have had nearly all the little birds killed that would have kept them under. And what will the British Farmer think of himself when he finds that this practice of destroying small birds is one which has been imitated from the

French, whose Government have been obliged to put a stop to it in order to stay the plague of insects which it has brought upon France? He will surely be ashamed of himself for having taken a lesson in folly from foreigners, who, as he well knows, wear wooden shoes, and are accustomed to eat frogs. Our clodhoppers labour under a sad mistake in supposing that small birds live chiefly upon fruit and grain, thus consuming large quantities of human food. The grub which they eat most of is not good for man; it is a maggot, and a noxious one, which devours an amount of produce very much exceeding their little pickings. The bushels of corn, currants, raspberries, and cherries which used to be swallowed by them, are few in number compared to the bushels of caterpillars which abound in consequence of their destruction.

Goldfinches, hedge-sparrows, and other small birds, have actually been imported into Australia from this country for the express purpose of consuming a troublesome weed; for little birds, be it known to JOHNNY RAW, not only eat worms but weeds also. The particular weed which they were wanted to check, is the thistle, of which nuisance a Scotchman, out of nationality, had sown some seeds at the Antipodes, where, consequently, it is overrunning the land. He was an ass, and deserved to reap the crop of what he had sown, for food, and to eat no other; but the farmer is as great an ass who tries to extirpate the sparrows, and finches, and warblers that snap up the blight insects, the cockchafer grub, the slugs and snails, the wireworm, the green caterpillar, and the daddy-longlegs.

THE CAPITAL OF TURIN.

A LETTER from Paris, describing a banquet given by the VICEROY OF EGYPT to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, says:—

"The display of plate made by SAID PASHA on this occasion was something wonderful. The turcen in which the soup was served to their Majesties is said to be worth £16,000."

From which we may infer that the afore-SAID PASHA possesses not only an ample supply of the circulating medium, but also a fabulous amount of Soutpturean wealth.

SINGING FOR SOLDIERS.

A good deal has been said about the evil state of Aldershot, and the ill condition of all our garrison towns. The vices rampant there, are in chief degree assigned to the want of fit amusement to fill up leisure time, of which our soldiers, when in garrison, have much more than enough. We know who it is finds mischief still for idle hands to do; and doubtless soldiers are, when idle, not more proof against temptation than are other mortal men. What then is the remedy? What wholesome recreation can be devised for the amusement of our soldiers' leisure time? Reading rooms, says one; athletic games, another; music and part-singing is the answer of a third. Well, all these hints are good, and the two first have been acted on in so many cases and with such success, that *Punch* may well be spared more writing in their favour. But in teaching soldiers music no great deal has yet been done, and as the practice of part-singing is a wholesome, healthy exercise, *Punch* most willingly will give it what encouragement he can.

Used to obey orders, and accustomed to be led, soldiers, properly instructed, would soon learn to sing together, and *Punch* feels sure that their so doing would soon become a pleasure to them. Learning to keep time is a pleasant way of spending it; and when men have studied harmony, there is surely the less chance of their giving vent to discord. Nothing lightens labour so well as a good song. It makes a long way short, and would therefore be invaluable to troops when on a march. Singing MENDELSSOHN'S part-songs and similar good vocal music would be a better pastime for our soldiers when at leisure, than sitting in a pot-house bidding Sally to come up, or squalling other specimens of stupid nigger nonsense. Men whose business is to kill are often troubled to kill time; and in this respect the practice of part-singing at least would be a help to them.

With this faith in his mind, *Punch* would fain direct the notice of his fifty million readers to the fact that now among the thousand and one concerts which are almost daily advertised, Soldiers' Concerts are at no far distant intervals announced. In his programme the Conductor of these Concerts "begs to state," and *Punch* hereby accords him full permission so to do, that they are given "with a view to create a taste for good choral music in the Army, and to encourage the practice of singing on the march, and the formation of choral classes in

garrisons, whereby much of the soldiers' leisure time might be usefully occupied."

Held in Exeter Hall, these Concerts were by no means the least nice of the May Meetings which have this year been assembled. At the last which *Punch* received an invitation to attend, free admission was accorded to a couple of thousand soldiers now garrisoned in London; and this gift, to *Punch's* thinking, was by no means the least pleasant of the charitable donations which have this May been announced. Without disparagement of orators who plead for funds to furnish tracts to niggers who can't read, *Punch* must own a sneaking preference to listen to the voices that "discourse eloquent music" to the soldiers at these Concerts; and at the risk of the displeasure of all Truly Pious people, *Punch* will own he thinks encouragement of Music in the Army quite as laudable an object for the bumps of the benevolent as the supplying straps and braces to nude natives of Natal, or providing moral polish for the black king of Japan.

A NICE WORD FOR BRIBERY.

THE subjoined advertisement, which has appeared in a morning paper, is really worthy of the "Man in the Moon":—

LIBERAL THANKS will be GIVEN for introducing the Advertiser to a GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENT, in London or the Country, of not less than £300 per annum. Applicant's age under 40, of good education, and some property. Address, —, care of the Post Office, Kensington Park, S.

Liberal Thanks may be said to mean literally free gratis; but in the above advertisement probably signify fee gratis. At future election committees perhaps we shall have witnesses swearing that they received liberal thanks in the form of five-pound-notes, or gold in Sovereign Alley, and it is likely as not that those liberal thanks will be offered to Liberal rogues on behalf of the Conservative candidate.

A FRENCHMAN'S GEOGRAPHY.—"Londres est la capitale de l'Angleterre, et Leysenture Squar est la capitale de Londres."—MONSIEUR ASSOMMANT.



A FACT.

Swell, "Boy! Who's Cab's this?"

Boy. "WHAT ODDS IS THAT TO YOU? DO YOU 'SPOSE MY GOV'N'R GIVES ME BOARD WAGES TO TELL WHO BELONGS TO US?"

LETTER FROM MR. PUNCH'S SON,

DESCRIBING THE LATE SCENE AT DR. BIRCH'S SCHOOL, AND ASKING HIS FATHER'S FORGIVENESS FOR THE YOUTH'S SHARE IN THE MATTER.

"MY DEAR PAPA

"I HOPE that you are quite well I hope that you will not be angry with me because it was not my fault and I am very sorry for what I have done but the Doctor has been so kind as to forgive me and I hope that you will do the same but you will say what is it my boy well I will tell you in a few words because I do not like to think of my fault well you must know MASTER B. DIZZY who is cock of our walk had been telling us so much about how he had chaffed the masters in other halves and saying that the Doctor was too precious cocky by half and wanted to be taken down a peg that we all thought it would be a very fine thing to do, but when we came to the time MASTER D said that we must go the whole hog if you please to excuse the words and that we might look out for expulsions which was not what we meant and I am not a bad boy my dear papa and I would not grieve you by that but we had said so much that we felt it would be sneaking not to do something so we said we would make a speech to the Doctor and tell him that too much pocket money was stopped to pay for broken windows and for fines for buying gunpowder and MASTER WALPOLE who speaks very well and you should hear him recite CICERO'S *Orationes Selecta* well we chose him to speak and he said he would which made MASTER DIZZY very crabby because he thought he ought to have been chosen but we thought that he would say too much and be rude to the Doctor being a big boy and not liking the Doctor which we do So when we came into school on Tuesday the Doctor left his chair and before MASTER WALPOLE could speak the Doctor ordered us all to be silent and he said that he had received our letter for I forgot to tell you that we wrote down that we were going to complain and before anybody spoke we had better hear him He said that he was master of the school and master he meant to be so long as he filled that chair and he owed no account to us but only to our parents and that he did what he thought was right about money and that he was not going to have us catching cold by having broken

windows round the house and as for gunpowder he had found there was but one way of preventing that from being burned and what he said he should stick to and if after saying that we kept to our plan of speaking to him about it he should send us all home to our parents to ask them whether they thought he was right or wrong. Well my dear papa you must know this made a good many boys cry and MASTER WALPOLE said he had not meant anything disrespectful and that we all loved the Doctor and only MASTER DIZZY and MASTER WHITESIDE who is an Irish boy and very quarrelsome said we were sneaks and I think MASTER WALPOLE will have to fight MASTER DIZZY very soon only the head usher MR. DERRY says he will have no fights well my dear papa we all cried out that we did not mean to be rude and the Doctor laughed in his good natured way and said he was very glad to hear it and so he would say no more but gave us a holiday to go to Epsom Fair and a jolly day we had but I must tell you that when he went out of the room we all went out after him, three hundred and sixty-six of us and hoorayed which pleased him very much and all is serene my dear papa but I could not be happy till I had told you I must now conclude so no more from

"Your affectionate son

"To Mr. Punch, Esq.

"EPAMINONDAS PUNCH"

The Wreath for Wrinkles.

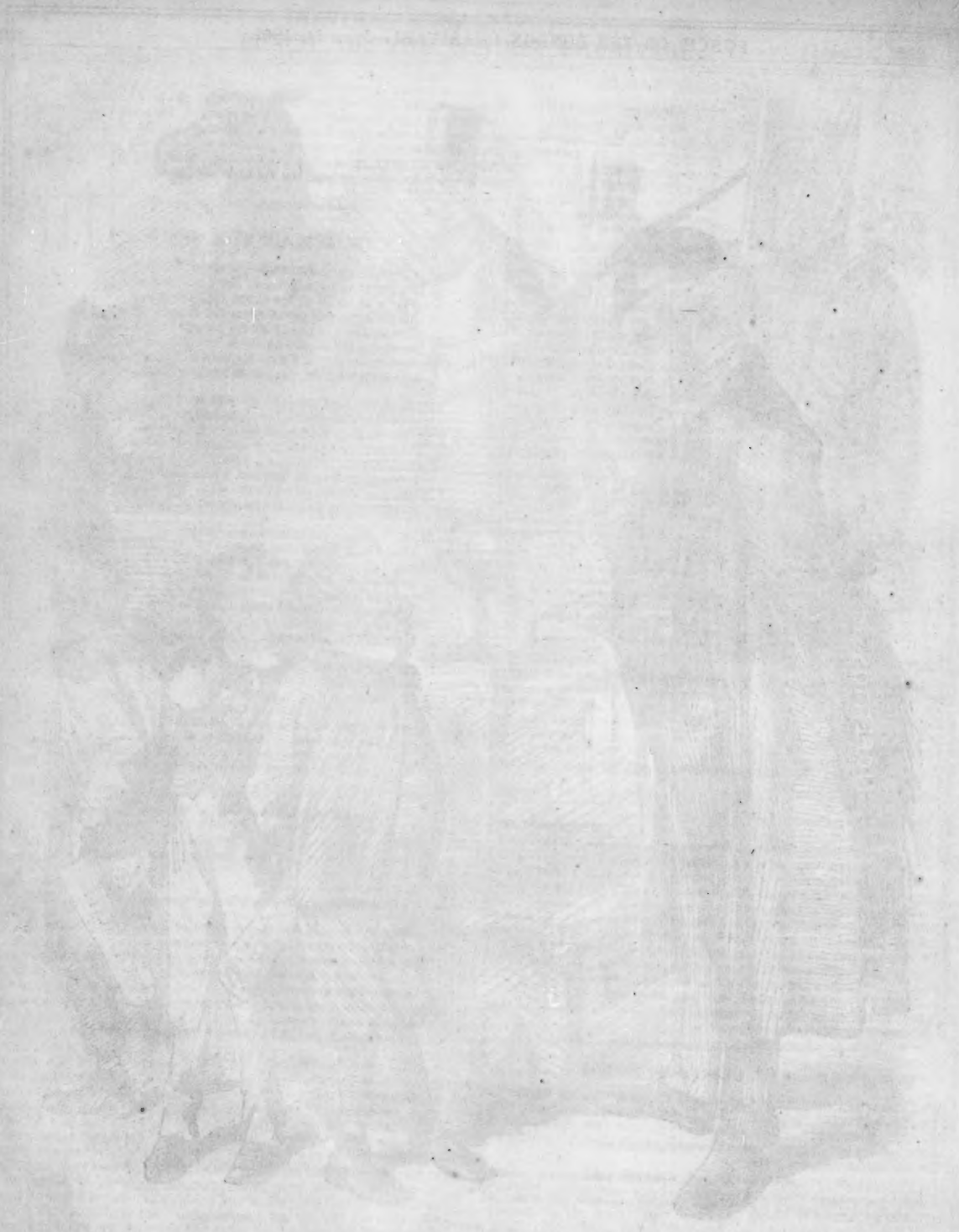
"IF," says our elegant contemporary, *Le Follet*, "flowers are worn as ornaments for the dress, those in the hair should, of course, be of the same kind; for elderly ladies they can be intermixed with lace or feathers." Very well. If elderly ladies must wear flowers in their hair, and would choose appropriate flowers, they should decorate it with elder-flowers. The lace with which those flowers are intermixed should be antique, and the only feathers to match are those of a goose.

THE HEIGHT OF LIBERALITY.—PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY takes a box of MORISON'S PILLS, and believing that he has been cured by them, sends a testimonial to the proprietors.



DR. BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

DR. BIRCH. "OH, YOUNG GENTLEMEN! I'VE HEARD YOU HAVE SOME COMPLAINTS TO MAKE."
GENERAL CHORUS OF DISCONTENTS. "'T WASN'T ME, SIR! 'T WASN'T ME, SIR!"



MR. BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE YOUNG FRIENDS OF MR. BIRCH. A STORY OF THE LIFE OF A YOUNG MAN. BY J. B. BIRCH. LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. B. BIRCH, 15, N. B. ST. 1857.

A BITTER EDINBURGH BAILIE.



THE Edinburgh Town Council, the other day, according to the *Scotsman*, the LORD PROVOST of Scotland's metropolis gave a long account of the pains that he had taken to get the original programme of the procession at the opening of the International Exhibition altered, the LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN ousted from the place that had been assigned him next the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, and himself, the LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH, put in his place, as the position of honour. We are sincerely sorry to find that the meritorious and successful exertions of Edinburgh's Chief Magistrate to maintain the precedence of Scotland met with no better acknowledgment than the following effusion of cruel irony:

"BAILIE BLACKADDER said that before BAILIE BOYD should propose his motion, he wished to move a vote of thanks to the LORD PROVOST for having represented the Council at the ceremony at the opening of the International Exhibition. He had been told by those who were present at the ceremony that his Lordship's appearance on the occasion

was equal, if not superior, to the appearance of any one else there (*laughter*), that his bearing, and the robe he wore, gave him more the appearance of a nobleman than anybody else. (*Laughter.*) They were therefore much obliged to his Lordship for making such a creditable appearance, and for the pains he took to get his proper position; and also for having exerted himself with reference to the Castle and other matters connected with the affairs of the city."

Oh, what a BAILIE BLACKADDER thus to bite his Provost with fangs sharper than a serpent's tooth—more venomous than that of a cobra or a rattlesnake! As a brother member of the Free Kirk, and fellow labourer in the field—we must not say vineyard—of permissive Mainelaw legislation, one would have expected this most ungracious and uncanny Bailie, in any remarks which he might have thought fit to make about his superior, the Provost, to have erred, not on the side of venom, but on that of slavery.

Innocent people, who do not see through BAILIE BLACKADDER's satire, and take it all for serious adulation, will say that the Bailie's remark, that the bearing of the LORD PROVOST, and the robe he wore, gave him more the appearance of a nobleman than anybody else, shows that he never could have seen a nobleman except on the stage. But of course BAILIE BLACKADDER has never set his foot in a theatre; and in saying that the robe which the LORD PROVOST wore gave him the appearance of a nobleman, we are afraid he intended to insinuate that the object of his mock eulogy deputed himself like a pompous buffoon. FIELDING says that the personal appearance of *Joseph Andrews* was such that, to persons who had never seen a nobleman, it would have conveyed the idea of nobility. It cannot be supposed that BAILIE BLACKADDER is so little acquainted with the aristocracy as to imagine that noblemen are accustomed to strut about in a robe like that worn at the opening of the International Exhibition by the LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH.

A WHIMSICAL ERROR OF POPERY.

WHAT strange ideas Roman Catholics of extreme opinions appear to entertain about other people! The *Tablet*, having mentioned that lately the POPE held a public Consistory in the Sala Regia of the Vatican, proceeds to make the incomprehensible remark which concludes the subjoined passage:—

"It was one of several consistories that will be held (the rest semi-public only) preliminary to the Canonisation of the Japanese martyrs next month, which is at present arousing such mingled emotions of joy and hope, rage and fear, in Catholic and infidel hearts."

How can an infidel, who believes in no saints whatever, be inspired either with rage or fear by the POPE in pretending to create new saints, and so, as the unbeliever conceives, perpetrating a solemn humbug, or making a fool of himself? Perhaps the *Tablet* accounts all Protestants as infidels. The British Public, however, at any rate, views the canonisation of the Japanese martyrs with perfect good humour. It regards that proceeding, as a grotesque medieval ceremony, with a kindly and not quite irreverent derision. If the canonisation were an *auto-da-fé*, pro-

tested by French bayonets, then, indeed, Britons would certainly contemplate it with great rage, and perhaps with some fear; but, as it is, they consider it merely an act of credulous assumption. Nevertheless, as they suppose, that in its performance the POPE is really in earnest, they contemplate him, therein engaged, with a certain degree of respect and veneration mingled with hilarity, just as they look at a work of early Art, representing a Bishop with his head awry, in an impossible attitude, working a stupendous miracle by means of the crook which he holds between the backs of his hands.

THE GEM OF THE SHOW.

COME, grant the unfortunate Beggars' Petition,
The Royal Commissioners' down on their luck,
Come, let us be off to the Great Exhibition,
Our shillings will count when the balance is struck;
And really there's plenty to see for your money,
Smart are the booths at the Kensington Fair,
And when the day's decently cheerful and sunny,
You lounge up an appetite pleasantly there.

First, in the East you will witness a frolic, a
Mild "Water-Frolic," as kitchens would say,
See the girls dart past the splashing Majolica
Fountain that threatens a douche with its spray.
Boom, on your left comes a summons like thunder,
Those Blue-bells of England your patronage crave.
When you've got rid of the water and wonder,
Stroll with us down the kaleidoscope nave.

What is the elegant object that tickles
Your fancy—those onions, and catnips, and soys?
Hush, and don't laugh at the trophy of Pickles,
But look with delight at that trophy of Toys.
Beauty in both; if you cannot discern it, you're
Dunce of our Great International School:
Well, here are walking-sticks, fenders, and furniture,
Now feel æsthetic and don't be a fool.

Here's something better—the jewels—but no, pol,
Think not that crinoline crowd to invade,
But, if one can't get a glimpse of the Opal,
The ankle's a substitute freely displayed.
There is a beacon, and that thing in plaster
Is Milan—no—no, it's the Bourse at Berlin,
That lighthouse, which looks like a great pepper-caster,
Is moved by some wonderful clockwork within.

You don't seem to care—we will try if sensation
From painting will touch that unmaliceable heart:
MR. HAWTHORNE remarks, in his book, *Transformation*,
"The Shallow and Hard make best critics of art."
Now, don't pull a face as if BENTLEY on *Phalaris*
Asked you to lecture, in classical Greek,
There isn't in Europe a sight like these galleries,
Filled with a show that is work for a week.

There's British art—while a critic's true pen holds him
Own, let him challenge a rival array;
Look at the LAWRENCEs, HOGARTHs, and REYNOLDSs,
Look at their pupils, the Men of the Day.
Come where the foreigners' colour and action
Ought to relax that dissatisfied glance,
Look at their limning of female attraction,
Costumes from EVE to the EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

Still you seem bored. We shall kick up a shindy, a
Row, we may say, if you cut it so fine:
See you that spot in the Gallery next "India,"
See you a case where some volumes recline?
There is the Gem of the whole International,
Go, find it out, and we'll give you some lunch.
Excited at last! Ah, we thought you were rational.
Yes, you behold the RA-ISSEE OF PUNCH!

Art is Long.

We should say that Art in many cases was extremely long, for looking at the Nelson's Column and the Guards' Memorial, it would seem that we are never to see the end of them.

A HEREDITARY PEERAGE.—It descends, as the French would say, "de pair en fils."



OLD MRS. JAMBOROUGH (who has come up with J. to see the Exhibition). "Those nasty scroving Umbrellas may be very convenient; but Lauks! they're Ruination to your Crinelines, my dears. Mine's all in knots with 'em."

A FRENCH PORTRAIT OF JOHN BULL.

THE English are a nation of shopkeepers, and their national business is carried on by PALMERSTON AND CO., GLADSTONE is the cashier of the concern. DERBY AND CO. constitute the Opposition firm. Their shopman is DISRAELI; he mounts a platform and offers superior articles at reduced prices, like a cheap *Jacques*. The Houses of Lords and Commons employ themselves in making out bills. The Church calls itself an Establishment, like a haberdasher's shop, and the bishops and clergy everywhere recommend their cloth. Preferment is sold by a subterfuge which eludes the simony-laws, and promotion in the Army is a recognised commodity of sale.

The British Courts of Law are almost wholly occupied in settling affairs of pounds, shillings, and pence, and the Universities have adopted a system of Free Trade, of which the soul is competition. The English never go to war but with an eye to the main chance. They disregard glory because it does not pay, and they maintain sailors and soldiers in relation to their neighbours, as among themselves they keep police to protect the shop against the dangerous classes. MR. COBDEN is their commercial traveller, and he advises them to consult the safety of their goods by practising infinite complaisance towards their customers, and punctually executing all orders received from France.

THE GAOL AND THE WORKHOUSE.

THE *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* contains the report of a mendicity case, in which the defendant was an old man named MICHAEL GANNON. It thus concludes:—

"P. C. MACMANEMY said this morning at ten o'clock he was on duty in the North Road, when he saw the prisoner solicit alms of a respectable man, and he afterwards went to several houses and addressed abusive language to the servant-girls. He has been frequently in Durham and Morpeth gaols.—ALD. DODDS. We shall send you to the House of Correction for three months, and if you don't cease from your practices you will have to be sent to the Workhouse."

The remark above ascribed to ALDERMAN DODDS inspires us with respect for him. We regard ALDERMAN DODDS as quite peculiarly entitled to be styled "the worthy Magistrate." He is worthy of a testimonial for a sally of satire that was not to be expected of an Alderman. He sends a tramp to the House of Correction, and threatens him with the Workhouse. Thus, whilst he pronounces a satirical sentence, he administers justice with mercy.

JAPAN AT EPSOM.

(From TAKÉ-NO-OUICHI-SKIMOD-ZUKÉ-NO-KAMI, &c. &c., Japanese Envoy Extraordinary, to the Head Daimio of the Department for Correspondence touching the Barbarians. Nagasaki.)

"TRULY these English Barbarians are a wonderful people. We have already seen the houses and feasts of their Daimios, their Parliament, or national talking-house, their great Exhibition, their Woolwich, their wax-works, their garden of wild animals, their coal-pits, and their manufactories, and we are indeed very weary, and long much for the time when we shall return to our beloved Japan. But we had not yet seen the strangest of all the strange sights here,—what may indeed be called the day of the going forth of the people of London—the feast of Dar-bee.

"Dar-bee is the name of one of the Great Daimios, the chief of the party opposed to the present Tycoon PAR-MER-STOON. But how this feast comes to be called not after the name of the reigning Tycoon, but of him who is now plotting to get his place and his power from him, we, your humble slaves, cannot explain. But it is the opinion of MATSADAIRA IWAIMÉ, a man of sagacity and learning, that the feast is in honour of an Ancestor of the living Daimio DAR-BEE, who, according to the religion of the Barbarians being worshipped under the symbol of a horse, is revered with processions and races of horses, such as we yesterday beheld. The living Daimio DAR-BEE much loves horses, and races of horses, as we are told by our attendant MACDONALD.

"All the Barbarians in their chief town of London are compelled to celebrate this festival, which is held at a place called Ep-sum, seven *li* distant from the capital, situated among hills, and approached by many high roads. Those who cannot buy or hire horses to carry or draw them thither, are compelled to go on foot, and all the inhabitants of London assemble on the hills of Ep-sum, overlooking a smooth space of green turf, which is an enclosure sacred to the great ancestor DAR-BEE, and is guarded by police-men in blue garments. Even the great Tycoon PAR-MER-STOON himself is compelled to take part in these rites, and the Councils of the Nation are closed, that all the Daimios and

Counsellors, and all their servants, may go with the Tycoon to the feast of the great ancestor DAR-BEE.

"We journeyed in two norimons, drawn each by four horses, wishing to show our respect for the religion of the Barbarians. For all the seven *li*, the road was full of carriages and horses carrying them that journeyed to the feast. They recited loud prayers and sang odes to the ancestor, and played on musical instruments, like to the straight horns used by sellers of fried fish in Japan, as they moved along in procession. For all the seven *li* these worshippers showed us much respect, lifting up the fore-finger to the nose, and extending the other fingers outwards, which is their greeting of honour in public, and calling out '*Hul-loo, cri-kee!*' meaning, 'Oh, beautiful and wonderful!' They also expressed aloud their admiration of our persons and our garments. Our hats, which I and MATSADAIRA IWAIMÉ wore because of the sun, which shone this day—a circumstance not frequent in the country of England—were much praised, and many (as interpreted to us by MACDONALD) asked at what place such hats could be purchased (in the Barbarian language '*Ooo-is-yoor-hatter?*') I bade him (MACDONALD) tell these inquiring Barbarians the name of the merchant in the Street of Hatters at Nagasaki, of whom we purchased our travelling supply of hats, and when I see the Daimio RUS-SOOL, I shall propose to him the opening of a trade in these hats, which the Barbarians so much admire. This will give exceeding satisfaction to the Barbarians, spread our manufactures, and cause great gain to the hat-makers of Japan. Also, observing us to use our nose-papers, many asked us if we had sufficient thereof—the words being in their language, '*How-are-er-off-for-pa-per!*' the meaning of which words MACDONALD taught us, telling us to answer in the Barbarian tongue, '*You-bee-blode!*' which means, 'Thanks be unto you, O people, we have sufficient for our needs.' The Barbarian tongue, as your serenity will perceive, is brief, and a few words mean much.

"On their way to this feast the crowd stopped at certain small temples by the way-side called '*turn-pike*,' where invocations were uttered in a loud voice, and small pieces of coin given to the priests, doubtless in payment for prayers, or for propitiation of the great ancestor DAR-BEE. At other temples by the way-side meat and drink

offerings were made by the Barbarians. Also priests in ragged mourning garments, with dust upon their heads, and bare-footed, ran by the way-side, with prayers inscribed on papers which they offered to the people for money. Of these prayer-papers we have bought some for deposit in the archives of the department for Correspondence with Barbarians.

"When we came to the place where a seat of honour was prepared for us, we saw that all the Barbarians of London were indeed here assembled. The crowd was as the crowd of flies about the honey-pots in the market of Nuku Haima, and the shouting as the roar of many waters, and the horses and the carriages more than could be counted. And we saw the Tycoon, PAR-MER-STOON, in common garments like other men, with many counsellors of the Mikado and Daimios, and all the Parliament of the nation, in an enclosed place, below where we sat, and many of them had little books in their hands, and they stood in a ring, and wrote in their books, and uttered invocations in a loud voice sounding like 'I-lay-five-to-one,' 'Six to nine-on-Buck-stone,' 'I-take-it,' which we believe to have been prayers or religious exclamations, but they were not clearly explained to us, as indeed one interpreter was not sufficient for the many strange sights we saw that day.

"After awhile, all the people gathered in two rows, with an open green space between them, and a dog was let loose, and the people shouted as if devoting him to the evil powers, to which indeed we believe the unclean animal to have been offered as a sacrifice. Then came forth horses of exceeding height, but more thin than storks or flamingoes, with men on their backs in bright garments, and the people shouted, and the horses galloped up and down like the wind, more and more joining them, till at last, they all disappeared round the hill in front of us, and by the aid of the glasses which make far-off things near, we saw them a mile and a half away. Then of a sudden we heard a bell, and a loud shouting, and the crowd swayed to and fro, and we felt our heads go round by reason of the crying and the multitude, and in two moments after the bell, we heard a great roaring and a great sound of horses' feet, and behold something rushed before us, but whether it was horses or men, or soldiers, or railway carriages, we knew not, and then the people poured into the green space which they had abstained from till now, and we were told the feast of Dar-bee was over, and there arose a noise as of pistols, and our hearts turned to water, but MACDONALD told us to be of good courage, for it was the corks of the wholesome medicinal drink called by the Barbarians '*sham-pain*,' of which we have often drunk, for it is good for the stomach in this country. Then all the multitude took food, and the means of spreading it out before them from their carriages, and drink, and began eating and drinking much in honour of 'Dar-bee,' for this is a part of the festival which must on no account be omitted.

"We are told that many Daimios give many thousands of taels at this festival to the priests of Dar-bee, who tend and do honour to the sacred horses, who are kept for this curious festival, and that there are many Daimios who keep sacred horses for the feast, such as we had seen, tall and strong and exceeding thin, and men in bright garments to ride upon their backs. But all these things are a mystery to us, and our heads still ache with all we saw and heard that day, though we took many bottles of the Barbarian medicine '*sham-pain*' to cool us, and give strength to our bodies.

"Why all the Daimios and the people of all ranks down to the lowest coolies flock to the festival, unless it be that it is enjoined by religion, we cannot tell. The way of seven *li* is very sore to travel for heat and dust and crowd, and MATSADAIWA IWAIME thinks it is a journey of penance, laid upon the Barbarians by their priests, and I agree that this is probable, though MACDONALD, when we asked, said it was 'sport,' a word meaning 'play' or 'pleasure.' But how there can be 'play' or 'pleasure' in suspending the Councils of the Nation, and the business of the capital, and journeying seven *li*, through heat and dust and crowds, to see many tall and thin horses galloping madly for two moments like railway engines that have run away, and in paying many thousand taels to the priests of the horses, neither I nor MATSADAIWA IWAIME can understand. We believe there is some meaning in this, which the Tycoon does not wish us to fathom. Indeed there are many things just as difficult of comprehension, about which these Barbarians clearly wish to keep us in the dark. When we inquire, they give us reasons which would not satisfy children, much more men of statecraft and learning.

"Of all their strange things, certainly, the feast of 'Dar-bee' is the most strange. What passed on our road home is little known to me. The medicine '*sham-pain*,' among other qualities, causeth sleep to descend on the eyes, and I think I slept, for when I next remember, I was in my bed in the Yaman of Claridge, and my head ached exceedingly by reason of the much thought I had given to the strange things of this day."

Harmony for Mexico.

THE idea of the concert in which England, France, and Spain were to take part in Mexico has been abandoned, and instead of that performance, France will oblige the Mexicans with a *solo*.

THE CAT'S WALK.



DO you ever, beloved reader of *Punch*, call a cat to you? Of course you have done so. And, supposing *Puss* to be affable, and willing to accept your invitation, she has come, but how? First, she looks away at the fire, and stretches herself, and yawns, as if nothing were further from her intention than taking notice of you. Then, gathering herself together, composedly, she gives an earnest gaze out of window, at the sparrows on the housetop. Then she comes, tortuously, in your direction, now taking a circumbendibus round the leg of a chair, which she fondles, and now making an episodic tour round the up leg of the table. Still purring, she approaches you, and finally comes to you on the other

side from that to which you invited her. But there *Puss* is at last, and you applaud her docility.

RABELAIS speaketh of certain Furred Law Cats, and speaketh well concerning them. It was thought that the race had died out, and lawyers have assured us, with some emphasis, that anybody who thinks unfavourably of the Law, theoretic or practical, must be a dull fool, who takes up old conventional notions. If they say so, it must be true. Yet, Themis pardon us, we could not help thinking of the Cat's Walk when we read the able judgment in which a few days ago an admirable judge disposed of JOANNA SOUTHCOTE.

JOANNA was an Exeter maidservant, who was born in 1750, and died in 1814. At the mature age of forty-two JOANNA announced that she had a divine mission. Most people think that she had no grounds for that allegation. But so lately as 1851 four congregations in England professed to expect her return to earth. One ANN ESSAM recently left her property in trust for printing and publishing JOANNA's writings. ANN's family preferred to keep the property, and took the opinion of the Court of Chancery on the subject.

SIR JOHN ROMILLY gave (as SAMUEL ROMILLY's son was sure to give) his most conscientious attention to the question. He was not "up" in JOANNA's works, so he took time to study them. Replete with Law and Southcotism, he came down and delivered judgment. He said that JOANNA was a fool, for "she had imagined that Providence had selected her as a special instrument to promote some good in the earth." But there was nothing so immoral in her writings as to compel him to declare the gift invalid for that reason. Luckily, however, a bequest for printing works of a religious tendency was a "charitable" bequest. Had the will been properly made, the Court must have given effect to the intended Charity. But ANN's lawyer probably knew more of JOANNA SOUTHCOTE's works than SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE's, and forgot the Statute of Mortmain. A devise of Land for such a purpose was void—so ANN ESSAM's relations will have the real property, and there will be no extra diffusion of the doctrines of the unreal prophetess.

Doubtless, the result is what was to be desired. But doth not Equity make her promenade a little in the fashion of the Cat's Walk?

The Literature of the Hustings.

MR. SLEIGH is very unfortunate in his elections. He is about to publish his experience in a volume of "Rejected Addresses." It will be a book of an important size, and will have the assistance of numerous cuts.

THE SONG OF THE STANDARD.

"I CARE for nobody no not I,
For nobody cares for me."

Table-Turning Parliamentary.

THE performances of MR. HOME, the medium, in the way of table-turning, have been surpassed by LORD PALMERSTON. The noble Viscount, the Member for Tiverton, and Prime Minister, has completely turned the tables on the Opposition.



OUR MESS REGULATIONS.

IRRITABLE OFFICER. "Why don't you bring me the Potatoes, Sir? How often am I to ask for 'em?"

MILITARY DOMESTIC. "Well, yer Honour, I've been tould off to the biled Cabbage!"

A NEW SONG FOR THE NAVY.

COME, cheer up my lads! if to battle we steer
We're proof 'gainst all shot, not a foe need we fear:
With armour well shielded, all danger we brave,
For who are so safe as the sons of the wave?

Chorus.

Iron hulls have our ships, true as steel are our men,
With guns ever ready,
We steam on so steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We've no masts now to lose, not a sail, not a spar,
No splinter can fly, iron-cased as we are:
Safe and snug on we steam, ne'er turn tail, never shrink,
Unharm'd, a whole fleet now with ease we could sink.

Chorus. Iron hulls have our ships, &c.

But four guns we mount, yet such big guns are they,
The four shots they throw a whole broadside out-weigh:
And when these we've poured in, be the foe swimming then,
We clap on full steam, and we give him the stem.

Chorus. Iron hulls have our ships, &c.

DIZZY'S CONSCIENCE.

IN the debate on MR. STANSFELD'S motion, DIZZY is reported to have said one good thing:—

"The gentleman who opened the debate to-night, and to whose resolution I will in a few minutes advert, really did not do me justice—not that I ever want anybody to do me justice. (*Laughter.*)"

No; we should think not. Give everybody his deserts, and an unscrupulous place-hunter at least would not escape whipping. The leader of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons may be quite willing that some other people should be justly dealt with, but

he is far too good a judge to feel the slightest wish, and, indeed, not to entertain the greatest objection, to have justice done to himself. We should be very sorry to have justice done to ourselves if we had proposed that the Government of England should truckle to foreign tyranny.

KING HANDEL AND KING PUNCH.

UNLIKE REX ÆOLUS, REX PUNCH never gives himself to puffing—excepting when he has a good cigar between his lips. But KING PUNCH must remind his music-loving subjects that he will soon expect their presence at the Crystal Palace, there to pay their homage to his royal brother HANDEL. The majesty of HANDEL no one can dispute; in simple grandeur he is certainly the king of all composers; and KING PUNCH therefore rejoices in the prospect of a festival wherewith fitting reverence his royal brother's dignity will be properly upheld.

Besides the truthful affirmations that we live on raw beef-steaks, and sell our wives in Smithfield, our foreign friends have long been pleased to say we English people have no taste for music, and that, empty as our heads may be, we have few of us a hollow place to hold a tune in. How far the Handel Festival will dissipate this notion, may be determined by collectors of statistics on the subject. But surely some among the Herrs, the Signors, and Mossoos, who in this Exhibition year attend the Monster Exhibition of Music down at Sydenham, will find some reason to believe in the existence of some Britons who have somewhat of a liking for something like good music. A festival employing a couple of thousand voices, and giving pleasure, let us hope, to at the very least a hundred thousand pairs of ears, will surely be some proof to the "intelligent foreigner," that musicians like KING HANDEL, are revered among us, without lessening the homage that is yielded to KING PUNCH.

NOTE ON THE DERBY.—They who depended on "prophets" have experienced a loss.



DRIVER. "D'y'er hear, Jem? Make them two full-growed uns sit forrard. I don't want to get a Month for Cru'ity to Animals!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 12th. Thursday. DR. BIRCH's young friends reassembled after the Whitsuntide recess, and just as the Arithmetic Class was going to be called up, MASTER CORRY begged leave to ask a question of one of the ushers, MR. LORD C. PAGET. MASTER CORRY said that the boys had been laying out a great deal of pocket money in ships and boats, and was getting on very well in navigation. But a very important thing connected with ships were docks, and he put it to the usher who had charge of them when they sailed their vessels, whether the school-workmen ought not to be told to make some nice large docks, as they had nothing at present but some puddles in which the new ships could not turn round. PAGET, the usher, answered that MASTER CORRY had spoken like a sensible and modest lad, and that the thing should be considered, but he did not think there was much cause for complaint. MASTER LAIRD said that at his friends' place near Liverpool they had beautiful docks, which had not cost much money. Some more boys spoke and MASTER J. PAKINGTON was rather rude, and said he did not believe that the usher meant to do anything, which was a shame, he thought. However, as it was the first night, no notice was taken of MASTER PAKINGTON's impertinence.

The Arithmetic Class was then called up, and according to the custom at DR. BIRCH's, Geography questions were interspersed. MASTER F. BARING gave a very nice account of Lagos, near the Gold Coast, and told how DOCEMO, the King of Lagos, had been persuaded by the English, with the help of a few cannons, to give up his kingdom to the good QUEEN VICTORIA, who was to pay him a thousand pounds every year. It was quite right, though MASTER BARING did not understand it, to take this little king's power away, because he helped that wicked savage, the KING OF DAHOMEY, to steal men and women and sell them, which DOCEMO could not now do. MASTER BARING made rather a silly remark about the QUEEN having just as good a reason for taking Cuba, as if Cuba belonged to savages, and not to respectable persons who could be made to answer for any wrong they did. MASTER GREGORY explained the case very well, and nearly all the boys thought that MASTER BARING had learned his lesson well, but could not make a good theme out of it. A great many sums were done, and would you believe

EDWIN AND EMMETT.

CITIZEN EDWIN JAMES has been delivering an address, which, but for the trifling objection that every statement in it is an impudently deliberate falsehood, would completely clear that individual's character from all the charges that induced him to transport himself. Among other parallels, he likened himself to one SOMETHING SOMEBODY EMMETT, of whom we never heard, and who seems, like EDWIN, to have been persecuted by the conventionalities. There was, however, another EMMETT, whose Christian name was ROBERT, and whose ultimate fortune it is far from impossible that MR. EDWIN JAMES might have attained, had he practised in England before certain alterations in the laws affecting pecuniary transactions of a one-sided kind. The respectable lawyers in America appear to comprehend the character of the new citizen, but there is a class which, according to the reports, do not seem to be able to make him out. We refer them to the admirable Dictionary of their compatriot, NOAH WEBSTER, for a definition that will apply—they will find it appended to the word "Skunk."

A MILITARY MYSTERY.

WHAT do you think
Of COLONEL BENTINCK
Being put on half-pay
In an underhand way
Without a Court Martial?
It looks rather partial.
He's shelved ere his time,
Unconvicted of crime,
And so wronged not slightly;
Or he's let off too lightly.
Doesn't somebody wink
At COLONEL BENTINCK?

French Literary Intelligence.

M. DE ST. BEUVE has discovered an unpublished manuscript of *Robinson Crusoe*. He is going to publish it as a pendant to his *Causeries du Lundi*, under the title of *Les Conversations de VENDREDI*.

it, the boys sat up over the figures till half-past one in the morning? MASTER OSBORNE said something which he meant for fun, and added that he meant to move, but DR. BIRCH reproved him rather severely for making jokes, and MASTER OSBORNE held his tongue.

Friday. *Majors canamus*. Our legislators were to-night engaged on matter for grown-up men. GENERAL BUTLER, the Yankee leader who has possession of New Orleans, has issued a proclamation to the effect that any lady of that city who shall manifest contempt for a Federal soldier "shall be treated as if she were a harlot plying her avocation." Anything so brutal is not recorded in the history of any war in the Old World or the New, and it will be difficult for the whole of Europe not to feel itself in the position of the ladies of New Orleans, and to manifest contempt for every Federal soldier until the proclamation is disavowed and BUTLER dismissed. In both Houses of Parliament to-night the Ministers of England, amid the cheers of the assemblies, spoke with befitting indignation of the beast BUTLER, but left the Federal Government a loophole by imagining a possibility of the repudiation of the proclamation.

LORD PALMERSTON silenced the eternal DARBY GRIFFITH very funnily. DARBY had intended to speak about the SULTAN and the PASHA, and to explain that the first lived in Turkey, and had a Seraglio, and went to the Sweet Waters, and to Mosques; while the second lived in Egypt, through which the Nile ran, and where the Pyramids were, and the Sphinx, also many donkey boys, with other novel and valuable information collected by the said GRIFFITH with patient study and by examination of travellers. But PAM told him that it would not be the right thing to talk about Egypt while the PASHA was staying here. So DARBY shut up, and we hope that, hereafter, PAM will silence him again by telling him that it is not the right thing to talk about Egypt when the PASHA is not here to defend himself.

Then came a long and smart debate, in which most of the best men engaged, and, as usual, the subject-matter was infinitesimal. One TAYLOR, an English person, took the Island of Monte Christo, in order to reside upon it with his wife, in isolation. All was pleasant enough until the Italian outbreak came, and then MR. TAYLOR got into a double scrape. He had a row with some Tuscan soldiers, his wife scolded them, and he gave one of them a shake or something of the kind,

he was prosecuted and a heavy sentence was passed, which, however, the Government remitted, pardoning Mr. TAYLOR, and making the prosecutors pay the expenses. Then some of the loose fish, who, under the name of Garibaldians, behaved as loose fish generally do, landed in the island and plundered. Mr. TAYLOR considers that as the KING OF ITALY recognised GARIBALDI's acts, and the latter recognised the acts of his men, the King ought to compensate the Englishman. Italian Law and Government are appealed to, but they do not see their way. This was a capital opportunity for the enemies of the KING OF ITALY, and they came out well, and loud Opposition cheers marked every word used against the Italian Government—cheers which it may be convenient that the people of England should remember. MR. LAYARD, MR. GLADSTONE, MR. ROUNDALL PALMER, and LORD PALMERSTON all came out in defence of the Italians, while allowing the hardships of Mr. TAYLOR's case; MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK, MR. KINGLAKE, MR. BOVILL, and MR. DISRAELI did their best on the other side. The debate was a very good one, law and argument and politics being mixed and agreeably spiced with personalities. The result is, that LORD PALMERSTON held out some hopes of kind treatment to Mr. TAYLOR, and the Conservative Opposition held out none to the Italians.

SIR ROBERT PEEL threw over divers Irish Bills, complaining that though the Scotch can stop and fight their measures till two in the morning, the Irish always want to shut up at midnight. Perhaps the Irish brew their whiskey-toddy stronger than the Scotch, and consequently are more advanced at the earlier date.

TAKING A TURN AT HANDEL.



MARTIN PUGH.

NOMALOUS as it may sound, Mr. *Punch* hates handle's music, but he loves the music of HANDEL. The music made by turning the handle of a barrel-organ is not at all the kind of music Mr. *Punch* enjoys a turn at. But Mr. *Punch* the other evening attended a rehearsal where a couple of thousand singers took a turn at HANDEL; and such was the effect on Mr. *Punch*'s ears and mind, that he came away determined to make record of the fact, inasmuch as one good turn deserves another.

People cannot well be blind to the beauties of good music when they sing so

well at sight as those did at this rehearsal. Chorusses that long ago have passed clean out of memory, and seldom have been sung since HANDEL himself led them, were "rendered" in slang phrase, with a fire and a precision that a rifleman might envy. One from *Hercules* was given with a force it would have puzzled even Hercules to give to it; and one from *St. Cecilia's Day* was sung in such a way that, being a good musician, the Saintess would no doubt have given her ears to hear it. There was a laughing chorus too (words written by MILTON, music put by HANDEL—a fitting combination); and just fancy how a laugh of two thousand horse power must have startled the staid echoes of solemn Exeter Hall! The singers indeed laughed with such a hearty vehemence that Mr. *Punch* began to think that by some traitor in his printing-office one of the jokes in his forthcoming number had been sent to them; and the round of applause with which the laughter ended very naturally served to strengthen this idea.

Mr. *Punch* knows no more of musical slangography than he does of Chinese chaff, or the talk of Feejee fast men. So he will not plague his readers by describing how the contrapuntal passages were rendered, what pains were bestowed upon the melodic progressions, and how well the tempi were preserved throughout. It is enough for him to hint that if the performance at the Festival at all equal the promise, it will certainly deserve success, and will probably command it.

So Mr. *Punch* would say to every musical young lady, Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee Pa and Ma and sisters three: Cram thy carriage full inside. On the box let CHARLEY ride. FREDERICK, ARTHUR, and AUGUSTUS, if they've business to detain them, may rattle down by train and meet you in the transept. Come all ye who music

love, and would its pleasures prove. Come and hear the Giant HANDEL, and "see what mighty strides he takes" in his great works. Listen for a while to his harmonious thunder, and let your ears be filled with sounds that for a lifetime may prove a pleasant memory.

MRS. HARRIS.

On the Report of a Row in "MUSTER DERBY'S 'OUSE OVER THE WAY" (where she 'elpe).

QUARRELS indeed! Don't talk to me! Drat such gossip, and tittle-tattle!

Wich it's well known I 'ates tale-bearers, and spies, and all such cattle. What is it to them what goes on in the 'ouse that I runs arrands and chares for?

I'm sure *their* tongues is no scandal as respectable parties cares for.

Suppose our gentlemen *does* fall out, wich young WALPOLE is that

aggravatin'—
(Though you'd think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, his case when you hears him statin')

And suppose MUSTER DIZZY that 'ad the fust floors, *have* gone up to the attics—

(Wich I'm proud to wait on him, though 'five pairs o' stairs *do* come 'ard on my rheumatics).

If our gents *has* had their little tiffs about their places at meals—

And suppose when they meets in the droring-room they turns upon their 'eels—

I'm sure MUSTER DERBY (that's master) do his best to keep things quiet,

And 'tunt true we've 'ad the perlice called in to put down rumpage or riot.

MUSTER DIZZY is free to go out and come in as he likes, with his own latch-key,

And it can't be no business of WALPOLE's, the parties he chooses to see: Them Irish gents as calls on him is pleasant haffable men,

Though they is apt to be rumbustical and fractious now and then.

Anyways we keeps ourselves to ourselves, and if parties will make andles

Of every trifle, more shame for them as breeds such worrits and scandals.

I'll never say nothing to make folks think Derby-Mansion's a coming to smash,

We washes our dirty linen at home, and I DON'T TELL WHAT GOES TO THE WASH.

"MAY THE EVENING'S AMUSEMENT BEAR," &c.

THE POPE has been giving a grand Banquet to the Cardinals and all the Bishops in Rome. Happy priests! How they must have enjoyed their mutton, as every one of them could doubtlessly boast to himself of having got the Pope's eye. Fancy the beverages too! We read that the POPE had no less than 240 Bishops to his dinner that day! We wonder how ever he managed to get home to the Vatican in safety that night. We all know that PRUS is a famous good hand at making a Bishop, but we wish that he would not make some of them so strong. Your Bishop has at all times fine insidious qualities for stealing away a man's brains, but that DUPANLOUP Bishop is enough to give the strongest man a headache for several days to come. Not only is there too much spirit, but it is of too fiery a quality. We are curious to know if the POPE has yet recovered from having had 240 Bishops all on the same evening. If he has, he has a much stronger head than we ever gave him credit for.

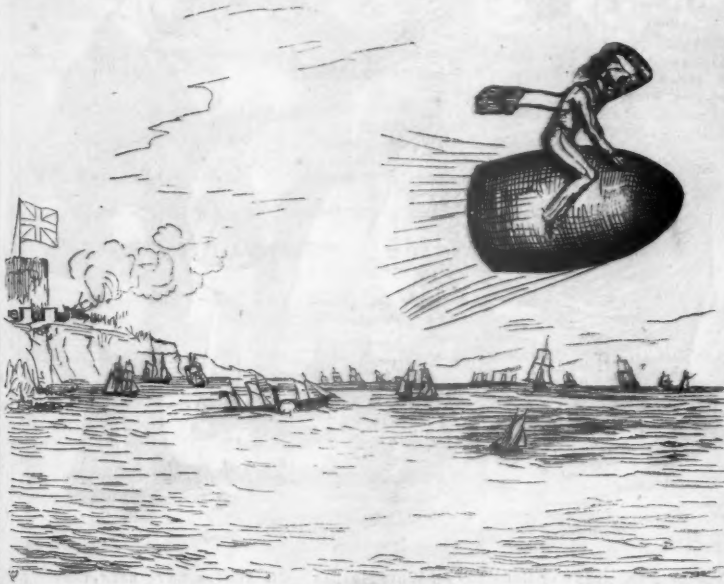
Breaking the Doll.

WOMAN is the Englishman's friend, the American's doll. Which destiny does she prefer when she reads that the Federals have issued a proclamation to the ladies of New Orleans, stating that any lady "who manifests contempt" for a Federal soldier shall be treated—well, as we do not treat the unfortunate creatures who infest the Haymarket at midnight? Poor Dolly, she is ruthlessly smashed the moment she even winks derision. But how do the brave, but susceptible Northerners, treat *mes* who manifest similar contempt? GENERAL BANKS runs away from them—gives them the cut direct. Perhaps this is almost as safe a course as GENERAL BUTLER'S.

PATRONS OF THE RING.—Ladies, circus-riders, publicans, clowns, noblemen, and prize-fighters.

A REAL AMERICAN GRIEVANCE.

THERE is one subject on which the Yankees are especially sore, and we admit that it is a grievance. Do what they will, declare themselves never so loudly, the Fastest nation in all creation, they still lag five hours behind slow old England. When we have got to five o'clock in the afternoon, New York is only at noon. This justly enrages them, and we hear that when the North is subjugated, and the English and French are driven from America, and the COUNT DE PARIS reigns at the Tuileries, and Cuba is a Territory, some action is to be taken in the matter, and the Sun is to be turned the other way, or something is to be done to maintain the honour of the Old flag—yes, Sir, for we ain't behind you noways, Mister.



Merely going to inquire about the Seizure of the British Steam-ship "Bermuda" by the Yankee Frigate "Mercedita."

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

"MY DEAR FANNY,

"You always read your *Times* of a morning after your Papa has done with it, and therefore know that some Frenchmen, over here on account of the International Exhibition, have been writing to the Paris newspapers descriptions of our manners and customs in letters most of which are amusing from the monstrous blunders and bouncing stories which they contain. Some, however, are fair and reasonable enough; for instance, one lately quoted by the *Morning Post*, a paper, mind, which is written for fashionable readers. The writer of this letter extols the beauty of English girls, but thinks his countrywomen have the advantage in grace of manner, and the art of dressing. Well, my dear, this is a no small advantage—if they have it. Beauty will keep little better than mackerel, grace will last much longer, and skill in dressing will enable a girl to make the most of herself, and also of her clothes, so as, if obliged to dress cheaply, nevertheless to dress well. No, my dear, I am not one of those old fogies who affect to ridicule girls' attention to dress, especially when it is shown by them in making their own clothes. Certainly not. But now, here is a passage from one of this French gentleman's letters:—

"Let me see how I can best give you an idea of the occupations of an English lady, the daughter of a 'gentleman.' MRS. M.'s MARY AUGUSTA is, I think, about 20. I find her in the morning, after breakfast, writing letters. English young ladies are always writing letters. Then, later, she reads fashionable romances, which, just now, are romantic histories of the clergy; a little later she is at the pianoforte singing a German or Spanish song. The young ladies of London will learn to sing in all languages—why, I know not—it is the fashion. Later in the day she is at a flower-show or a concert, wherever there are most millards and milades. In England there are persons who will pay to be in the same room with the first aristocracy. A ride or drive in the park, dinner, and a ball or the Italian Opera close the day as in other civilised cities.

"There, FANNY, my dear, that is an observant foreigner's description of the way in which a large class of young English ladies pass their girlhood. Pretty spinsters, so called by the rule of contrary, because they toil not, neither do they spin, except round and round in waltzes. Some, to be sure, there are who, although, like the rest, they can afford to be idle and worthless, lead a life much above that of a butterfly. They visit the poor, they superintend charity-schools, they attend lectures at the Royal Institution. To hear music they go generally to Exeter Hall; to the opera now and then, when something is done there a great deal better than *La Traviata*. They read good books, humorous and serious; habitually in some measure exercise their intellect and higher affections, vehemently derided by grinning elegant baboons. You are the daughter of a useful man, my FANNY; you belong to the serviceable orders. You have been taught better than to fritter your time away. If you

were now to rise, or sink, shall I say? into the sumptuous classes, whose business is to enjoy themselves, such a life as that described by the Frenchman would not be one of enjoyment to you. No; that existence of frivolous monotony would be a punishment and a bore. Some girls in your station think they would like it; follow it as nearly as they can. It would be a life good enough for them, too, could it last a lifetime—if the butterfly could, as the silly old song says, go on roaming for ever from flower to flower, till its extinction, poor insect! Butterflies must be butterflies as pigs must be pigs, and morally there is no difference between pigs and butterflies, except that pigs are profitable whereas butterflies simply consume the fruits of the earth. Well, now, my dear, suppose this worse than swinish life ends, as it is meant to end, in marriage.

"What think you, does a man marry who marries a fashionable frivolous woman, however beautiful? He marries a material substance, possessing pleasant physical properties, and no others that are pleasant to anybody but a fool. The highest sentiment that inspires it is vanity. He has a poor bargain. It is plump on the bust, arms and legs, slim at the wrists and ankles, white and red in the face. Its chief merits are such as win the prize at a cattle-show, or are highly commended by the judges. These qualities gone, there remains a mass of matter worse than inanimate, for it has to be fed and clothed, expensively. It is then like a horse eating its head off; with this difference for the worse, that the horse is put out of the way in a stable, as the wife cannot be, but must be allowed indoors. A deluded man married her for her beauty, taking her intelligence for granted, or fancying he read it in her fine eyes, the large bright windows of a little mind. Those eyes very soon grow as dull as the soul behind them. Those lips lose their form, and no longer impart a charm to all the nonsense which that mouth utters. The mouth is spoiled; and the nonsense is seen, and said, to be dashed nonsense now. The elegance of drill, dancing and deportment is replaced by natural coarseness. The splendid girl has fallen all of a heap into a lump of flesh, which is no company to its consort. Here endeth domestic bliss.

"Now you, my dear little FANNY, rise early, get breakfast ready, read as I have said, your *Times*, help make the beds, do a lot of needlework; lend a hand in the kitchen when you have done work; study the literature of your country, play one or two of BEETHOVEN's sonatas, and sing, when you do sing, 'He shall Feed his Flock,' or something of that sort, go to an evening party once or twice in the year, and out for a good walk every day. You will marry a sensible fellow; for a fool would prefer the material substance, in the shape of a dented fine girl at present, to bloat hereafter into a martlemas of a female. Your husband will not vote you a bore as soon as your cheeks have faded, and you have become what the sarcastic fops call *passée*. He will prefer your society to his own, or to any other, and you will still be a happy wife, when many a bounding belle of the ball has overblown into a flat-footed, gross fat woman, with a waist like the middle circumference of a beer-barrel, a short thick neck, and no intellect; once pursued, now neglected; formerly the object of leering gallantry, at present the subject of mocking fun; a being as ugly, almost, as your affectionate Uncle,

"MUNDUNGUS."

Out-and-out Profound.

It is not from the prosperous dwellers in fortune's sunshine that a wise man seeks to learn true wisdom. When the philosopher wants to know the temperature he goes to the thermometer in the shade.



THAT AWFUL SWELL PERCY DE GOSLING FINDS HIMSELF BY ACCIDENT AT BRIGHTON ON WHIT-MONDAY. HIS NERVES HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY SHOCKED. ALREADY HE HAS BEEN ASKED IF HE WANTED ANY TEA-ACCOMMODATION; AND NOW A BOATMAN REQUESTS HIM TO "JINE THIS PARTY, AND MAKE UP THE 'ARF DOZEN FOR A ROW."

MISSIONARY SWELLS.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"Now that the Social Science Congress has just been sitting, let me present you with a suggestion, which strikes me as a good idea for ameliorating the behaviour of the industrious classes. The cheap excursion trains and steamboats, just now, take loads of them in all directions, and empty them in large quantities over every spot frequented by the right sort of people, especially watering places. Of course they ought to be allowed change of air, though some fellows think that is not necessary, but they have no right to poison the air which they exchange for that of the slums with bad tobacco and onions; they should get out of the way, and their women should not carry about children in arms, and sit nursing them regardless of publicity, and perhaps eating winkles.

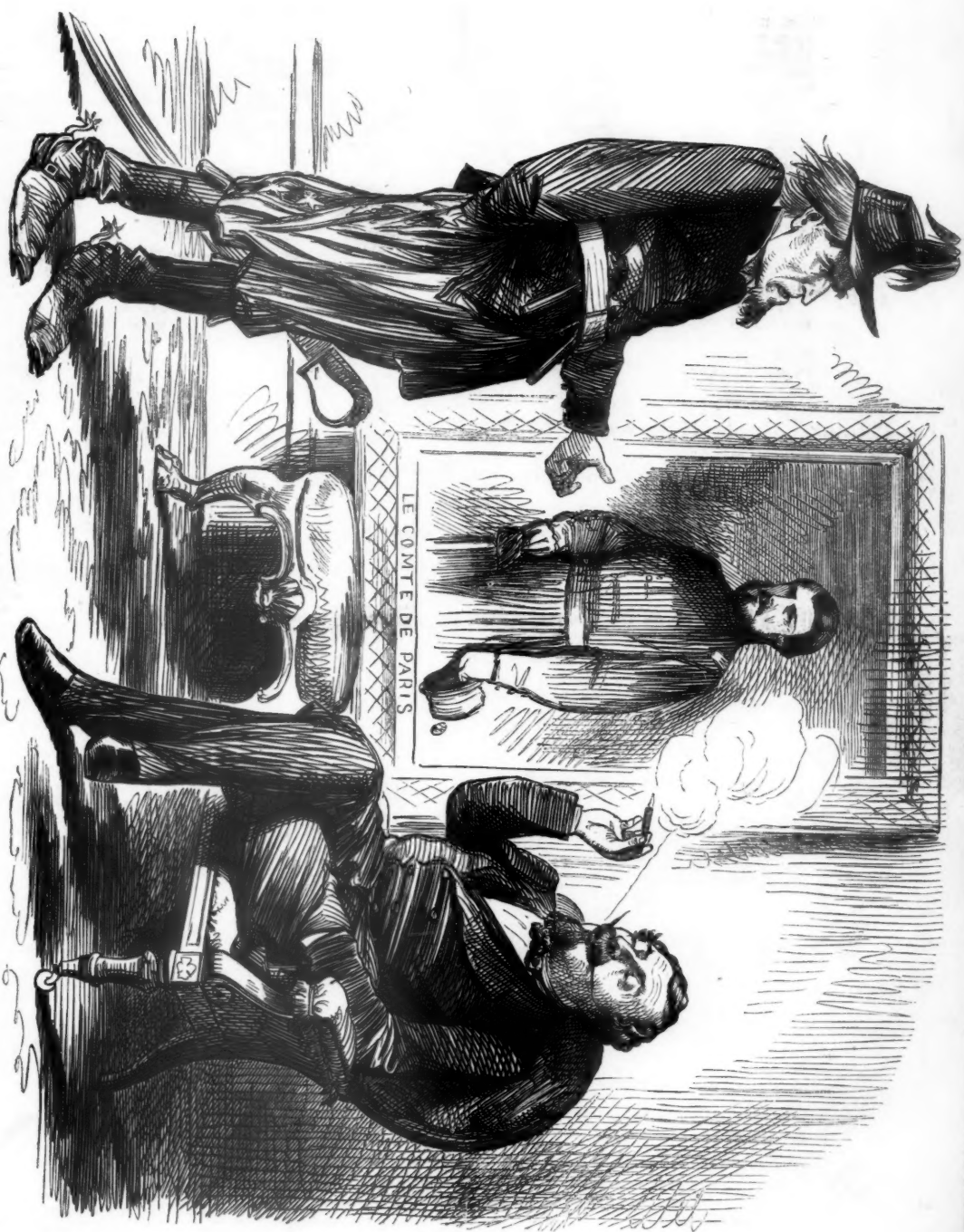
"It strikes me that, since there is no law to punish the common people for committing these heinous offences, it would be a good thing if fellows would unite in an endeavour to get up a reform of their horrible manners by means of practical example. I propose that some of us fellows should go among them as missionaries, to try and teach them better, which would be immensely philanthropic, and quite a charity to other fellows, who hate the sight of the People, and take no interest in elevating the masses, whilst they are inexpressibly annoyed, and disgusted beyond measure, by their peculiarities—their language, voices, looks, gestures, habits and ways—which no fellow can escape from observing.

"For us benevolent fellows who are not so fastidious, it would be good fun, I say, to go and travel occasionally in the second class with the excursionists who have taken 3s. return tickets to enjoy eight hours at the sea-side. Having gained their confidence by entering into conversation with them in a genial and familiar spirit, we might soon be enabled to commence the attempt at their improvement. With due gentleness and delicacy we could venture to point out to them their characteristic errors in grammar and pronunciation; the employment of a double negative for a simple negation, the omission or superaddition of the letter H, and saying 'sor' for saw. We might take every available opportunity to give the men a practical lesson in courtesy to the other

sex, by arranging their shawls and their parcels for instance, and by considerably covering infants too conspicuously nursed with the mantle of a travelling wrapper or a pocket handkerchief. In a little while, having sufficiently ingratiated ourselves with our fellow-passengers, we might take the liberty of playfully deprecating the continual munching of bread and cheese, and the frequent recourse to the spirit-flask.

"Arrived at our destination, we might mingle with the people, in strolling about the streets, where we would try to prevail upon them to lay aside their pipes, and walk along so as not to occupy all the pavement. It would be well for us also to point out to them any adjacent objects of interest, with a view to develop intelligence in the place of gaping wonder. We might accompany them to the neighbouring park, or beach, assist them in opening their baskets and untying their bundles, show them how to arrange the contents of those things in the style of a picnic, and instruct mechanics and artisans in the mystery of attending to ladies. If necessary, we could even follow them to those unknown haunts out of which absurd persons issue, and offer you hot water for the tea which they assume you have got in your pocket! We would school them in deportment at table; entreat them to laugh gently; and beg them not to put their knives into their mouths.

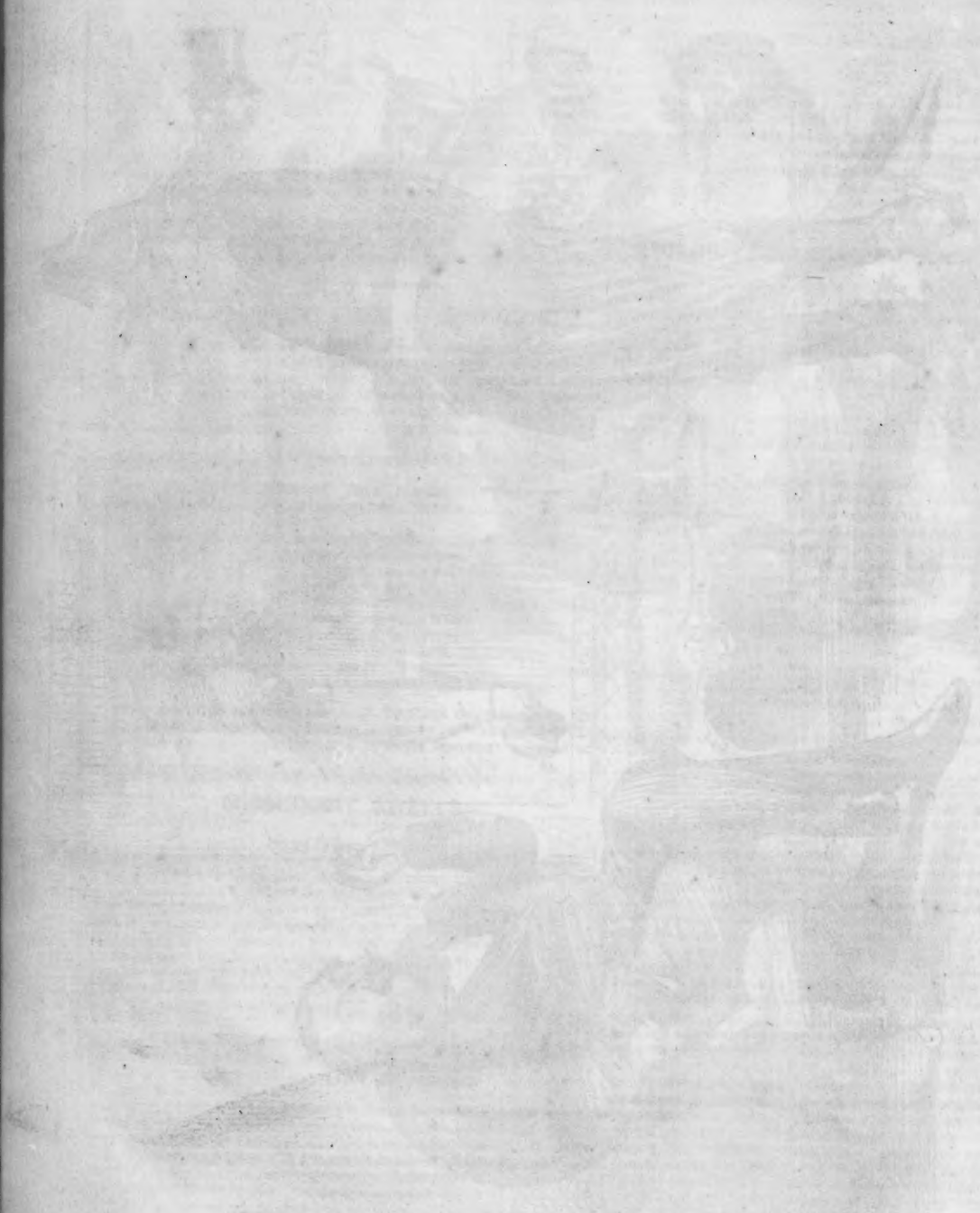
"On the sands—by the sad sea waves—we would make it our business to conduct them to bathing machines, not only that they might properly wash themselves, but also their infants, instead of half dipping them in the salt water, scraping them against the shingle, and then, to stop their cries and screams, giving them gin. And here, where the working man would insist on smoking, we would teach him to smoke in a proper manner, with his hands put easily and gracefully in his pockets and his hat on the right way. Arm in arm with young journeymen, we would show them how to stroll and saunter and dangle after the young women, glass in eye. As for those young women, with their aunts and mothers, we would, if possible, induce our sisters or cousins to assist our ministrations by attending and instructing them to carry their crinoline with elegance, so as not to expose its framework, but to exhibit their ankles to advantage, for which purpose it would further be necessary to teach them to assume correct attitudes. Most of our female relatives, doubtless, would only be too happy to co-operate



JONATHAN'S PROGRAMME, OR A BIT OF BRAG.

"TELL YER WHAT IT IS, LOUIS—IF YOU COME MEDDLIN' WITH ANY O' YOUR MEDITATION SARGE; SOON AS EVER I'VE WHIPPED THE REBELS—AND WALKED INTO CANADA—AND CHAW'D UP JOHN BULL—DARN'D IF I DON'T PUT THAT THAR YOUNG MAN IN YOUR LOCATION!!!"

(See also John's Program.)



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
BY
JAMES M. SMITH
OF THE
UNITED STATES SENATE
AND
OF THE
UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I
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1850

in our labour of love. This is not too strong an expression. Of course we ought all to love our species, and the People are our species; although they seem a different race. A working man might marry a fellow's sister, by a frightful possibility, and make a fellow an uncle; that's a physiological truth. A fellow who has been born a Swell can hardly conceive that he is of the same flesh and blood as a small cheese-monger; but such nevertheless is the horrid fact. That is what makes a fellow want to improve the Million, because the idea that they are a fellow's fellow-men is so deuced humiliating.

"Your Regular Reader,

"The Clarendon, June, 1862."

"TREMAINE."

PROTECTION FOR THE POOR ORGAN-GRINDER.

FOR the sake of the Italian Organ-grinders themselves, something ought to be done with a view to prevent the excitement into which the nerves of irritable persons are now liable to be thrown by the music of those interesting foreigners. At the Lambeth Police Office, on Monday last week, a wandering minstrel of this deserving class, named FRANCISCO ESCHIO, appeared to complain of a cracked crown, the effect of a violent assault committed on him by a half-pay officer, CAPTAIN DUNDAS. According to the report:—

"The Complainant said that on that morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, while playing his organ, he received, he could not tell how, three or four severe blows on his head with a stick, one of which had cut his hat through, and caused a wound on the top of his head."

There was evidence enough to prove that this lesion of the scalp which the poor fellow could not tell how he had received, was produced by the cane of the irascible CAPTAIN DUNDAS. MRS. ELIZABETH HAMLIN—the Captain's next door neighbour—beheld the assault. This lady said, "she had been in the habit of giving the poor organ-players a few pence, but since she had discovered that the Captain, her neighbour, did not like it, she had discontinued doing so." A kind and considerate lady; kind, though injudiciously so, to a poor organ-grinder, and considerate to an irritable Captain. Unfortunately she repented of her mistaken kindness too late to avail the poor organ-grinder. For behold:—

"That morning while up-stairs she heard an organ playing five or six houses beyond the prisoner's. In a few minutes she saw CAPTAIN DUNDAS strike the Complainant on the head several violent blows with what appeared to her to be the thick end of a hunting-whip. The Complainant would have fallen if some persons had not come to his assistance."

How dreadful! How painful! How much the poor organ-grinder must have been hurt! Two other witnesses attested the foregoing facts. One of them, a woman of course, said that "seeing the Complainant bleeding profusely from what appeared to be a deep wound in the top of his head," she, like a kind creature, "took him some hot water to wash away the blood." What a truly touching act of tender charity! It is gratifying to know that his head was washed. The other witness, although likewise a woman, admitted, on cross examination, "that she had seen a young lady point towards the Complainant, and heard him play one or two tunes after that." The poor Italian might, if he had dared, have addressed his assailant in the words of his countryman *Iago*, "I bleed, Sir, but not killed." He does not appear to have made the remark. He bled, however, at any rate, and was seen by Police Constable, HENRY MORTON, 63 L, on the same morning, at Tower Street Station, "with a wound on his head from which the blood was still flowing." Suffering victim of irritation! The last-named witness, who took CAPTAIN DUNDAS into custody, stated that:—

"The Prisoner was not the terror of the organ-grinders alone, but of his neighbours also. He was in the habit of firing off a seven-barrelled revolver, and at other times conducted himself in so eccentric a manner as to alarm those living in his neighbourhood."

This statement of the policeman makes us tremble to think of the risk that was run by the poor organ-grinder in provoking a gentleman in the habit of firing off a seven-barrelled revolver. The solicitor of CAPTAIN DUNDAS pleaded in defence of his client that the Captain was in "a weak and nervous state." These are conditions which organ-grinding is particularly apt to aggravate. CAPTAIN DUNDAS sent a young lady to request the musician to go away. The poor musician, as those poor musicians usually do, declined to move. "Annoyed by his refusal," the Captain, "in a moment struck him, and, unfortunately, with much more force than he had intended." Ulysses served Thersites in the same way to stop his noise—poor Thersites! But that case is no precedent; nothing can justify an assault, not even organ-grinding and refusal to stir on the part of the poor organ-grinder.

CAPTAIN DUNDAS was fined £5 by Mr. ELLIOTT, who very properly observed that "it was not to be permitted to persons to take the law into their own hands, and commit such outrages as cutting people's heads open with their sticks with impunity," so says the law, which a Magistrate is bound to administer. But then really the law should remove the temptation which prompts nervous gentlemen to take it into their hands, to the injury of poor organ-grinders. It is quite

true that, as Mr. ELLIOTT also said of the sufferer in this case, "the Prisoner had his remedy in sending for a constable, and having him removed or given into custody." Yes, and then SIGNOR FRANCISCO ESCHIO might have been succeeded by another poor organ-grinder, and the same remedy again applied, a third poor organ-grinder following, removed by a re-application of the remedy, and so on all day; a remedy worse than the disease for a nervous irritable gentleman. Should the organ-grinding at last drive him absolutely mad, the possible result to the poor organ-grinder might be fearful.

Be it therefore enacted, That a "Caution," posted at the demand of any nervous gentleman, shall forbid all organ-grinding within a reasonable compass, and authorise the police to remove all poor organ-grinders from the peril to which they now expose themselves. This would effectually secure those tidy and cleanly children of harmony from incurring such sad consequences of violent exasperation as those which poor FRANCISCO ESCHIO brought down upon his head.

THE MISSION OF THE JAPANESE MARTYRS.

Oh, we are Japanese martyrs that three hundred years ago,
Were crucified, with delight and pride, in the streets of Fatsisio.
There's a couple of hundred of us, in the spirit, invited to Rome,
You may find us, duly dystempered, all under St. Peter's dome,
We canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time!

For the Church that we love, we gallantly strove, upon Rome's ancient
plan,
St. Peter's rock that defies all shock to establish in far Japan.
With pictures that winked, and figures that bled, ceremonial pomp and
show,
We hoped full soon to oust the Tycoon and floor the Mikado,
We canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

So long as we kept to spirituals we swimmingly made our way,
The Japanese liked to be preached at, and didn't object to pay.
The alms and oblations flowed freely in, and everything promised fair,
And we hoped in the East one leg at least to add to St. Peter's chair,
We canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

But when it came to ousting Tycoon and flooring Mikado,
Adding temporal rule to spiritual, we were quietly told to go:
And when we refused, we were cruelly used, and strung up by twos
and threes,
Hung, drawn and quartered, and variously martyred, as witness the
effigies
Of us canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

So Holy Father take warning, with the Cardinals at your side,
And Bishops, whether *in partibus*, or faithful flocks that guide.
So long as it stuck to spirituals no risk our mission ran,
'Twas going in for the temporals that floored the Church of Japan,
And settled us Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

'Tis a fine thing to be canonised, beatitude's a pleasure,
And a grand sight is St. Peter's, decked with velvet and lights and
treasure:
But we'd rather see stronger foundations and somewhat poorer
dressings,
And a good deal less of French bayonets, and more of Italian blessings,
We canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

"*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus confitetur.*"
Is the rule, "*Quod Cesaris Cesaris, quod Dei Deo detur.*"
Then seek not after temporals, or, be sure, our counsel scorning,
You'll find yourself served out, as we did, one fine morning,
We canonised Japanese martyrs,
All of the olden Time.

Extraordinary Benevolence.

MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER (whose name is synonymous with kindness and liberality) has contrived to get at odds with the tremendous DIXON BOUICHAULT, and it appears from the Chancery Reports, that Mr. WEBSTER, so far from resenting the ingratitude of his protégé, has actually taken proceedings to prevent the GROUPE becoming the Lessee of Drury Lane Theatre! If that is not returning good for evil, we should be glad to be privately informed what constitutes that commendable operation.



SCENE:—COUNTRY RAILWAY STATION, PIOUS DISTRICT.

COOL PASSENGER (helping himself to old JONES'S Sandwiches which he had left on his luggage in front of the Tract Box while he went for his ticket). "Oh! certainly, with pleasure! Un-commonly considerate on the part o' the Company—must say."

PROTESTANT MONKEY'S TRICKS.

(TO CARDINAL WISEMAN.)

MY LORD CARDINAL,

YOUR Eminence is now, I believe, in the Eternal City, but as CORBETT said once when he wrote a letter to the POPE, if any gentleman happens to be going to Rome, he will perhaps be so good as to put this letter into his pocket, and deliver it to you with his own hands. A man signing himself "A Member of the Protestant Church of England," writing to the *Morning Advertiser*, gives an account of some very shameful buffoonery which is being practised in your district—you know I must not say diocese—and which cannot but disgust you. He dates from Stoke Newington, and says:—

"We have in this neighbourhood a Church called St. Matthias, the interior of which is made to resemble as much as possible a Roman Catholic place of worship. There are an abundance of crosses, even the brass lamps are studded with them, each burner being in the shape of a cross."

You see, my Lord Cardinal, that this is a Protestant Church at which the officiating clergymen amuse themselves and their congregation—I should say audience—by playing at Roman Catholics. Here is the above-quoted writer's description of the performance:—

"On Easter-Sunday, which we all know is a high day in the Romish Church, so likewise was it at St. Matthias. I attended the service, and as far as the music was concerned, I admit it was a theatrical treat, but the mummery practised effaced all other considerations. The principal part of the beautiful service of the Church of England is what they call 'intoned,' so that a stranger cannot join in it; large candles were burning on the Communion table, although it was broad daylight; a boy carried a thurible, containing incense, the smoke from which surrounded the officiating priest, precisely in the same manner as is practised in Popish Chapels. They have at this Church 'holy water' for the congregation to use, with the sign of the cross, also Sisters of Mercy, another name for nuns."

Your Eminence perceives that these mountebanks don't mimic you cleverly. They intone "the beautiful service of the Church of England." Why do they not intone the beautiful canon of the Mass at once, and

"THE PLAGUE OF MY LIFE."

How sweet to curate's ear the sound
Of Postman's knock upon the door!
(When all his Oxford bills are paid
And dunning letters come no more).

Into the morning toilet now,
He will not wait to throw his mind,
He ties his necktie all askew,
Nor stops to part his hair behind.

But down the stairs he rushes straight,
Eager the breakfast-tray to scan
"Letters?—Hurrah! yes—one! two! three!
There must be one from MARY ANNE!"

First, number one—"Sir, MESSRS. SPICE,
BROTHERS, & Co., Old Street, E.C.—
Still offer at a sacrifice
A good sound family bohea."

Then number two comes—"Reverend Sir,
The feeling we have always shown,
The clergy bids us print for them
Some facts not generally known."

"Our Spanish Agent writes us word
(From San Flamingo) he opines,
This very year must bring about
A Crisis in the growth of wines."

"In which case, with no other view
Than your advantage, our advice is
You should lay in a butt of Port
Still quoted at the usual prices."

"We've far more satisfaction, Sir,
In filling bins with wines like these,
Than offering you (as others do)
Growths of disastrous vintages."

"N.B. In sherries notice 'Three'
(A cheap wine but you may be sure
A very sound one), which we keep
For distribution to the poor."

Enough! Enough! Oh ye M.P.s
Enact for us some kindly laws,
To save our much enduring race
From all these advertisers' jaws!

Why should such wretches have a right
To plague us parsons as they please,
And bother us about their wines,
And tease us with their patent teas?—A SUFFERER.

take you off, as the rustics say, "something like?" Why, I dare say you would rather have your own form of worship represented at Drury Lane, or at the Adelphi Theatre, where, by the way, the Canonisation would be a safe hit, PLO NOMO represented by Mr. TOOLE, and MR. PAUL BEDFORD playing your Eminence.

Our histrionic parsons at Stoke Newington, however, carry their burlesque a little too far. In continuation we are informed that:—

"They adopt the debasing practice of confession, watch, while it subjugates the intellect, is repulsive to every manly feeling of our nature."

Some foolish people, mistaking these clerical mimes for regular Roman Catholic priests, may actually go and confess to them. Now whatever your auricular confession may be, there can be no doubt that the Protestant imitation of it is all humbug; a practice not only debasing but useless. I would suggest, therefore, the expediency of taking some step to prevent this Stoke Newington confessional from imposing on the unwary. Couldn't you have a few acolytes, in costume, to stand outside of St. Matthias's, carrying advertisement-boards, to apprise all whom the information may concern, that you have no connection with that establishment, and declaring which is the genuine shop for absolution? With all possible respect,

Your Eminence's old acquaintance,

PUNCH.

Vacancies Wanted.

THE POPE was sorely puzzled to know how to cram his new Japanese Saints into the Calendar, already most inconveniently crowded with apocryphal sanctity. He might make a little room by shoving out S. NAPOLEON, which would be a neat and safe insult to L. NAPOLEON, in return for his efforts to shove out the POPE. *Punch* wonders that the ecclesiastical mind has not thought of so delightful a bit of spite. It is not too late—though it soon may be.

THE REMOVAL OF A NUISANCE.



HE hideous tents, that selfishly block up the view of the Horticultural Gardens from the windows of the Exhibition refreshment rooms, were not used on the occasion of the last Flower Show. As they are of no use then, why should not they be removed? Those who rule Arcadia should breathe nothing but gentleness and good-nature to others, even though they may be only outsiders of the magic circle of beauty and aristocracy, and have not paid their shillings to enter the flowery kingdom. Flowers should surely teach everything that is graceful and sweet, and we think that the fellows of a society so pacifying in its nature as the Horticultural might display a little more good fellowship to their fellow-creatures. The present

erection seems to have been prompted by the Directors after they had partaken of a liberal repast of early gooseberries and unripe crab-apples, and had been drinking freely of the juice of vinegar-plants, for its unsightly growth could only have been the produce of the very essence of acidity. The sour spirit that apparently animated them was this:—

"No, gentlemen exhibitors, you may enjoy your dinners, and pay for them any price you please; but we are determined you shall not feast your eyes for nothing. Our flowers, we tell you, are not going to waste their sweetness *gratis*. You don't see one of their lovely tints until we first see the colour of your money."

However, we doubt if this monster bit of canvas has helped the sale of their season-tickets in any way. We say again, let the nuisance be instantly removed. One's dinner is poisoned by an overflow of miserable Tent whine, that is being poured out on all sides of you on account of this huge ocular obstruction. One would as soon think of dining outside one of ALGAR'S Crown and Anchor booths. The only tent one would wish to dine in on such an occasion, surrounded as one is with so many foreigners, should be *en-tente cordiale*.

CAROLLINGS FOR COCKNEYS.

AMONG other musical novelties we see announced a piece for the piano which the composer has entitled "*Carrollings at Morn*." In this "*morceau de salon*," as it is called in the advertisements, one of the advertised "opinions of the press" informs us that "the warblings of the birds, the huntsman's joyous horn, and the cheyving of the hounds are successfully rendered."

Now, of course such morning sounds as these are familiar enough to people in the country, but we who live in London only have a limited acquaintance with them, and therefore cannot take much interest in piano imitations, or say with any certainty if they be like to life. We think then the composer, if he aim at all at gaining a good London reputation, should write at once a sequel to his "morsel of the drawing-room," and introduce the cries and carollings at morn heard in Cockaigne. We are sure a pretty piece might be composed on such a theme, and we really feel surprised it has not long ere this been thought of. How charmingly the street-cries might be introduced, and what delightful variations might be written on the melodies wherewith the various street merchants proclaim aloud their wares! How sweetly "Milk below—oh!" might be tinkled in the treble, while "Fresh Haddick!" or "Fine So-holes!" might be blared out in the bass. The cheerful cry of "Swee-ee-up!" might then be fitly heard, and an imitation given of the shriek of "Water-creeeceeses!" or the howl of "Hearthstones!" Then the cry of "Any ornaments for your fire-stove?" ought to follow as a fugue, and the carollings might conclude with a bit of a street song, such as that infer—well, that infer—ior "*In the Strand!*" Every Cockney is familiar with such carollings as these, and we feel sure they might be imitated upon the piano, every whit as well as those more rural morning sounds which form the subject of the piece that has suggested these remarks.

Racing Intelligence.

A LOSER on the Derby, having used explosive language in talking of his loss, endeavoured in some manner to justify his words by saying—"Well, after all, you know, the winner it's correct-to-cuss." The unhappy man is thought to have meant this as a joke upon the word *Caractacus*.

KELLY IN VERSE.

BY A PRACTICAL POET.

"Qui nunc quoque dicitur Index."—*Os. Met.*

A FRIEND of mine, you understand,
Said, speaking to a friend of his,
"I know your Number in the Strand,
But know not whereabouts it is."
He seemed to name a public need:
Be mine an Index to supply,
By which you all can see, with speed,
How that grand Artery's numbers lie.

The Strand begins with Alnwick's Lord,
Where Percy's Lion rears his tail,
Then on we go past Hungerford,
Destined as platform for the Rail,
At Fifty comes a kind of notch,
George Court, which cut on memory's peg;
"Twixt JOHNSON, who will set your watch,
And Surgeon JONES, who'll set your leg.

A Hundred Houses, and behold,
Where STURSON feeds your inward man,
And ivory tickets too are sold
For yonder famed Cigar Divan.
Pass Fifty more, and One-Five-One
Shows you a statue, dark as jet,
And here the Nation's work is done,
You see the House of Somerset.

Two doors before Two Hundred, see
The *Illustrated London News*,
A better journal could not be,
Embellished with delightful views.
Two-Thirty-Five completes the side,
My pensive friend, and here you are,
For whether, friend, you walk or ride,
Behold yourself at TEMPLE BAR.

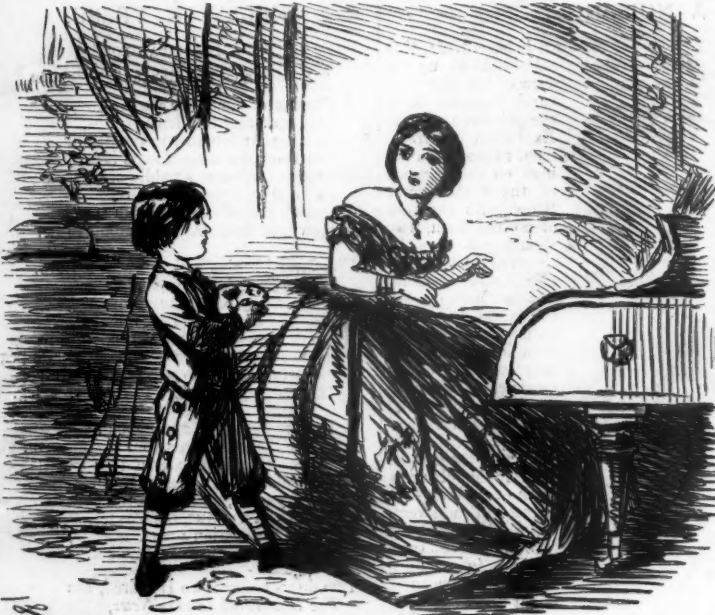
Now turn we west, and back we go,
Only of course we cross the way;
The Strand has here not much to show
Whereof we pleasant things can say.
Two-Sixty-Five 's the street of Wych,
Of which we hope to see the fall;
For architectural fingers itch
To smash that dreary, dirty wall.

Narrows the Strand, 'tis here at worst,
Would that improvement's hand were bold;
And Holywell's black dens accurst,
Lie close behind the houses old.
Two-Ninety-Eight 's the Spotted Dog,
An ancient haunt, if not genteel,
Where drink is "lush" and food is "prog"—
What matter, if you get your meal?

See the Lyceum's pit invites
Where high is writ Three-Fifty-Four,
There *Peep o' Day* two hundred nights
Hath run—may run as many more.
Now read that Greek, and answer, curt,
What portal 's marked Three-Seventy-Two,
Here stands the Hall that would convert
Pagan and Buddhist, Turk and Jew.

Then count until at Four-Eleven
You halt before a favourite spot,
Performances commence at Seven;
See MRS. BOUCICAULT as Dot.
Then less than fifty houses more
Will bring your journey's end, my child,
Four-Fifty-Seven denotes the store
Where maps are sold by Bodmin's WILD.

And if my neat though humble rhymes
Shall save some grains of Life's fast sand,
By aiding reference when the *Times*
Mentions some number in the Strand:
My object's gained; my Muse so free
Down from her empyrean drops,
And lisps in numbers, though they be
But numbers on the doors and shops.



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Master Jack. "NOW THEN, CHARLOTTE, ARE YOU GOING TO LEND ME YOUR PAINT BOX?"
 Charlotte. "NO, SIR. YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS YOU MADE OF IT LAST TIME!"
 Master Jack. "VERY WELL. THEN I'LL PUT MY GUINEA PIG ON YOUR NECK!"

GENTILITY AND GOOD MANNERS.

THERE is no Royal Road to learning, and it would seem that the Royal road to learning the contents of the International Exhibition is sometimes almost as bad as no road at all. The other day the PRINCESSES HELENA and MAUDE, with their attendants, visited the building. The young ladies were, of course, in deep mourning, and if ordinary courtesy were not enough to prevent Snobs from intruding upon them, the dress might have suggested that special delicacy was due to children who were brought to see the development of the ideas of a lost father. Hear the *Daily News* :—

"We regret to be obliged to add, that the Royal party were forced to leave the building much earlier than they had intended, in consequence of the rude and shameless way in which they were literally 'mobbed.' Some of the 'ladies' rushed forward, and coolly peered under the bonnets of the young Princesses, to the utter confusion and annoyance of the latter, and in defiance of the expostulations of the police. The men were quite as bad, and when the police remonstrated, were insolent and abusive, acting, in fact, as if they had an inward conviction that the privilege of staring at the Royal Princesses in a manner which, if it had been done to ladies of lower rank, would most assuredly have procured for the offenders personal chastisement from their male escorts, was a legitimate portion of the value of their admission money."

"Well, it was very low, of course, but what can you expect from the rabble? The *canaille* have no sense of propriety, and if ladies will go into a mob of mechanics, they must take the consequence."

If you please, MRS. FITZBATTLEAXE, just lower that highly ornamental and aristocratic nose for one moment, only until you have read another sentence or two.

The day in question was *not* a Shilling day, but a Half-Crown day, the word "mobbed" in the above extract is followed in the original thus,—

"by persons wearing the garb of ladies and gentlemen,"
 and the reporter proceeds :—

"To the honour of the working classes, we have to record, on the best authority, that on the previous (shilling) day, when the building was crowded with mechanics and their wives, the Royal party passed through the various courts comparatively unmolested. A considerable crowd followed them, it is true, for a short period, after the quality of the distinguished visitors became known, but a single word from the police-sergeant in attendance was sufficient to induce the people to fall back in the most deferential manner, and during the passage of the party through the Courts the Royal ladies were wholly unobstructed."

Do you see that, MRS. FITZBATTLEAXE? You observe that it was not the "lower orders" who mobbed the Princesses, but the "genteel"

BLONDIN IN A BREEZE.

THE subjoined statement was published the other morning in the principal papers,—

"CRYSTAL PALACE.—BLONDIN made his first ascent over the fountains on Saturday, notwithstanding it was blowing a hurricane at the time."

The remark which this information naturally suggests is, What a wonder it is that BLONDIN was not blown down. The circumstance of a windy day must add very much to the excitement which is occasioned by MR. BLONDIN's terrific ascents and performances in the sky. It is liberal of the Crystal Palace Company to make no extra charge for admission on hurricane days, which ADMIRAL FITZROY'S "forecasts" in the *Times* would generally enable them to anticipate the day before. The crowds who go to see M. BLONDIN risk, and perhaps break, his neck, would be greatly multiplied if the public were advertised as often as the prospects of the weather would warrant, that his ascent would take place at such an hour; a heavy gale expected. When he is dancing on the tight-rope in a tempest, his spectators should give the space under his rope a wide berth, considering that, if he should chance to be upset, they would not only have his blood upon their heads, in a moral sense, but likewise, in its ponderable substance, his material body, which would be as bad for themselves as for BLONDIN, for the body would certainly smash the heads notwithstanding their thickness.

QUITE A NOVELTY IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Retrenchment by the Tories.

A CONSIDERABLE SAVING IN TIME.—Shilling Clocks.

people, the folks who are not up to the Five Shilling day mark, but who could not for the world mix, (as PRINCESSES ALICE and LOUISA afterwards did) with the Shilling rabble. It was the Gents and the Gentesses, Madam, the Snobs who endeavour to imitate you and the rest of the beloved and revered aristocracy, but try to do it cheaply, and certainly do it in the way indicated by the other adjective frequently coupled with cheap. Half-bred Brummagem Respectability mobs young ladies in mourning—the Half-crowners, Madam.

On the days reserved for those who may be supposed to represent the aristocracy, and on the days given to the People, the children of PRINCE ALBERT may walk, unmolested, among the treasures which it was the dearest wish of their father to assemble at Kensington. But let them beware of the Snobs, those who are not fine enough to go among the real Swells, and who think themselves too fine to go among the People. We hope that our foreign visitors, as also the police, will keep their eyes upon persons whom they may see vulgarly pressing upon such visitors to the show as the Princesses, or others in whom England has an interest. Both the males and females of the vulgarian class that so misconducts itself look very smart, but should the policeman, as it is to be hoped he may, lay his hand upon the shoulder of a male Snob, let that policeman be gentle, or he may pull away a paper collar, and a dickey with brass studs, and as for the she-snobs, let *Punch* advise persons with noses and knees to keep away from coarse perfumes and cheap crinolines. A Marquis will do you no particular harm, and will make way for you when he has seen the picture before him, and a Mechanic will thank you for telling him which is *the* Hogarth, but the Gent who cares as much for pictures as a pig, will keep in your way if he thinks you want to move on, and the Gentess, even more vacuous, will stare at you with all the accumulated hauteur of Tottenhamcourtrodia if you venture to press past her gentility. Mr. *Punch* is sorry that the visits of the Princesses to their father's best memorial have furnished him with a text for such a sermon, but the ladies have learned something by their annoyance, and the public should have the benefit of the lesson. Beware of the Genteel!

MOTTO FOR THE INTERNATIONAL "PRESS TABLE."

"EAT your pudding, slave, and don't hold your tongue."

"INVISIBLE GREEN."—The green in Mr. *Punch*'s eye.



INGENIOUSLY PUT!

"Now Master Bobbie is going to be a good boy, and watch baby, while I go and Hask great, big, fierce, Mr. Soldier not to run away with Master Bobbie."

WHO IS TO BE CORONER?

We really almost wonder that some French friend has not put it forth as his conviction that suicide is greatly on the increase in *triste* London, basing his opinion on the fact that we are going to appoint an extra coroner. What was the work of one man is now deemed enough for two, and Middlesex is divided into West and Central districts. Further, our French friend might write home to his newspaper, that by reason of the number of suicides committed, the post of coroner is as lucrative as that of Milor Mayor, as is proved by the anxiety we show to get appointed to it. No less than three candidates have offered for each office; and to show that applicants are not mere needy placehunters, our French friend might point out that for the Central District two of the three candidates are a lawyer and a doctor.

Now, *Mr. Punch* being a Briton, of course is a free man; and there comes to him the question for whom is he to vote? Is the doctor or the lawyer the fitter to be coroner? Both are doubtless men of substance, and of some weight in the world: by which of the two feel you any preference to be sate upon? It might perhaps be argued that the duty of a coroner is to ascertain the causes of a death; and though the law's delay may send men prematurely to the grave, the healing art is generally viewed as the more deadly. Somehow doctors have the reputation—quite improperly of course—of having sometimes helped to shorten a patient's life, and so it seems but right that a doctor here and there should officiate as coroner, since no men are more likely to know the cause of death than doctors. So *Mr. Punch*, as a free man, presents his vote to DR. LANKESTER, who is a man of weight, and at the same time records his hope that it will never be the duty of the doctor to have to sit on him. Having thus voted, *Mr. Punch* may very safely prophesy that the doctor will come in, and so he will conclude by classically saying, *Finit Coronator-at Opus*.

SHOCKING NEWS FROM IRELAND.

On Wednesday last week we received a tremendous shock from the electric telegraph connecting London with Dublin, in the shape of the subjoined announcement, which caught our eye:—

"A true bill has been found against *Punch* for sending a threatening letter."

The spasm, into which we were thrown by this most inconsiderately abrupt intimation, our legs being under table at the time, jerked them up with such violence that they kicked it over altogether, independently of our volition, flinging all our papers about our study and spilling our ink. As soon, however, as our convulsion had subsided, we tried back in the Irish news, and there discovered that the *MR. PUNCH* of the startling telegram above quoted was a certain JOHN PUNCH charged with sending a threatening letter to MR. HAMILTON LANGLEY, a road contractor. Our composure returned. But why had it been interrupted? Were we not quite secure in the certainty that *Punch* had not been sending anybody a threatening letter? Yes; but the telegram relative to PUNCH as arraigned of that offence came from Dublin, and who was to know what might not have been done by an Irish grand jury?

People in sending telegrams which may seriously affect other people, should mind how they mention other people's names. Our own will be vilified very much as it is, in being wilfully

confounded with that of this Hibernian PUNCH, whom justice has overtaken. The question everywhere will be, Have you heard about *Punch*? and the reply will be, What? and the wag's answer to that of course will be, "He has got four years' penal servitude."

THE Q.C. AND THE OMNIBUSES.

*A Ballad of Modern Brompton.**

SING the praise of SLADE, SIR FREDERICK,
SLADE, SIR FREDERICK, Q.C.
Who bravely came and called for justice
On offending 'busmen three.

Just because the Domes at Brompton
All the world has come to see,
'Busmen think to fleece the public,
And to swindle SLADE Q.C.

So one morning without notice
They raise their fares all suddenlee,
Hoping so to catch the public,
And SIR FREDERICK SLADE, Q.C.

BEACHAM, JOHN, a 'bus conductor,
'Fore MR. ARNOLD charged was he
For having cheated of a penny
This here galliant Q.C.

BEACHAM, JOHN, had taken fourpence,
Threepence being his right fee,
And in answer to remonstrance,
He had laughed at SLADE, Q.C.

Said the Beak, "Bus fares are painted
Just where nobody can see;
But for this wise regulation
Blame the Government, not me.

"BEACHAM, JOHN, must pay eight shillings,
Or for ten days quodded be;
This perhaps will stop his grinning
At SIR FREDERICK SLADE, Q.C."

THOMAS SALTER, 'bus conductor,
Summoned on like charge was he;
Out of three pence he had swindled
This here brave and bold Q.C.

"Once we used to go to Wandsworth"—
(This was THOMAS SALTER's plea)
"So, for taking coves to Brompton
I charges 'em the Wandsworth fee."

"Oh indeed!" says MR. ARNOLD,
"This here dodge won't do for me,
Pay eight bob or go to prison,
And thank SIR FREDERICK SLADE, Q.C.

"A sovereign too I fine your master"
(This was summons number three),
"Because of fares no proper table
Painted in his 'bus has he."

So come all you British public,
Swindling tricks who hate to see,
Come and thank good MR. ARNOLD
And applaud his wise decree.

But even more than MR. ARNOLD,
Though so wise and good is he,
Come and join your *Punch* in thanking
Brave SIR FREDERICK SLADE, Q.C.

Bravely he has fought your battle,
Bravely fought and won has he,
And in the cause of public justice
Gone to court without a fee.

* See Westminster Police Report, Times, June 16.

Gladstone and Shakspeare.

MR. GLADSTONE was caught the other day in a shower of rain, and a sudden gust of wind blew his umbrella inside out; upon which, in reproachful accents, he murmured, "I tax not you, you Elements!"

IS THE PRESS BRIBED?



PUNCH is not very anxious to waste his valuable space upon ephemeral topics, but upon consideration resolves to sacrifice fractions of each in order to promote a little inquiry, the result whereof may be beneficial in the time to come.

There has been more discussion about the eating and drinking at the Kensington Show than about any article there exhibited. A stranger who should read the newspapers, would think that we had been erecting a great tavern, that naturally our first thought was for the kitchen and the cellar, but that in order to attract customers, we had stuck in some interesting objects, and hung some pictures on the walls. However, this is the Englishman's way, he cares for little in the way of amusement unless he can somehow connect it with eating and drinking, and it is too late in

the day to find fault with that part of his aesthetics. He, moreover, likes good eating and drinking, and does not grudge his money for the same, though he grumbles when cheated too coarsely.

It was of the utmost consequence to the persons who took the Refreshment Contracts at the Kensington Show that BULL, to say nothing of O'PADDY, M'SANDY, and LEEKS, should believe that the eatables and drinkables there sold were of an excellent description, and sold at a reasonable price. Whether they are or are not, Mr. Punch has not the faintest idea, as he never takes anything between breakfast and dinner, and dines in Grosvenor Square at 8 p.m. Some people tell him that the things are "not bad," some say the wines are anything but what they ought to be, some affirm that the waiters are civil and honest, while others allege that they are careless and cheats, and he should be inclined to think—were the matter worth his serene attention—that the whole business is a little of the Scramble kind, and that you may do tolerably well, if you have tolerance and good luck.

But it was not in human nature that the Contractors should desire that the stern, HALLAM-like judgment, into which Mr. Punch hath just condensed his convictions should go forth to the million. It was highly desirable, and in the interest of business, that BULL, O'PADDY, M'SANDY, and LEEKS should be tempted to the Refreshments, and should be incited to bring their wives and children. And inasmuch as nobody believes newspaper advertisements, while everybody believes newspaper paragraphs, it was held desirable that the gentlemen who are supposed to write newspaper paragraphs should have the most favourable opportunity of comprehending the merits of the Refreshment Department. Mr. Punch is informed—he has never seen the arrangement in question—that a "Press Table" has been instituted, and that whatever the public may get, at that Table at all events the cookery is admirable, and the wines are—or are in the judgment of the partakers thereof—unexceptionable.

Well, a good many gentlemen who write paragraphs spoke of things as they found them (which the song recommends us all to do), and did not speak of what they did not know (as becomes wise men), and there have appeared a great number of paragraphs in which praises of the Refreshments have been enthusiastically emitted, and BULL, O'PADDY, M'SANDY, and LEEKS have been assured that the arrangements are first-rate.

Had this been all, Mr. Punch might have had nothing to say. It would have been an illustration of Humbug, but not of humbug worth his *bâton*.

But it hath been alleged that sundry gentlemen who write paragraphs do not only eat and drink at the "Press Table," but do accept their meals and *pay nothing*. That, in fact they are "treated" by the proprietary, and fare sumptuously, the inference being, that in return for such hospitality, flattering and valuable paragraphs are composed.

The charge was felt to be one of Bribery, and a sensation was created, and strong words were written down, and much good indignation was expressed, in many cases, no doubt, honestly. But the charge remained general, until it seemed good unto the *Morning Star* to designate one individual as the offender. Him did the *Star* biographise, giving a noways laudatory history of him, and accusing him of being an

Irishman, and of other offences. After a time, somebody who believes himself to be the person described, though not named, comes forth with a terrifically long letter, in which he takes his own view of his history. It is not a savoury one, but Mr. Punch is no analyst of such narratives. The only important part of this person's statement is that which follows his avowal of his own acceptance of *gratis* food, which he says he has eaten "five times on the French side, often on the English side, but not wholly as a member of the Press Proper" (whatever the evasive jargon means)—

"I have frequently—very frequently—dined at the English side; twice with small parties who were not paid for, but for whom a previous consent had been obtained; other times with other parties, who, to say knowledge, were paid for at the regulated tariff, I alone exercising the privilege which had been accorded me; not wholly as a member of the press proper, but on other and distinct grounds to which it is not necessary here to refer. Let it be understood that the privilege was given me in common with many other members of the press—that I have done less in exercise of this privilege than many of high position whom I could name. These are facts known to all concerned. I ask, therefore, why am I singled out for attack? Is the metropolitan press so unjust that to save itself from reproach—it reproach be due—it seeks to make a scapegoat of a provincial editor, and save its own character at the expense of that of a stranger? I do not wish to be personal."

Else I might name names in connection with this matter that would make people stare at the virtuous indignation so suddenly evoked. Since March or February the system of press dinners at the Exhibition has been in practice—why is the immorality of the system only discovered in June, and then only in connection with one who has scarcely used the privilege in right of the press? Why, if there be immorality in the system, did so many partake of the grand banquet given a month ago?

There! The man signs his name to what he writes—we have no ambition to add to his fame, so we do not append the distinguished syllables—but there is his statement, made, as regards himself, with evident and almost ludicrous unconsciousness that he is owing to dirty and dishonest conduct. But he makes a calm and deliberate charge against others, and it is for the honour of Journalism that this person should be shown to be what Mr. Punch desires to believe him in regard to this matter—namely, one who knowingly makes unfounded statements. There is a shorter way of putting it, which Mr. Punch will employ when the refutation is made.

MOTHER POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

On Washing Day last old Mrs. POPE the Fishwoman, calling herself successor to the Fisherman, delivered a talking-to, or Allocution, from her stall to a couple of Monarchs who have incurred her displeasure. It will perhaps be considered that Objurcation rather than Allocution is the title properly applicable to this discourse; which ran as follows:—"Sacreligious Sovereigns. The malice which inspired a NERO, a DIOCLETIAN, and a JULIAN the APOSTATE does not cease to inflame the persecutors of the Chair of PETER, and especially you two. Our heart is full of bitterness, and so is our liver, all owing to your never-before-heard-of atrocity, *Eruclavit cor meum, et ferveris difficilis bile tumet secur*. So, then, what can you expect at our mouth? *Va vobis, maledicti!* Contemners of all law, human and divine, enemies of heaven, spoilers and violators of the Holy Stall—We've no patience with you. *Vah, accelerati latrones!* You impious wretches, you vile sinners, you wicked good-for-nothing Princes. Where do you expect to go to, when you question our temporal supremacy regardless of the immortality of the soul? Reviving monstrous portents of exploded errors; execrable, pernicious, detestable, diabolical heresies, you trample all right and justice under your feet. There isn't a pin to choose between you. *Arcades ambo; non est in vobis sanitas*.

"As for you, LOUIS, we don't thank you a bit for your pretence of protecting us. You'd betray us this moment, you JUDAS, if it wasn't that you daren't defy our faithful priests and bishops, for you know it's as much as your crown's worth. Mind what your Missus tells you, and give us back what you've allowed that fellow to prig. You call yourself the eldest son of the Church! Look at you brother there; you are both children of old HARRY. Abandoned reprobates. Go along with you! *Fugite retro, Satanas et Beelzebub*. Get out! *Apogete a dorso meo*. Bad luck to you!—unless you repent and make restitution, you unprincipled usurpers, you heretics, you schismatics, you confounded abominable hypocrites. *Anathema maranatha. Fiat, fiat, fiat. Amen!*"

It is whispered that if Mrs. POPE is obliged to remove her stall from the Eternal City, she will transfer it to Billingsgate.

"Bar Bar, Black Sheep."

THAT eminent transatlantic lawyer, MR. EDWIN JAMES, complains that in England he was under the cold shade of aristocracy. Considering "the strictly private transaction," as he calls it, by which he transferred a trifle of £30,000 or thereabouts from the pockets of one of that aristocracy to his own, we have no difficulty in admitting that there was a "coolness" as well as a "shadiness" about his dealings with the British aristocracy. "The strictly private transaction" was precisely one of those "plants" which flourish best in the shade.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 16th. Monday. Recent Italian movements, with which the name of GARIBALDI has been undesirably connected, have given great trouble not only to M. RATAZZI, but to the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY. The former has had to make, in the Italian Parliament, a curious defence of his own conduct, and the verdict seems to be, that M. RATAZZI is an exceedingly clever man. A similar verdict is not likely to result in the case of LORD NORMANBY, but LORD RUSSELL admitted that N. had, for once, some grounds for asking questions about matters that did not concern him. LORD BROUGHAM took the opportunity of informing the world that he respected GARIBALDI as a soldier, though not as a statesman, but that he had not the least respect for MAZZINI; for that as a statesman he was a mere conspirator, and as a soldier he never ventured to expose his person to danger. *Mr. Punch* has not yet heard whether MAZZINI has felt it his duty, in consequence of this intimation, to leap into Vesuvius.

The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE said and regretted that the Canadian Parliament had rejected a Militia Bill, and destroyed a Ministry, but the new Premier, GENERAL MACDONALD, might possibly try another Militia Bill. These are no times for our friends the Canadians to shrink from defending themselves—what is that we hear about the Yankees and the widening certain canals, so as to get gun-boats upon certain waters? That sort of Canadian Boat Song will be unpleasant to the lovers of true harmony.

MR. DAWSON wanted SIR GEORGE GREY to promise to interfere with the Omnibus people, who are just now charging exactly what they like. SIR GEORGE refused. MR. DABBY GRIFFITH, addressing himself to a matter on which there is no objection to his speaking, urged that the omnibus fares ought to be painted outside, so that people might know what they were binding themselves to pay. SIR GEORGE said that the law directed the list to be affixed inside. Doubtless he has the sublimest contempt for such grievances as those brought forward by MESSRS. DAWSON and GRIFFITH, but if SIR GEORGE will condescend to go down to the Kensington Show, a little before VIL., and observe the scene in the road, he will perceive that a good many of the folks who pay his salary have a strong interest in the subject.

Then did SIR HUGH CAIRNS go in for mischief to the Conveyancing Reform Bill, and under the pretext that he wanted to make it better, tried to send it to a Select Committee. Which pretext being exposed by SIR ROUNDELL PALMER and others, the House defeated SIR HUGH by 180 to 124, and, going into Committee, upheld various clauses which were successively assailed.

Government are "considering" what is to be done about the British Museum and the Beasts. When the Show is cleared out of the International, why cannot the animals be put there? The longest whale will have room to stretch himself between platform and platform, and the tallest giraffe can stand up under the Domes.

Tuesday. LORD GRANVILLE announced, with much feeling, to the House of Lords, that the earthly tasks of the Son of GEORGE CANNING were done. LORD CANNING had expired at the age of 50. On the following Saturday he was laid with his father in the Abbey. "A great and just man," said LORD GRANVILLE, and none will gainsay the words.

In the Commons there was little in which the most resolute legislator could find interest. Scotch lunatics and salmon, and an attack upon certain features in the Income-Tax by MR. HUBBARD, who tacked his plaint to a Fortifications question, and got himself blown away by the great financial gun GLADSTONE, helped on the evening till half-past eight, when there was a Count. MR. A. SMITH and the patriot DIGBY SEYMOUR, parties very likely to encounter Counts Out, tried to discourage them by having the name of the mover taken down, but the wise men asked this in a No-House, and were moderately derided for the Senatorial bull.

Wednesday. The Bill for preventing the aristocracy from doing the publicans out of the price of Gin, obtained on tick, went into Committee, and MR. FORSTER wanted the same rule extended to beer. He says that the Clowns who drink Beer imitate the Swells, and have no end of that brown mess chalked up to them, knowing that the vendor cannot recover. But the subject was considered too important to be taken up thus lightly. MR. MARTIN carried an amendment, of which Countesses and others will do well to take notice—the operation of the Bill is limited to spirits sold in quantities of not less than a Quart—so our Butler may be sent round to the public for a pint of Ancient Thomas, and if he can only get hold of it, we cannot be made to pay, dear Brother and Sister Patricians. Well done, MARTIN!

The Clergy Relief Bill went through Committee, and it is a mild kind of measure, intended to help those clergymen who do not like their profession, or would prefer another. It will hardly pass the House of Lords.

When MR. BERKELEY snatched his Ballot victory, a little Bill that crawled at the heels of his one, for taking secret votes at Municipal Elections, slipped in also. To-day it came on when there was something

like a House, and of course was promptly ejected (by 83 to 45) a similar destiny being in store for MR. BERKELEY'S own measure.

Thursday. EARL RUSSELL upon Mexico. He had declined to ratify a separate convention made with the Mexicans, because, though it was fair enough, it connected itself with a mortgage on Mexico held by Uncle Sam. Further, we had nothing to do with the defeat which the French have sustained out there—we had withdrawn no soldiers, because we had never sent any, and our marines were withdrawn before the French decided on separate action. *Apropos* whereof it may be mentioned that our friend L. N. is going to work in earnest, and dispatches a reinforcement of 10,000 men. This will convince Uncle Sam that the wise and noble ruler of France is perfectly right in his conduct, and now that he has separated himself from the selfish and cowardly Britishers, Americans can watch his course with undiminished admiration. Touching which Uncle, EARL RUSSELL said that we were certainly not going to give up the *Emily St. Pierre*. The Lords read the Highways Bill a Second Time and went their own ways.

Government are "considering" whether that gallant officer, CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORNE, and some comrades, shall be allowed to accept the invitation of the Chinese authorities to go out and demolish the savage rebels who are devastating the flowery land. Some order ought to be taken with these ruffians, whose atrocities are much too frightful to be touched upon here, and a plentiful exhibition of the pill called grape-shot would be highly beneficial, as DOCTOR OSBORNE will probably think.

There came a joke out of the discussion in Committee of the Merchant Shipping Bill. MR. MILNER GIBSON, in the course of an argument, invited the attention of the Members to the *Robert Lowe*—which he said was a Screw. The Committee, of course, broke out into ecstasies—increased when MR. GIBSON added, "But what is the value of the *Robert Lowe*?" MR. DISRAELI looked as if he should like to be called in as appraiser. After that came a debate on the very important question of Cotton supply, and it was very frankly explained to the Indian Minister that he did not do his duty in regard to the providing roads, canals, and other facilities for the conveyance of that article. SIR CHARLES WOOD was decidedly of opinion that he did. And LORD PALMERSTON, in alluding to the treaty with America for putting down the Slave Trade, declared that MR. LINCOLN'S government had behaved to us in the most handsome manner. It is to be wished that this statement could be suppressed, as it may bring on a shower of abuse from the New York press, inasmuch as to compliment a person on a particular occasion implies, in ill-conditioned people's minds, an imputation that there are other occasions when compliment is undeserved.

Friday. QUEEN VICTORIA having ascended the throne on the 20th June, 1837, it was obvious that the Lords could not properly attend to business on the 20th June, 1862.

The Commons did not see the validity of this excuse for a holiday, and sat, off and on, from twelve at noon till one in the morning. Whether it was this long spell of work, or the detestable weather of the month facetiously called June, that made them fractious, *Mr. Punch* knows not, but there were two downright rows, such as in the old days would have led the parties to Wormwood Scrubs a few hours later. There is a Greek newspaper published in London, and called the *British Star*, and this belongs to an enthusiastic MR. XENOS. It has merits, but the Turkish authorities do not exactly appreciate its chief merit, which, at least in the eyes of Russians and the Manchester School, is its incessantly suggesting to the Christian subjects of the Porte that the government of the latter is excessively bad, and a nuisance to be abated. So the SULTAN'S Ministers beg that England will not circulate the paper in Turkey by means of our Post-Office in Constantinople. This is a request we cannot refuse, and so the journal is refused transit in our bags. The Russo-Manchester folks of course make this a grievance, and MR. MAGUIRE and MR. BRIGHT acted to-night as mouth-pieces of the Greeks. MR. LAYARD made a defence which, if it had a fault, was too complete, and indeed went into counter-attack, for MR. MAGUIRE having abused the Turkish Government, MR. LAYARD suggested that the Government of Rome was just as bad. MR. BRIGHT complained that the Ministers were too fond of assailing the Papists. In the course of MR. LAYARD'S speech, he called MR. MAGUIRE "a man," and though he changed this highly offensive epithet, and said that MR. MAGUIRE was only "a quarter," there was quite an uproar, and DR. BIRCH had to whip both the boys. Then, in some Irish squabble or other, MR. M'MAHON abused the Orangemen of the north as "rowdies," and CAPTAIN ARCHDALE gave him the lie, in the most distinct way, about four times, finally offering the same present in parliamentary language. MR. ROEBUCK very properly wished that Ministers would take a leaf out of his book and try to be conciliatory and courteous. On the whole, therefore, it might have been as well had the Commons imitated the Lords, and had an Accession holiday, instead of an accession of bile.

THE POPE'S APPEAL.—Am I infallible? Or any other man?



PASSENGER. "Extremely Disagreeable Weather!"

DRIVER. "Yes, 'specially for them as is made Drippin' Pans of!"

LORD CANNING.

DIED TUESDAY, JUNE 17TH, 1862.

ONE more strong swimmer gone down in the deep,
But not in mist of storm and breakers' roar:
He had fought through the surf and gained the shore,—
His native England's windy whitewalled steep,

Which he had toiled, and borne so much, to reach.
Ah, little did we think, who cheered him in,
How busy Death was mining all within!
The while we gave him welcome from the beach.

He waived acclaim and greetings of the crowd,
And only prayed he might be left at peace,
In pomp's eclipse and toil's well-earned surcease—
Toil that had stemmed disease, and grief o'er-crowed.

We who had seen him striving with the storm,
In that dread time when England's Empire reeled,
Till her foes shouted: "Lo, her doom is sealed!"
And, as foul things round a sick lion swarm,

Base creatures on sore-stricken England pressed,
We who then watched him, patient, calm, and strong,
Not paying hate with hate, and wrong with wrong,
But fear and fury both serene to breast,

We deemed him steeled of body as of soul,
And when Death took his partner from his side,
And left him lone, his weary lot to abide,
We said the same high heart could grief control,

That had controlled despair, and doubt, and fear;
And when we knew that his return was nigh,
We planned him labours new and honours high,
Blind that we were, nor dreamed the end was near.

PUNCH FOR CORONER.

MR. PUNCH, moved by no selfish considerations, of course, but, equally of course, actuated solely by a desire for the public good, begs to offer himself to the Freeholders of Middlesex as a Candidate for the now vacant Office of Coroner.

He cannot be bored with canvassing, having other engagements.

He certainly has no idea of humiliating himself to the extent of producing testimonials.

But he conceives that the Freeholders had better elect him, for several reasons, which, to his mind, combine to make him the Beau Ideal of a Coroner, to judge by specimens, chiefly provincial, which crop up in the journals.

First. He knows very little about Law.

Secondly. He knows nothing about Medicine.

Thirdly. He is utterly ignorant of the rules of evidence.

Fourthly. He is particularly short-tempered.

Fifthly. He has large gifts in the way of twaddle.

Sixthly. He has an intense respect for great people.

Seventhly. He adores railway officials.

Eighthly. He is horribly afraid of a barrister.

Ninthly. He thinks every demise demands an Inkwhich.

Tenthly. He is an Ass, generally.

PUNCH FOR CORONER!

BOTANY AT ONE'S FINGERS' ENDS.

In the *Times's* account of the last show of the Horticultural we read:

"Great curiosity was evinced to see the rare flowers of the hand tree, which was shown yesterday in the conservatory in full bloom, the first time that it has ever flowered in this country, in spite of all the care and skill that have been brought to bear to force it into blossom. The flowers very closely resemble the shape of the human hand, and from this the shrub takes its name."

We suppose this "hand tree" is only a new species of palm? Of course, it wears nothing but fox-gloves, for it is only natural that such a tree should be hand-and-glove with *Digit-alis*.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.—Promissory notes.

Of all the gifts that England could bestow

He has received but one—an honoured grave;
Where knightly banners in the Abbey wave
O'er dust of English worthies, heaped below,

Another worthy sleeps; the black plumes waved
Above him, cold and coffined, through the street
Where oft, we hoped, he would in council meet
For India's weal, the land that he had saved.

Not for such council, nor speech of his peers,
Comes he to Westminster, but for his grave,
Where write, "He died for duty—modest, brave,
Mild, when the good felt wrath, calm, when the brave had fears."

A Prophet Right.

A RECENT American mail stated as follows:—

"The *New York Times's* Correspondent thinks there is a probability of the Federal army going into trenches before Richmond."

The latest accounts show that the prophet was very right, at least to the extent of 2,000 or 3,000 Federals.

Monuments of Delay.

THE Temple of Diana at Ephesus, we are informed by a classical scholar, took not less than 220 years in building. This is certainly a long period for the completion of a monument, but we think we know of one that, if you only give it time and fair play, will certainly beat it by half a century at least, and that is the NELSON Column.

THE Tories' excuse for not turning out PAM is that the country is not ripe yet for a Conservative government. "Humbug! DIZZY. You mean it isn't green enough."



THE PROFESSOR OF ALLOCUTION.

SCOLDING LADY. "HAW! GO ALONG BOTH OF YER! WHO CARES FOR YER MUSTACHERS?"

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